

News of Society—Gossip of Men and Women—Weddings, Parties, Dinners



MRS. J. G. SCARBOROUGH,
who was hostess at a musical affair on Thursday afternoon.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

In the Lenten season proceeds societies become quieter, and yet the past week has been brightened by a number of particularly charming affairs.

On Monday Mrs. Henry H. Balfour was hostess at an exceedingly attractive luncheon at her home in Huntington Park, and the same day Miss Burrows, who became the bride of Mr. John Hopkins, was the honored guest.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Paul Hillington of Alhambra was hostess at a china dinner given for Miss Burrows and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Watt entertained that evening, having as guests members of the Daffodil Club. Mrs. Charles Bowman of West Second street was at home to the Polk Club in the afternoon.

On Wednesday evening the members of the Los Angeles Country Club enjoyed one of their most delightful dinners. That evening Miss Emma Z. Ford and Raphael B. Lancaster were married in Windsor. One of the handsome affairs given that day was a luncheon with which Mrs. J. Toes of 166, 716 West Adams street, entertained a company of her Montana friends. Miss Jennie H. Booth and Mrs. Hamilton were married in the afternoon.

Thursday afternoon Miss Grace Rowland gave a pretty luncheon for a company of girl friends, and in the evening Mrs. C. H. Churchill gave a musical evening of music and dancing at her home on South Figueroa street for Miss Fanny Rowan. At noon Mrs. Burrows became the bride of Mr. John Hopkins, at a beautiful ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Johnson of No. 2005 Vermont avenue attended their silver wedding with a reception.

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of Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Price, becoming the bride of John Jacob Logan of New York City. Rev. W. A. Logan of the United Presbyterian Church officiated. The bride wore a dress of white batiste with orange bouquet of lilies of the valley. The house decorations were beautiful, only lilies with asparagus plumosus being used. Easter lilies were conspicuous in the parlors while calla lilies, china lilies and white cyclamens were scattered throughout the house, and the dining-room was especially attractive. In the center of the table stood a lily-shaped cut glass vase filled

with white hyacinths and maidenhair ferns, while over the cloth were scattered plumosus leaves and china lilies. A breakfast was served, only cousins of the bride being present.

For Mrs. Spencer.
Mrs. John Hess of No. 1444 Van Ness avenue entertained most delightfully last Wednesday at luncheon in honor of Mrs. G. H. Spencer, her guest, who is here for a short visit from Copper Creek. The afternoon was spent in playing five hundred. Beautiful cut-glass prizes were awarded to those

with the highest score, the first falling to Mrs. W. F. Wilbers and the second to Mrs. H. Y. Stanley. Those present were: Meses. H. Y. Stanley, C. S. Goodrich, Carl G. H. Spencer, Charles Standbury, A. E. Elliot, P. Howard, J. C. Chapman, W. F. Wilbers, F. M. Warner, W. J. Kingswell, William Ledbetter, John Hess, A. Peterson, Miss Edith Crowder and Minnie Standbury.

For Miss Johnson.
In honor of Josephine Johnson, whose engagement to Eugene Miles has been announced, Mrs. L. S. Enyeart and

Misses Katherine and Cora Parker entertained with a miscellaneous shower yesterday afternoon at their home, No. 724 South Bonnie Brae street. The home was attractively decorated in pink hearts and greenery and in the dining-room red hearts and flowers were used. Tiny green umbrellas were the place cards and scores were marked with tiny bags filled with little hearts adorned with mottoes. Hearts was played and the prizes, hand-painted china, awarded. The shower was held in a fancy basket of two great pink milk hearts, faced together with pink

ribbon and was presented by Mrs. Louella Rockhill. Dainty refreshments in pink and green were served and guests were: Meses. Charles Hart, A. M. Johnson, E. H. Miller, Mabel Flint, William Fitchard, D. Burke, Oliver Gray, C. J. Smith, E. L. Rockhill, Mary L. Parker and Misses Pauline Ranch, Lulu Campbell, Wynette Bailey, Marie Smith and Harriett Taylor.

For Her Members.
On Saturday evening Mrs. A. M. Young and Mrs. Rae G. Van Cleave

BEAUTY

..IS A..
FREE GIFT
If you will but cultivate it
NOW

Mrs. Nettie Harrison, after years of study and experience, has perfected a remedy for every ill and blemish that is an impediment to

BEAUTY

Mrs. Nettie Harrison's Lota Montez Creme—The skin food and tissue builder—removes wrinkles in one application. To use it once is never to be without it. 75c Per Jar.

For 10c and this ad I'll mail a sample of Lota Montez Creme and my Face Powder.

Mrs. Nettie Harrison's Four Day Hair Restorer brings back the color to gray or faded hair. Makes you look 20 years younger. Price \$1.00. All druggists, or

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON
DERMATOLOGIST
LABORATORY .. MENLO PARK .. CAL.

Madame Tully

of four-leaf clover and streamers. The favors also were of clover blossoms and leaves, to carry out the scheme. A musical programme was rendered. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in playing progressive "finch" and "golden sub." Prize awarded to Miss Virgil Lynn. Dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Griffin Engaged.
Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Bertha M. Griffin of Boston to John A. MacConnell of Pittsburgh. The wedding will take place some time in April and the couple will make their home in Los Angeles.

Wed-Rosen Nuptials.
A beautiful and dainty wedding took place at No. 274 South Bonnie Brae street, Miss Pauline L. Mond, daughter

Wrinkles Removed in One Treatment

AMERICA'S GREATEST DERMATOLOGIST
Madame Tully, the celebrated dermatologist, whose work in the practice of her skilled profession has gained for her a national reputation, from coast to coast, for the last twenty-five years. Many ladies throughout the land who have taken advantage of her skill testify to the remarkable results of her careful attention to every detail. Having all the latest inventions and victors and facial applications with her, she can, as she always does, guarantee her work.

Deep wrinkles, smallpox pits, moles, birthmarks and scars permanently and scientifically eradicated. Madame Tully will give a full course of instruction for professional use. Private examinations for patients while under treatment. It is not necessary to mention the merits of the madame's work, as she is well known all over the country, where she has been engaged for twenty-five years in Dermatology. Ladies are invited to call. Address all mail, Hotel Cumberland, Los Angeles, Cal.

Superfluous hair removed by the electric media.

"SILK STORE"

SILKS

There was never a better time than just now to buy a silk gown at the Silk Store. You'll find here exclusive patterns without exclusive prices; also the more popular styles at lower prices than you'll pay elsewhere.

Save by trading at
A Specialty Store

THE SILK STORE
(from loom to consumer)
219 Mercantile Place



N.B. Blackstone Co.

DRY GOODS
SPRING AND THIRD STS.

Shop by Mail

Send your address and we will forward a complete line of samples of all the new materials.

OPENING DISPLAY Of Spring Apparel

Come to this suit section tomorrow—even at the sacrifice of some previous engagement—and see Fashion in all her splendor. To keep abreast of the times in the matter of dress is a duty every woman owes herself; and when so much authentic style and newness, as is here displayed, may be viewed by all, there is no excuse for any woman falling behind in Fashion's realm.

We can give here but the barest synopsis of what is on display, but when you come and see how much more interesting the exhibit is than you had expected it could be, you'll thank us for having called your attention to it.

Silk Coats of every style and length
Clothing and Silk Tailored Suits
Waists of Washable Materials or Silk
Silk Shirt Waists and Princess Gowns
Separate Skirts in all the Newer Models and Materials

New Suits at \$20

Among the just-arrived tailored suits at this popular price are some exceptional values of imported English suiting cloth in light spring shades with almost invisible bars of contrasting colors. Coats are half fitted box styles, satin lined, long sleeves. Skirts plaited. \$20.00

Another line made of fancy colored shepherd plaid suiting in various colors. These come in Pony jackets with fancy braided collar, sleeves and vest effect; short sleeves, satin lined. Skirt plaited. \$20.00

Then there are others—new models, new spring colorings—in checks, plaids and narrow stripes, perfectly tailored and trimmed at:

\$25 \$27.50 \$30 \$35 \$40 \$42.50
\$45 \$50 \$55 \$60 \$65 and \$75

Black Taffeta Eton Suits

Plain or neatly trimmed in laces or fancy braids, satin or silk lined, plaited skirts. Prices begin at \$20 and go on up, with every price between, to \$50.

Silk Shirt Waist Suits

Of black India silk, black or navy taffeta, gray and white plaid taffeta and lousine, fancy striped and plaid taffetas. Among these are the popular jumper styles, the new princess effects and endless shirt waist models. Prices begin at \$22.50 and range on up to \$50.

Silk and Lace Boleros

Boleros and Etons of black taffeta, Battenberg and Irish lace in black or white. Ultra-fashionable, jaunty little outer wraps for summer. From \$10 each to \$65.

Black Silk Coats

Taffeta coats in all lengths—styles for all occasions. Etons, three-quarter styles or full length garments. Some are plain, others elaborately decorated with fancy braids. Dozens to pick from. The Etons are priced up from \$7.50. Full length and three-quarters up from \$15.00.

New Wool Skirts

Among the late skirt arrivals are hosts of novel effects in fancy English suiting; cloths; little blocks, checks, bars, plaids, narrow stripes and hair lines in all wanted color schemes. Also plain black voile and panamas. Plaids of various styles and tailor straps are most favored for trimmings. Pretty specimens are here from \$6.50 to \$35.00.

Modern Auto Coats

Medium weight for summer wear in light colored plaids and checks. Trimmings of leather or tailor stitched straps. Prices \$12.50 to \$37.50 each.

Evening Waists Reduced

High class waists for evening or dressy afternoon occasions; exclusive models made of expensive laces, messaline and radium silks, all elaborately trimmed with valenciennes and handsome lace medallions. White, light blues, pinks and black. The most elegant affairs of the kind ever shown.

\$30 Values for \$20

\$25 Values for \$15

\$18 Values for \$10

\$12 Values for \$8

Silk Waists at Half

Six dozen handsome silk waists are here for tomorrow's visitors, at prices that average less than half. Majority of them are black taffeta and crepe de chene tailor styles, with a sprinkling of light blues, white and fancy plaids. Among them are both long and short sleeves. Some are brand new—manufacturers samples bought under value—others are from our regular stock, broken lots of one of a kind. Style are all as desirable as any you'll find in town. Don't fail to see them early.

\$10.00 \$12.00 \$13.50

\$15.00 and \$16.00 Values

\$6.95 For Choice

Exquisite Silks

Handsome plaids and checks, narrow or wide stripes and embroidered effects, warp prints and jacquards, swivel and shadow figures are here this week in varieties that ought to satisfy every taste. Colors are designed for all purposes and occasions.

Prices \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2 Yard

TUSCANS—The new silk material, in every wanted color, dark or light, 24 in. wide, yard \$1.00.

FOULARDS in all the late spring colors, messaline or peau de cygne finish; guaranteed spot proof, 24 in., \$1.25.

RADIUMS and MESSALINES in single exclusive dress patterns; black, white, or colors, \$20.00 to \$35.00.

MARQUESETTES in single dress lengths; plain or barred, solid colors, or fancy printings—\$18.00 to \$35.00.

Exclusive Woolens

If you are posted on Fashion's new fabrics, you will enjoy looking through this week's collection of woolen dress stuffs. If you're not posted, you will gather a fund of valuable hints on style by a visit here this week.

For smart jacket suits, traveling and street dresses, you may choose from dozens of neat little checks and plaids, blocks, squares, and hairline stripes in the popular grays, smoke blues and tan shades, ranging in price all the way

From \$1.00 to \$2.50 a Yard

For evening or dressy gowns, there are the silk and wool Marquesttes, Shermas, Wool Taffetas, Chiffon Voiles, and Batistes; some plain weaves, others embroidered with dots and little figures. Many of these come in single exclusive gown patterns, and will not be seen elsewhere.

Late Tub Goods

Your especial attention is called today to the gathering of wash novelties for shirt waist and jacket suits for early spring wear.

Linens at 12½c

Plain colors and fine mixtures in a new material that looks for all the world like pure linen—and wears as well. Forty different colors to pick from at 12½c a yard.

Panamas at 20c

Checked Panamas of the heavy thread, sheer weave with little jacquard figures; plain solid colors of every hue, dark or light, at 20c a yard.

Suiting Serge 20c

A perfect imitation of the fancy wool suitings; Checks and bars, narrow stripes and hairlines in all the new colors on white twilled grounds; soft finished especially for coat suits—20c a yard.

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SUNDAY, MAR

SOCIETY

was hostess at a delightful party, given at the home of Mrs. Young, No. 217 West Thirty-sixth street. The affair was in honor of Miss Isabel Carl and Miss Blanche Stump, two new members of the Alpha Chi Omega society of the University of Southern California.

The room was artistically decorated. The library was in scarlet and green, the society colors, while the parlors were decorated with violets. The evening was spent with games and music and later refreshments were served.

Color guests were the members of the society and their friends.

Miss Burrows to Bride.

One of the lovely weddings of the week was that of Miss Burrows, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Burrows, of No. 1223 Ingraham street, to Dr. John Hopkins, which took place at the family home on Thursday at 10 o'clock. The bride was Miss Clara Burrows, and the groom was Dr. John Hopkins. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Francis, pastor of the First Baptist church.

The home was beautifully decorated in pink and green, and the ceremony took place in the reception room, which was hung with amaranth and a canopy of white tulle was just over the bride. The bride wore a gown of pink and white, and the groom wore a suit of pink and white. The wedding was a very quiet affair, and the guests were all members of the family.

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One of the smart affairs of the week was the tea and dancing party which Mrs. Frank Burrows, of corner of Eighth and Beason streets, is giving for the benefit of the Los Angeles Hospital, on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. The affair was a very quiet one, and the guests were all members of the family.

Miss Barker on Stage.

Another pretty Los Angeles girl to make her initial appearance on the Auditorium stage this week, and also to Miss Florence Barker, daughter of Mrs. L. M. Barker, of No. 1235 West Seventh street. Miss Barker is a native Californian, and a typically beautiful and attractive one. She has studied under W. W. Hawthorne for the past year, and is considered a remarkably talented pupil in dramatic roles. She has often appeared in amateur performances, and last summer her work as "Juliet" was compared to that of Constance Crawley. Miss Barker has a leading part as Mary Plumer in the "Alibi of Friendship," and around this young girl centers the storm of the play. It is an emotional part, well suited to Miss Barker's histrionic ability.

Mrs. Scarborough Entertains.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week was an afternoon of music given by Mrs. J. G. Scarborough for the members of the Music Students' club, of which Mrs. Foster M. Prior is president. The guests were entertained at Mrs. Scarborough's home on Main avenue, and it was pleasantly decorated for the function. Mrs. Scarborough has but recently returned from Europe, where she studied singing and piano, and is one of the finest musicians in the city. She gave the afternoon herself and it was an illustrated talk to the "French School of Music in Paris." Mrs. Scarborough has met many of the composers whose songs she sang and of whom she talked, and knows her subject well. She spoke especially of Mme. Fred de Paye-Josin, who is considered by the French people to be great, though yet a young woman, and who has caused a furore by her composition and also the rendition of her music. Mrs. Scarborough had the honor of singing this brilliant Frenchwoman's songs at the "Troc-



MRS. HENRY H. BALFOUR, young bride, who entertained her friends with a handsome luncheon the past week.

been given for Miss Burrows since the announcement of her engagement. Mrs. Burrows herself was the charming Colorado Springs girl who became one of our loveliest brides last February, at which time Miss Burrows acted as bridesmaid. Mrs. Burrows has but recently returned to Los Angeles, and will be at home to her friends hereafter on Thursdays at the Alvarado.

For Miss Rowan.

In honor of Miss Fanny Rowan, the handsome young daughter of Mrs. George D. Rowan, who, with her mother, has just returned from abroad, and also for her sister Miss Fannie Rowan, Misses Marian and Gertrude Church, entertained yesterday afternoon, with a luncheon at the Mason, followed by a luncheon at Christy's, where the table was effectively decorated with yellow jonquils and ferns, and yellow-shaded candles.

Other guests were:

Mrs. C. H. Churchill and Mrs. George D. Rowan, who chaperoned the young people, and Misses Susan Carpenter, Mary Nunn, Katherine Graves, Grace Rowan, Cora Lord, Annie Van Nuy, Mary Hubbell, Julia Wright and Abigail.

Mrs. Boyle's Luncheon.

One of the loveliest affairs of the week was the luncheon given on Friday by Mrs. C. A. Boyle at her handsome home at No. 1213 Alvarado terrace. The affair was given as a complement to Mrs. Neil Lockwood McCuen, who has recently returned from her bridal tour. The luncheon table

Miss Fowler Entertains.

A piano recital given by the pupils of Miss Maud Fowler at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fowler, No. 223 Brent street, was enjoyed by a large present. The pupils taking part were: Hazel Gos, Carrie Sturges, Mildred Brown, Jenny LaDra, Grace Moss, Mildred Fowler, Freda Fields, Myrtle Burrows, Vera Meador, Florence Brown, Fern Forest, Clarence and Orva Wessner, Earnest Grayson, Donald Benson, Marie Bailey, Gertrude Nitch and Harold Shugart. Among the pleasant features of the event were "Dumb" readings, given by Mrs. Myrtle DeForest. Refreshments were served.

Colonial Party.

The pretty new home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stocks, West Forty-second street, was the scene of a unique colonial affair on Friday evening, in which members of the S.O.C. Whist Club participated. Ye old-time costumes of kerchief and pantafores, waistcoats and knee breeches, powdered hair and curls produced much mirth and jollity throughout the evening.

Mrs. Billington's Party.

Mrs. Paul Billington entertained with a china shower for Miss Burrows at the Hotel Alvarado. The guests spent a delightful afternoon at whist, with music for trumpet and the first of a beautiful hand-painted plate, was won by Miss Pearl Testard, who graciously presented her trophy to the bride. Punch was served during the game, after which the guests repaired to the dining-room, which had been transformed into a boudoir of red-shaded lights, hearts, amaranth, carnations and ferns.

The same color effect prevailed in the billiard room, where the "shower" took place. Festoons of red hearts were hung from the chandelier to the four corners of the table, and under the central canopy stood a great red chrysanthemum. The hostess's own gift to the bride, an exquisite hand-painted vase, was hidden in a gorgeous basket of roses, placed at the head of the table. Miss Burrows was the recipient of many other beautiful gifts, and the afternoon closed with a delightful reading of "A Musician's Love Letter" by Mrs. Billington. The hostess received in an imported gown of black and white lace over silk and chiffon. The guest of honor wore blue satin silk hand-embroidered in pink and white.

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a large oval one, was laid for fourteen people, and spread with rich lace. In the center was a dainty green basket in the shape of an automobile, bearing a mass of fragrant violets, and driven by a dainty Cupid. Over the table were scattered violets and delicate strands of asparagus plumosus, and also fairy lights of lavender sparkled among the gay blossoms like a hundred shining jewels. The chandelier was wound with asparagus ferns, and fairy lights swung from it. Crystal candlesticks, shaded with pale green shades and tied with great lavender bows, were fetching additions to the table. Over the mantel asparagus plumosus was massed, and sparkling gold the green were many fairy lights shaded with lavender paper. Places were marked with dainty cards adorned with hand-painted violets and bearing the names in gold, and favors were dainty heart-shaped lavender paper boxes filled with scented almonds. In the afternoon the guests were delightfully entertained with songs by Mrs. McCuen, readings by Miss Pearl Herndon and by Mrs. E. W. Elliott, both of Hollywood.

Daffodil.

The Daffodil Club was delightfully entertained by Mrs. James A. Watt, No. 156 West Twenty-second street, in honor of the husbands of the club members. In consequence, gentlemen only were entitled to prizes. These were won by Charles E. Morris, first prize, and James A. Watt, second prize.

The reception hall, living-room, library and den were delightfully decorated in green and white, white carnations and lilies being used.

After cards, an elegant supper was served, the dining-room being decorated in green and white, white carnations and lilies being used.

Mrs. Hart Leaves.

The many friends of Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart of No. 89 South Burlington avenue, are regretting her departure from this city. She left last evening for Arkansas Springs, where she will take a short rest and recreation. From there she expects to go directly to New York, and later she will visit for Paris and Carlsbad. Mrs. Hart has been a widely beloved woman in this city, and has also been one of the most public spirited and generous. From her large art collection she gave to the different public institutions many treasures, and she will be remembered all-

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Miss Rowley's Party.

Miss Grace Rowley of Manila avenue, entertained yesterday afternoon with the second of a series of delightful luncheons, this given for the Ethel and Alton Shaw of San Diego, who have come here to make their home. Covers were laid for twenty and the decorations were in white.

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SOCIETY.

Small carnations decked the center of the table and corsage bouquets of the same blossoms were at each place. Place cards were adorned with the initials of the guest and a clever sketch, suggesting the name or person, caused much merriment among the young people. Later a guessing game and music were enjoyed.

Mrs. Hinchelliff's Luncheon.
Mrs. Charles W. Hinchelliff of No.



MISS GRACE HILGEN,
who assisted at a musicale given on
Friday afternoon.

314 South Grand avenue gave the second of a series of luncheons in compliment to Mrs. William W. Dixon of Montana, who is spending the winter at Hotel Maryland. The table was spread with rare lace doilies over its sitting surface and in the center was placed a basket tied with airy bows of white tulle and filled with dainty bridal wreaths in white. Crystal candelabra shaded with pale green cast a soft light and places were marked with dainty hand-painted bon bon boxes adorned with bridal wreaths. Besides the guest of honor and hostess, covers were laid for Mrs. Walter Lindley, Frank Rader, J. A. Henderson, E. R. Smith, J. C. McCoy, Albert H. Busch, W. C. Tenkin, M. A. Boatwick, Thomas Herbert of Denver and George F. Cook of San Francisco.

Peppy Whist.
The members of the Peppy Whist Club held a business meeting at the residence of Mrs. E. Todd, No. 1245 East Twentieth street. Mrs. M. P. Paulson was elected president; Mrs. S. Holman, vice-president; Miss C. E.



MRS. NEEL LOCKWOOD MCCUEN,
young bride, who was honored at a
luncheon on Friday.

Whist, secretary, and Mrs. M. R. Moore, treasurer. The club will be entertained by Mrs. M. P. Paulson Wednesday at her home, No. 1200 East Fourteenth street, with a 1 o'clock dinner.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mrs. Walter Harris will be at home on Tuesdays in March at No. 1589 West Twenty-fourth street.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hoffman of Topeka have just returned from a delightful trip of two months in old Mexico. While there they were entertained by Ambassador Thompson and other dignitaries in the City of Mexico.
Mr. Alton R. Ranney and his wife, who were recently married, have left for the East, where they will visit prominent cities and make a stay in Toledo, O. Mr. Ranney's former home is in Los Angeles.
On their return to Los Angeles will build a home.
Lorenzo F. Latimer, the artist of San Francisco, wife and son, Phelps, are the house guests for a month of Mrs. J. H. Mathus, No. 1153 South Alameda street.
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Nicholls and son, Ambrose, O., are spending a few weeks here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis, No. 421 Agate street. Mrs. Nicholls is a prominent business woman, being president of a bank.
Mrs. J. V. Strong entertained the members of the Fine Forest Whist Club at her home, No. 721 Bonnie Blue street.
Mrs. G. H. Spencer returned from Copper Creek, Ariz. She is the guest of Mrs. John Hess of Van Ness avenue.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Baxter have returned and are at No. 1513 Girard street. Mrs. Baxter will be at home on Sunday and fourth Mondays.
Mrs. Thomas R. Lee will receive her guests on March 4 and 12, at No. 716 East Twenty-eighth street.
Miss Flora P. Shanley announces the engagement of her daughter, Grace, to Julius H. Klein. The wedding will take place in June.
Mrs. V. Gray of No. 548 East Twenty-eighth street had as her guests the members of the Trimble

Rich Reception Gowns Men's Furnishings

Of Silk and Lace \$50 to \$325

A wealth of exquisite imported gowns came in last week—indiscribably beautiful creations for reception and opera wear.

AT \$325.00—Princess Robes of allover lace, built over chiffon and taffeta.

Others of Dotted Net elaborately trimmed with Pompadour satin and gold ornaments; built over chiffon and taffeta.

Others of rich Crepe de Chine artistically trimmed with ribbon embroidery and self-colored lace.

AT \$250.00—Princess Dress of black and white Silk Chiffon elaborately trimmed with fancy Fillet lace; built over white silk.

AT \$200.00—Surplice-Empire Dress of Allover Lace, with Pompadour lace yoke and tastefully trimmed with chiffon.

AT \$95.00—Princess Robe of ecru Renaissance Lace made over chiffon and taffeta.

(Second Floor.)

Hand-embroidered turn-over collars worth 75c to \$1 each on sale Monday at 35c

More New Silks

Last week's arrivals form an attractive showing for women who want "something different" in silks for street wear.

Among the most pronounced novelties are:

Warp-print Taffetas with floral designs embroidered in contrasting colorings, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Iridescent Peau de Cygnes in satin checked effects, \$1.75.

Shadow Checked Taffetas with dots embroidered in colors, \$1.75.

24-inch washable Habutais in hairline checks and stripes—guaranteed fast colors—dollar a yard.

The ever-popular Foulards in dainty floral designs, checks, stripes and polka dots, at \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Art Goods at Half

Articles of Utility as Well as Beauty

Half a dozen small lots of goods slated for clearance tomorrow at half.

27-inch round Battenberg Center-pieces; small linen centers with heavy lace edges—\$1.50 each; half regular value.

\$1.00 Folding Work Baskets, covered with fancy cretonnes and supplied with pin cushions, needle cases, pockets, etc., now 50c each.

Tinted Pillow Tops in artistic floral and conventional designs, to be embroidered in heavy cotton or silk, 25c each; regularly 65c.

11x14-inch unframed Oil Paintings; forest and marine views by Italian artists; \$1 each; regularly \$2.

16x20 and 12x17-inch unframed Oil Paintings; country views and sunset scenes artistically done by Italian artists, \$2 each.

Glove, handkerchief and collar-and-cuff Boxes, covered with pretty cretonnes or of plain materials with hand-painted heads, 25c each; were 50c to \$1.00.

(Third Floor.)

Table Linens Priced Surprisingly Low

Generous price-concessions on several of the most staple grades of Table Linens:

Full bleached all linen damask, 72 inches wide, in many pretty floral and conventional designs at \$1 a yard instead of \$1.25.

72-inch double satin damask of extra weight and exceptional fineness at \$1.35 a yard instead of \$1.75.

2x2 1-2 yard pattern Table Cloths of excellent quality satin damask in half a dozen handsome patterns at \$3 each instead of \$4.

Same kind, only a half-yard longer, \$3.25 each; regularly \$4.50.

19x39 inch linen huck towels with hemstitched and damask pattern borders, 25c each; really 35c values.

20x30-inch hand-embroidered Tray Cloths of high-grade linen with scalloped edges, \$2.25; would be excellent values at \$3.

Same as above, in size 16x24 inches.

Men's Furnishings Third Under Regular

The price-concessions quoted below are REAL—not make believe markdowns from fictitious valuations.

75c NIGHT SHIRTS AT 50c Fully fifty dozen men's night shirts of fine muslin, cut 54 inches long; some plain, some with fancy trimming; all with French neck. On sale Monday only at 50c. Then they go back to the regular price—75c.

\$1.50 NEGLIGEE SHIRTS AT . . . \$1 Men's golf shirts of fine madras and Penang cloth, made coat style, and have attached cuffs. All in really handsome patterns. Dollar each, tomorrow—after that, dollar fifty.

35c HALF HOSE AT 25c Plain black German hile of exceptional quality, with double soles, heels and toes. Only 50 dozen, and no more to be had. You'll need to be spry.

(Right of Main Entrance)

Rare Values Women's Handkerchiefs

Women's initial handkerchiefs, very sheer and neatly hemstitched, six for \$1.00.

Women's sheer handkerchiefs, with initials enclosed in wreaths, \$1.50 and \$1.75 a half-dozen.

Men's cross-barred linen handkerchiefs of excellent quality, 35c, or 3 for \$1.00; 6 for \$1.75.

Many refreshing changes in the hats for the coming season. Cleverest creation of New York's foremost designers shown on our second floor.

J.W. Robinson Company
BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE
235, 237 and 239 South Broadway
(Near of South Aliso)

Bedding A way Under Value

Bonafide price-cuts averaging a third on many of the most staple grades of comforters.

AT \$1 INSTEAD OF \$1.75—20x26-inch pillows filled with clean, pure feathers—and nothing BUT feathers—and covered with best Amoskeag ticking—dollar each.

AT 95c INSTEAD OF \$1.25—72x72-inch comforters filled with one sheet of clean white cotton and covered with excellent grade of silkoline. 95c each; were \$1.25.

AT \$1 INSTEAD OF \$1.50—72x78-inch comforters filled with single sheet of clean, pure carded cotton and covered with fine silkoline—one side figured, the other plain; \$1 each; regularly \$1.50.

AT \$5 INSTEAD OF \$6 AND \$7—6x6-ft. down filled comforters covered with fine French sateen, \$5 each; regularly \$6 and \$7.

AT \$9 INSTEAD OF \$12.50 AND \$15—72x78-inch comforters filled with fine lamb's wool, one side covered with fancy silk with border and insertion of plain silk; the other side of figured sateen; tacked with silk ribbon. \$9 each; regularly \$12.50 and \$15.

(Third Floor.)

If You Can't Come, Order by Mail

On all purchases amounting to \$5 or more, EXCEPT C. O. D. PACKAGES, we prepay the freight or express charges to any railroad station in



\$2.50 Drapery Stuffs \$1 a Yd.

Among the lucky purchases made by our upholstery buyer on his last trip to the eastern mills is a lot of 50-inch French Fru Fru—a double faced fabric designed for portieres, side drapes and couch covers—a dozen different designs in combinations of red and green, blue and tan, green and tan, and red and tan.

Choice of this lot at a dollar a yard, though we have to get \$2.50 for what we bought in the regular way.

New importation of Curtain Madras, mostly in Art Nouveau and small allover designs on light and dark grounds, 75c to \$1.50 a yard.

Printed Drapery Silks in almost no end of new designs, as well as the solid colors, 60c to \$1.25 a yard. Dainty Curtain Swisses, 15c to \$1.50 a yard.

Curtains and Portieres

Radically Reduced

Real savings of a third to a half on curtains that would grace almost any home.

\$7.00 cross-striped Madras Curtains in cream colored grounds with handsome colored stripes, \$4.50 a pair.

Same class of goods by the yard.

\$5.00 cross-striped Madras Curtains, either cream or ecru backgrounds, with pretty colored cross stripes, now \$2.50 a pair.

\$5.00 mercerized Table Covers, reversible and heavily

fringed, \$2.50 each; some are 22x yards, some 32x1/2 yards.

\$7.50 white Irish Point Curtains, 50 inches wide and 3 yards long, with handsome double borders and large corner pieces, now \$5 a pair.

\$6.50 Brussels Net Curtains, with double border effect and small figured centers, or with scroll centers, now \$5 a pair.

Mission Leather Portieres at \$6.50; well worth double.

Underpriced Rugs

If more rugs are needed in your house (and VERY few houses have enough) you'd better get them before these lots are sold out, for we have no hopes of being able to duplicate these values:

27x54-inch Wilton Rugs of extra heavy grade, with allover or medallion designs in green, red or dark blue, \$2.50 each; readily worth \$4.00.

9x12-ft. Art Nouveau Wool Rugs in medallion and allover designs—particularly desirable for bedrooms and dining rooms—cut from \$12.50 to \$15.00.

36x63-inch Bigelow Wilton Rugs in Oriental and allover designs—\$8.50 values—\$6.50 each.

27x54-inch Wilton Rugs of best grade, heavily fringed, in medallion and allover designs, \$4.00; worth \$5.00.

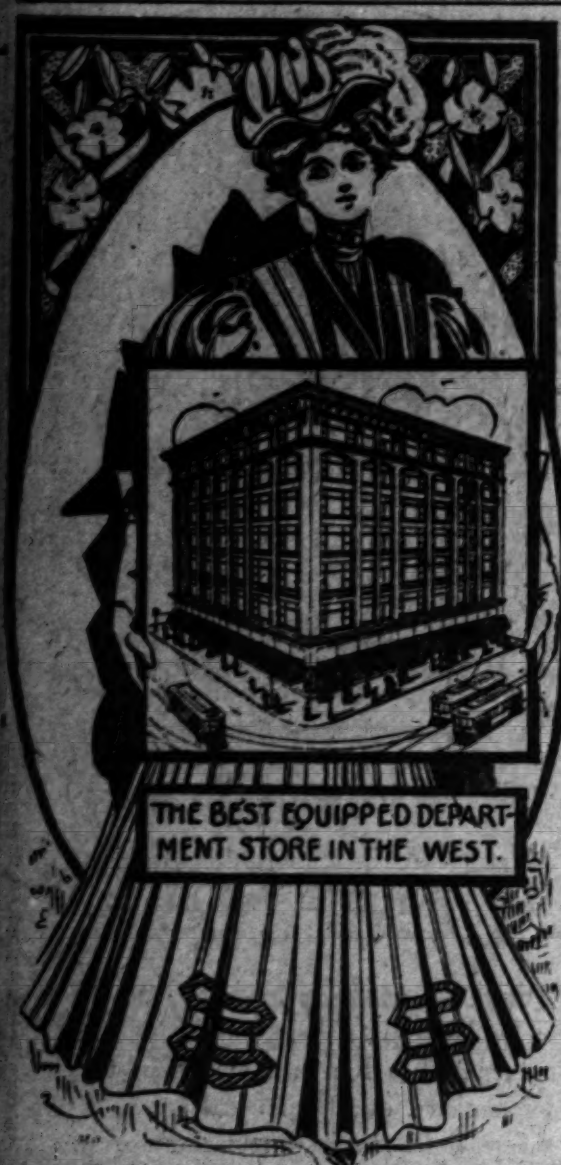
27x54-inch Nubia Wilton Rugs in rich, dark colorings—especially desirable for hotels and beach cottages—specially priced at \$1.25.

New shipment of 9x12-ft. Bigelow Wilton Rugs in uncommonly attractive designs at \$35. Same thing in size 8'x10' 1/2 ft., at \$32.50.

(Third Floor.)

Stunning Suits for Boys

Neatest and most novel suits for 3 to 6-year-old boys evolved this season are of exceedingly fine all-wool cassimeres, cut in Buster Brown style, with Peter Pan collars and white serge shields. Light spring weights, lined with Alpaca. Some trimmed with gun metal buttons. Some have white kid belts, others braided



Don't fail to see the \$100,000 Picture—The Angel Delivering Daniel—by Burbank, on exhibition on 5th floor daily. It's free.

Our Regular Business Hours

After Monday, March 4th, this store will be open for business mornings at 8 o'clock, and will close nights, including Saturdays, at 6 o'clock. All holidays that are observed by like institutions this store will be closed. We expect and fully intend to make the business life of our employees just as pleasant, and their surroundings just as congenial as possible, giving them some advantages which no other store can give, on account of the splendid equipment of our building.

Our Store Policy

It will be our endeavor to do all things well; we hope and expect to do some things better than they were ever done before. Errors will be avoided so far as it is in our power, but in event of errors being made they will be rectified to the complete satisfaction of the customer. Every employee of this store will be expected to be courteous to all people at all times. Reason rather than rule will prompt all decisions.



Valenciennes Laces, Edges and Insertions, 12 yard pieces, values to \$3.10

As an introductory to our Lace Department we offer Monday several hundred pieces of Val. lace edges and insertions. These are high class goods of French, English, Italian and German manufacture; widths up to 2 1/4 inches. Many edges with insertions to match; new and pleasing patterns; some values as high as \$3.00 a piece of 12 yards. First choosing will be best. Priced for opening sale Monday, \$1.10 the piece. Section B, main floor.

Laces and Trimmings

Main Floor, Sections A and B

You'll find pleasing assortments awaiting you in our lace and trimming sections. Everything is new, bright and crisp. In our lace department we will show complete lines of Val., Torchoni, Maltese, Cluny, Flemish, Oriental, Point de Gaze, Point de Venise, Baby Irish, Princess, etc., Edges, Insertions, Bands, Galoons, Fesques, Alfovers, Nets, etc. Many exclusive novelties as well as all the staples. Prices are remarkably low. The trimming department is complete in every detail. Every desirable Braid, Passementerie, Gimp, Applique and Ornament for the new spring dress fabrics. The values are pronounced and the styles carefully selected.

18 and 36-In Allover Laces 70c
Values to \$1.50, yd. 70c

Allover laces, Point de Gaze, Oriental and Point de Venise, white, cream and Arabian shades, beautiful patterns, qualities desirable for waists, yokes and millinery; widths 18 inches and 36 inches; the wide nettings are popular for waists; values \$1.00 to \$1.50; priced for opening sale Monday, 70c yard, main floor, section B.

Floral Department

Oceanside Carnations
Signal Hill Violets

Our floral department will be supplied daily with highest grade cut flowers; here you will find the famous Oceanside carnations and sweet peas; fragrant lilies and violets from Signal Hill; seasonable flowers at all times at very moderate prices.

Sweet Peas
Fragrant and Beautiful... 10c

Our opening special in the floral department will be a

Inaugural Sale and Anniversary Show

Our Dress Goods Section

Ready Monday with broad and well selected stocks in weaves and colors that bear Dame Fashion's approval. Silk and wool mixtures in plain and fancy effects; light weight suitings in new plaids and stripes. A great variety of cream ground suitings which will be strong favorites. A plentiful supply of plain cloths, including the new weight chiffon broadcloth, panamas, serges, Henriettas, veilings, etc.

50 and 54-Inch Suitings Easily worth \$1.25 and \$1.50. \$1 Yd.

50 and 54 inch suitings in new spring colorings, principally tans and grays, stripes, plaids, etc. Grades easily worth \$1.25 and \$1.50; priced for the opening sale \$1.00 yard, section A, main floor.

Silk Crepe de Paris 38 inches wide worth 90c. 50c Yd.

Silk warp crepe de Paris 38 inches wide; in popular light colors; also black. A material that drapes most beautifully. A regular 90c value, priced for the opening sale 50c yard, section A, main floor.

A Well Equipped Lining Section

Linings in all the weaves that are in demand and all the colors that are most popular; satens, percales, glass cloths, moreens, pres de soies, etc. Linings of quality most consistently priced.

A Paper Pattern Without a Peer The Ladies Home Journal Pattern

We take great pleasure in announcing the agency of The Ladies Home Journal Patterns; they are the simplest, most accurate and the best made patterns on the market. The free guide chart which accompanies each pattern is one of their strongest points. The Style Book will be given free to all who call at our pattern counter, Section A, main floor.



The Silk Section

This section is admirably situated with a side light which is always best for silks. Here you will find many exclusive novelties, as well as complete stocks of the staple weaves. Quality is the standard; price comes next. On comparison you'll find our prices very low when quality is considered.

Yard Wide Black Taffeta, A Regular \$1.50 Grade \$1 Yd.

Extra weight all silk black taffeta, full 36 inches wide; a rich lustrous fabric especially desirable for drop skirts and full costumes. You'll recognize a \$1.50 value in this silk. Priced for the opening sale \$1.00 yard, section A, main floor.

Stylish Suiting Silks, 20 to 27 in. wide, worth to \$1.50 \$1 Yd.

100 pieces of the latest creations in suiting silks for Easter; plaids, checks, plain and Pekin stripes, etc. New color combinations; widths 20 to 27 inches. \$1.25 and \$1.50 values; priced for the opening sale \$1.00 a yard, section A, main floor.

SUITING SILKS in endless variety; louisines, foulards, etc. 50c

SILK VOILES in dainty checks, stripes, dots and brocades as well as all the wanted plain colors; prices range from \$1.50 up to \$5.00

Sole Agents Alexandre Kid Gloves

It is very gratifying to us to be able to announce that we have secured the sole agency for Los Angeles for the famous Alexandre Kid Glove for women. These gloves are popular on two continents and are undoubtedly the most satisfactory glove known to the trade, being made from carefully selected Italian and French kid skins. We have a complete line of these famous goods in all the wanted colors and desirable lengths.

Two Ribbon Specials for Monday

25c Fancy Ribbons 15c Yd.

Narrow fancy ribbons, suitable for neckwear bands, belts and hair ribbons; embroidered floral patterns, rosebud designs and Roman stripes; all pure silk; newest colors; regular 25c value. Opening sale price, 15c. Main floor, Section C.

75c Fancy Ribbons 35c Yd.

All silk fancy ribbons; stripes, shadow plaids, Dresden and Persian patterns and Roman effects; 5 1/2 to 6 inches wide; splendid values at 75c, 65c and 70c; rich color combinations. Priced for opening sale, 35c yard.

A Complete and Well Selected Ribbon Stock

Knit Underwear Specials Main Floor, Sec. E

35c RIBBED VESTS—Women's swiss ribbed lisle vests; low neck, sleeveless; silk taped neck and arms; white only; regular 35c value. Opening special, each 25c

\$1.00 WHITE UNDERVESTS—Women's worsted vests; spring weight; high neck and long sleeves; silk trimmed neck; pants to match; ankle length, with French bands; good \$1.00 value. Opening sale price 50c

Women's Initial Handkerchiefs Box of 6 for 68c worth \$1.

Women's fine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs; small, neat initials; all letters; box of 6 worth \$1.00. Opening special, main floor, section C, the box 68c

The W. L. Douglas \$3.50 and \$4.00 Shoes for men. The Manass Shoe Co's Urfit \$5 Shoe Factory checks and Samples. That's why... \$2.15 Pr.

Our new shoe department is splendidly equipped to handle a large business in men's shoes, being located right near the main entrance. We have the shoes, and if values—unusual, superlative, irresistible values—mean anything, we will get the business. This sale is a foretaste of what you may expect in men's shoe values. Several thousand pairs of men's shoes of the famous W. L. Douglas make, branded to sell at \$3.50 and \$4.00, as well as a lot of the Urfit \$5.00 men's shoes. Samples and factory checked shoes, some of them slightly scarred, but most of them absolutely perfect—patent and enamel leathers, vic kid and wax calf. Button styles and Bluchers—newest lasts and toe shapes, all sizes. First choosing will be best, so come early. Monday in Section F, main floor, \$2.15 the pair.

Women's High-Class Shoes

\$3.50, \$4 and \$5 Values \$2.15 Pr.

Unbroken Lines—All Sizes \$2.15 Pr.

Dainty, stylish, shapely and high grade shoes for women, latest types of metropolitan styles; hand turned and hand welted soles; patent leather, enameled and vic kid; college



And \$3.00 worth of quality.

A \$2.00 Hat with \$5.00 worth of style

We feature in our Men's department a fine of felt hats, \$2.00 each that are equal in value to any \$5.00 hat and in quality most \$3.00 hats. Soft hats the popular colors and shapes, still hats in the newest styles—60 different styles to from, all at one price, \$2.00. Main floor, Section F.

Opening Sale of Crockery and China

In Our Basement Salesroom

We're very proud of our basement salesroom. It's as perfectly lighted, airy, heated and as well ventilated as any of the upper floors. The crockery is a work of art and will be one of the show places of the store. The values you'll find "downstairs."

50-piece Dinner Set, worth \$4.25 \$3.48

50-piece cottage set of American porcelain; plain white, with embossed edge; every piece perfect and can be matched at any time; sets worth \$4.25. Opening sale price, \$3.48.

\$5 Dinner Set, worth \$6.25 \$3.98

50-piece cottage set of American porcelain; rose decoration in pink and blue; sets worth \$6.25. Opening sale price, \$3.98.

100-piece Sets, worth \$14.98 \$10.00

100-piece dinner set of German porcelain; medium weight; pink and blue decoration; sets worth \$14.98. Price, the set, \$10.00.

Chocolate Sets, worth \$2.39 \$1.00

German china chocolate and six cups to match; sets worth \$2.39. Opening sale price, \$1.00.

List of Departments

Dress Goods
Silks
Linings
Ladies' Home Journal Patterns
Domestic
White Goods
Wash Goods
Linen
Laces
Embroideries
Trimmings
Ribbons
Notions
Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas and Parasols
Jewelry
Leather Goods
Drugs
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Office Supplies
Knit Underwear
Hosiery
Men's Furnishings
Shoes
Hats and Caps
Men's Clothing
Boys' Clothing
Boys' Furnishings
Confectionery
Cloaks and Suits
Optical Goods

Millinery

and Character

Street Hats at \$10

assortments at this popular place. New shapes and new ideas in millinery and color blending; pieces from New York's best milliners in this collection up to \$75; we price them at \$10.00. Main floor, Broadway side.

Millinery Beauties at

spring hats, selected especially for our opening sale, beautifully embellished with profuse trimmings, priced at \$5.00, second floor.

2.75 Ostrich Plumes and Feathers

Without ostrich plumes in dainty pastel shades and two toned effects; hand tied with light feathers; will set off evening or dress hats to perfection for opening sale \$3.75; second floor, B.

Quisite Tinted Feather

ostrich feathers with heavy heads in two tones of light shades; extreme values for opening sale.

Stylish Belts \$1.25 S

Belts that are stylish and Black leather hand

A black and white illustration of a woman in a large, ornate hat and a long, pleated dress. She is holding a rectangular framed picture in front of her chest. The picture depicts a tropical scene with palm trees, a thatched-roof building, and several children playing in a yard. Below the picture, a banner contains the text "ROOF PALM GARDEN AND CHILDRENS PLAYGROUND." The entire scene is set against a background of stylized flowers and leaves.

Opens Day Morning
At 9

Confidence is the foundation on which jewelry business depends more than any line of which we know. Our jewelry has been selected carefully and conscientiously and every item will be found exactly as represented. Behind every sale is that broad guarantee, your money back if you want it. We have for your inspection an excellent line of watches of standard make for men and women; open face and hunting case; **\$25**

ment and Millinery

Auto coats of plaid silk; rubber lined; daintily trimmed hoods; new and clever styles which will appeal to dressy women; excellent utility garments. Price, each, \$24.50.

en and Fine fancy gilt clocks; finished in Ormolu gold porcelain dial;
de with ~~Antique~~ ~~clocks~~ ~~Antique~~

Confidence is the foundation on which jewelry business depends more than any line of which we know. Our jewelry has been selected carefully and conscientiously and every item will be found exactly as represented. Behind every sale is that broad guarantee, your money back if you want it. We have for your inspection an excellent line of watches of standard make for men and women; open face and hunting case; **\$25**

THIRD ANNUAL March Clearing Sale



WE want the attention of every furniture user and every prospective furniture user for a half hour right now. We want consideration for this ad which tells of the most important event of the year with us and the most important to you. We will devote the next 24 selling days to cleaning out and reducing our stock. The reasons are obvious and well understood in these days of advanced merchandising. We would cease to be a factor in the furniture world if we did not keep our stocks clean and fresh.

In this announcement we make no attempt to cover all the ground but give enough to show you what a great saving is possible.

If You Want Credit

Instead of asking the regular prices we give a uniform discount of 10 per cent. This has a double significance when you consider that other stores add 10 per cent. to the regular prices when you want credit.



Every Piece of Furniture, Every Rug, Every Yard of Carpet and All Draperies Reduced at Least 20 Per Cent.



This \$2.25 Dining Chair \$1.65



This \$17.50 Serving Table \$12.50



This \$24.75 China Closet \$17.50



This \$30 Sideboard \$19

Made of solid golden oak.



This \$25.00 Dining Table \$17.50

Made of solid weathered oak.

Dining Chair Reductions	
\$1.50 Chairs reduced to	\$1.30
1.75 Chairs reduced to	1.40
2.50 Chairs reduced to	2.00
4.00 Chairs reduced to	3.20
And so on up to	
8.00 Chairs reduced to	6.40

Serving Table Reductions	
\$13.00 Tables reduced to	\$10.40
25.00 Tables reduced to	20.00
27.00 Tables reduced to	21.60
We show them in both golden and weathered oak. Every serving table in the house is included.	

China Closet Reductions	
\$26.50 China Closets reduced to	\$21.20
33.00 China Closets reduced to	26.40
36.00 China Closets reduced to	28.80
37.50 China Closets reduced to	30.00
And so on up to	
75.00 China Closets reduced to	60.00

Sideboard Reductions	
\$35.00 Sideboards reduced to	\$28.00
37.50 Sideboards reduced to	30.00
47.50 Sideboards reduced to	38.00
60.00 Sideboards reduced to	48.00
And so on up to	
80.00 Sideboards reduced to	64.00

Buffet Reductions	
\$32.00 Buffets reduced to	\$25.60
34.00 Buffets reduced to	27.20
37.50 Buffets reduced to	30.00
40.00 Buffets reduced to	32.00
And so on up to	
80.00 Buffets reduced to	64.00

Dining Tables	
\$11.50 Dining Tables reduced to	\$9.20
14.50 Dining Tables reduced to	11.60
20.00 Dining Tables reduced to	16.00
25.00 Dining Tables reduced to	20.00
And so on up to	
60.00 Dining Tables reduced to	48.00

Morris Chair Reductions	
\$11.00 Morris Chairs reduced to	\$8.80
14.00 Morris Chairs reduced to	11.20
17.50 Morris Chairs reduced to	14.00
22.50 Morris Chairs reduced to	18.00
And so on up to	
32.50 Morris Chairs reduced to	26.00

Couch Reductions	
\$11.00 Couches reduced to	\$8.80
13.50 Couches reduced to	10.80
16.00 Couches reduced to	12.80
25.00 Couches reduced to	20.00
And so on up to	
40.00 Couches (leather) reduced to	32.00

Turkish Chairs and Rockers	
\$44.00 Chairs reduced to	\$35.20
60.00 Chairs reduced to	48.00
75.00 Chairs reduced to	60.00
100.00 Chairs reduced to	80.00
And so on up to	
120.00 Chairs reduced to	96.00

Reed Rooker Reductions	
\$6.00 Reed Rookers reduced to	\$4.80
7.00 Reed Rookers reduced to	5.60
10.00 Reed Rookers reduced to	8.00
15.00 Reed Rookers reduced to	12.00
Reed Chairs and Settees are reduced in the same generous way.	

Rocker Reductions	
\$2.50 Rockers reduced to	\$2.00
4.00 Rockers reduced to	3.20
6.00 Rockers reduced to	4.80
10.00 Rockers reduced to	8.00
And so on up to	
20.00 Rockers reduced to	16.00

Parlor Table Reductions	
\$2.00 Parlor Tables reduced to	\$1.60
2.50 Parlor Tables reduced to	2.00
3.25 Parlor Tables reduced to	2.60
5.00 Parlor Tables reduced to	4.00
And so on up to	
40.00 Parlor Tables reduced to	32.00

Chiffonier Reductions	
\$12.00 Chiffoniers reduced to	\$9.60
18.00 Chiffoniers reduced to	14.40
20.00 Chiffoniers reduced to	16.00
26.50 Chiffoniers reduced to	21.20
And so on up to	
60.00 Chiffoniers reduced to	48.00

Dresser Reductions	
\$15.50 Dressers reduced to	\$12.40
20.00 Dressers reduced to	16.00
22.50 Dressers reduced to	18.00
26.50 Dressers reduced to	21.20
And so on up to	
100.00 Dressers reduced to	80.00

Princess Dresser Reductions	
\$20.00 Princess Dressers reduced to	\$16.00
27.50 Princess Dressers reduced to	22.00
30.00 Princess Dressers reduced to	24.00
32.50 Princess Dressers reduced to	26.00
And so on up to	
50.00 Princess Dressers reduced to	40.00

Dressing Table Reductions	
\$20.00 Dressing Tables reduced to	\$16.00
23.00 Dressing Tables reduced to	18.40
26.00 Dressing Tables reduced to	20.80
30.00 Dressing Tables reduced to	24.00
And so on up to	
60.00 Dressing Tables reduced to	48.00

Iron Bed Reductions	
\$2.75 Iron Beds reduced to	\$2.20
4.00 Iron Beds reduced to	3.20
6.50 Iron Beds reduced to	5.20
8.50 Iron Beds reduced to	6.80
And so on up to	
30.00 Iron Beds reduced to	24.00

Brass Bed Reductions	
\$36.50 Brass Beds reduced to	\$29.20
45.00 Brass Beds reduced to	36.00
50.00 Brass Beds reduced to	40.00
65.00 Brass Beds reduced to	52.00
And so on up to	
140.00 Brass Beds reduced to	112.00



This \$18 Chiffonier \$12.60

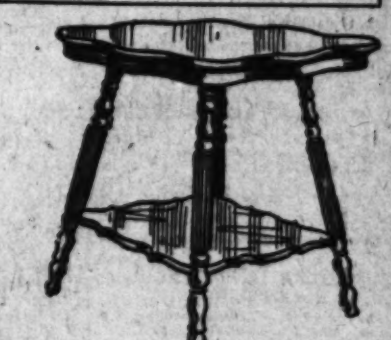


This \$25 Dresser \$15.25



This \$5.50 Rocker \$3.85

Golden oak or mahogany.



This \$6.25 Parlor Table \$4.50



This \$7 Brass and Iron Bed \$4.90



Bring This Coupon With You

It Is Valuable

Every customer, no matter what the amount of his purchase, will receive as a compliment from the house and as a memento of the sale a useful souvenir free. We are not at liberty to give details—just take our word for it, you will get something worth while—something worth keeping—something you will be anxious to tell your neighbor about.

A Useful Souvenir FREE

We only exact one condition. You MUST BRING THIS COUPON. We want to know what paper brings you in. Now here's a chance to give your favorite paper a boost and get a souvenir for yourself.

Times 2-3-07

All Stoves and Ranges Included

Every gas stove, every heating stove, every kitchen stove, every range is included in this sale at a reduction of 20 per cent. We consider this one of the dominant features of the sale, for you very seldom get an opportunity to buy stoves at a reduced price. It might be well for you to know that we carry the Acorn line—best in the world.

Carpets, Rugs, Draperies Included

This is one of the great—and possibly the greatest—features of the sale. Carpets and rugs are sold on such a close margin of profit that prices are very rarely cut. But this is a Clearing Sale, and to make it general we have included Carpets, Rugs and Draperies and the reduction is 20 per cent. Don't let this great chance slip by. You'll regret it if you do.

The Sale Starts Monday Morning

543 545 547 50 BROADWAY
Mackie-Fredericks Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Watch the Windows for Specials

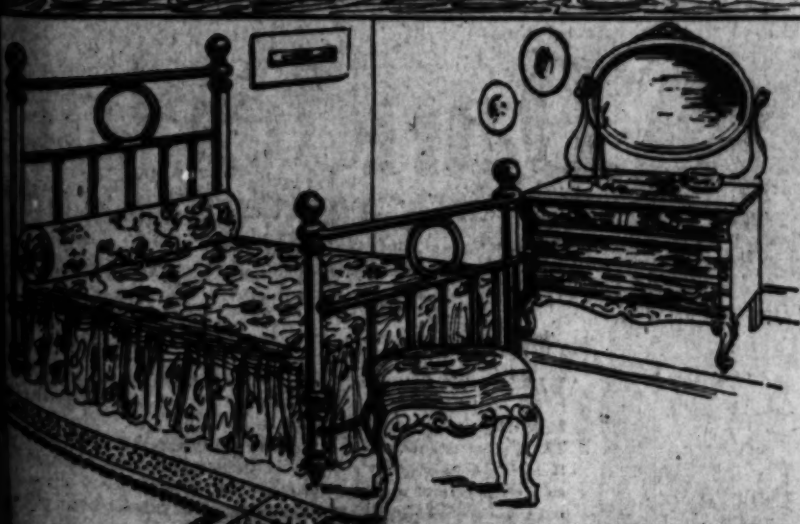
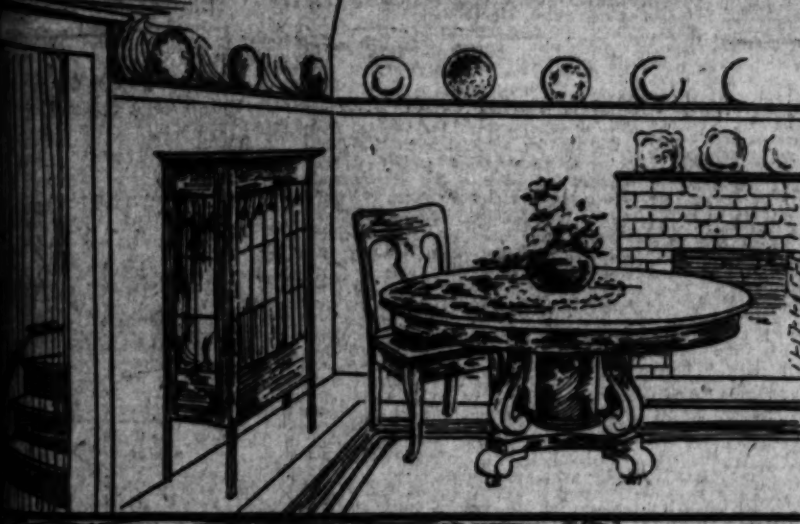
Our Credit System

CREDIT SYSTEM bears investigation. Do not for a moment confound this system with the installment system. There is a great difference. Every one who sees the installment system immediately and rightly thinks and knows it means HIGH PRICES. BRENT'S CREDIT SYSTEM is not UNLIMITED or INDISCRIMINATE. Because our LOW ANTI-TRUST PRICES permit only a SAFE, CONSERVATIVE CREDIT. Every one has a determination of credit, but it is safe for them to pay FANCY PRICES just because they pay on credit. Many MERCHANTS have failed because of too much credit. Our CREDIT SYSTEM is based on SPOT CASH prices. Our PRICES are all in plain figures. SPOT CASH. On our credit system we add 10 per cent. ONLY to our spot cash prices. Now exactly HOW MUCH you PAY for credit. It is the only SAFE, HONEST WAY.

BRENT'S

712-714-716-718 South Main Street, Near Seventh

Fill Your House With Anti-Trust Furniture. Pay Cash or Ask for Credit. Either Way You'll Find Our Prices Are 20 to 40 Per Cent. Below the Trust.



It is a good thing for the city that there is a big independent store that cares enough for the people and their interests to take up the fight, unaided, against the grasping trust and its high prices. If it were not for Brent's, you would be forced to go to trust stores. As it is, the crowds prefer to ignore them and come where the prices are reasonable and as they should be. As a matter of principle, go to Brent's. As a matter of economy, go to Brent's. As a matter of pride, go to Brent's. As a matter of course, go to Brent's. We have everything for every room in your house—Best quality made, and prices lower than the trust tries to get you to pay. Anyone who reads the newspapers, magazines, etc., has a pretty good idea of trusts and the trust way of DOING things. Don't let the trusts "do" you.

Anti-Trust Specials

We are closing out some lines—the Discounts are Genuine

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all malle and wall clocks.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all trunks, suit cases, shawl straps, trunk straps, etc.
40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on fancy china and glassware.
40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all hollow silverware.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all cottage and dinner sets.
40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all Japanese art goods.

Anti-Trust Bedroom Sets

Our bedroom sets are in all woods, QUARTERED OAK, GOLDEN and CURLY BIRCH, HERRING MAPLE, DARK and TUNA MAHOGANY. HANDSOME 3-PIECE BIRDSEYE MAPLE Bedroom set; has elegant bed, stand and size commode and handsome dresser; \$75.00 value. **\$55.00**

Other bedroom sets \$25.00, \$27.50, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$50.00 up to \$75.00.

Anti-Trust Toilet Tables

We have about 60 different styles in toilet tables; oak, dark and tuna mahogany, birdseye maple, curly birch, etc.
A handsome Birdseye Maple Toilet Table, shaped top with convenient drawers; French legs and 18x20 French plate pattern mirror; \$25.00 value. **\$17.75**

Our Toilet Tables \$7.75, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 up to \$50.00.

Anti-Trust Upholstered Furniture

SPECIAL PRICES this week on upholstered furniture.
Elegant 3-piece set, massive mahogany frames. Frames are 46 inches high, large settee, 2 large arm chairs. Upholstered in best leather; \$250.00 value. Our Anti-Trust price **\$155.00**
Good 3-piece parlor set, mahogany frames, upholstered in best Verona. Our Anti-Trust price **\$12.75**
Fancy upholstered odd pieces \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and up.
Upholstered divans \$5.75, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00 and up.

Anti-Trust Pianos

4 Specials This Week \$127.50

NAME of a piano is all right, but you do not want to pay for a name only. Take our "SCHUBERT" piano, for example. The "Schubert" is a high grade piano. It has been sold in Los Angeles for many years. It is known to be a first-class instrument, but WE sell it for less than they were formerly sold for here. WHY? Because we pay SPOT CASH for them, and a FAIR profit is all we ask. There is no MYSTERY about the piano business with us. It is simply a question of giving best value for least money. Let us show you our "SCHUBERT" line.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Four good pianos, slightly used, \$127.50. Let us tune your piano. We have an expert tuner. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Anti-Trust Extension Tables

This One \$12.50

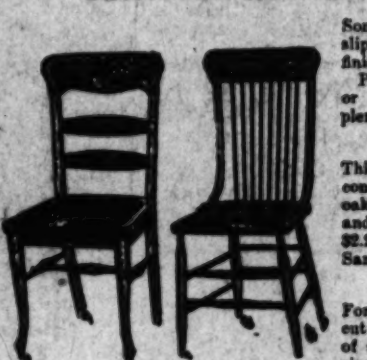
OF COURSE we CAN sell GOOD EXTENSION TABLES at prices we quote. DON'T let some mislead you. QUALITY. If he does, get the NUMBER and tell him you are going to "BRENT'S". Then come and see the SAME TABLE for LESS money. This table is made of SOLID oak; has strong pedestal; 45-inch top and extends to 6 feet. Our Anti-Trust Price, \$12.50; SAME PEDISTAL WITH SQUARE TOP, \$15.00.

Another Special

Made by the "BANTA" Furniture Co. There is no BETTER quality. Has 45-inch top and 4-inch legs. Comes in FURMED and WEATHERED oak. Extends to 6 feet. Our Anti-Trust Price, \$15.00; 6-foot size, \$17.50.



Anti-Trust Dining Chairs



Some very fine solid oak chairs, with slip seat; weathered, fumed and golden finish. \$3.75, \$7.50, \$10.00 and up.

Please remember when we have chairs or anything else advertised, we have plenty of them.

XX. LIKE CUT \$2.25

This illustration represents a good, well constructed box seat chair; made of solid oak; has saddle seat; comes in golden and weathered finish. Anti-trust price, \$2.25.

Same chair, with leather seat \$3.00

XXX. LIKE CUT, 75c

For a medium priced chair the one like cut answers most purposes; it is made of solid oak; has saddle seat; standard size; comes in golden or weathered finish. Our anti-trust price, 75c.

Anti-Trust Gas Ranges

We sell the COOKER CHIEF, ESTATE, PEERLESS and CLIMAX gas ranges. These ranges include every style manufactured up to date. Some of them are arranged so they can be placed on doors in apartment houses. The standard design, the table range, and the high oven style are included.

\$23 Special—Our Peerless Estate Range

Has four large burners on top, has 14-inch oven and broiler lined with asbestos, nickel trimmed and guaranteed in every way. Our Anti-Trust Price, \$23.00. Same range NOT nickel trimmed, \$21.00. Other ranges, \$13.50, \$14.50, \$15.50 and up.

Anti-Trust Sewing Machines

This one \$13.50

We do not want you to pay trust prices for anything. Sewing machines have always been sold at enormous prices in Los Angeles. Since "BRENT'S" has been selling machines the high prices have been forced down a little.

The machine we illustrate today is good and serviceable. It is NOT the very best machine you can buy, but it will give you excellent service. We recommend it. Our anti-trust price, \$13.50.

Our SIMPLEX machines are unsurpassed by any. Our anti-trust prices are \$15.50, \$25.00, \$35.00, \$45.00, \$55.00, \$65.00, \$75.00, \$85.00, \$95.00, \$105.00, \$115.00, \$125.00, \$135.00, \$145.00, \$155.00, \$165.00, \$175.00, \$185.00, \$195.00, \$205.00, \$215.00, \$225.00, \$235.00, \$245.00, \$255.00, \$265.00, \$275.00, \$285.00, \$295.00, \$305.00, \$315.00, \$325.00, \$335.00, \$345.00, \$355.00, \$365.00, \$375.00, \$385.00, \$395.00, \$405.00, \$415.00, \$425.00, \$435.00, \$445.00, \$455.00, \$465.00, \$475.00, \$485.00, \$495.00, \$505.00, \$515.00, \$525.00, \$535.00, \$545.00, \$555.00, \$565.00, \$575.00, \$585.00, \$595.00, \$605.00, \$615.00, \$625.00, \$635.00, \$645.00, \$655.00, \$665.00, \$675.00, \$685.00, \$695.00, \$705.00, \$715.00, \$725.00, \$735.00, \$745.00, \$755.00, \$765.00, \$775.00, \$785.00, \$795.00, \$805.00, \$815.00, \$825.00, \$835.00, \$845.00, \$855.00, \$865.00, \$875.00, \$885.00, \$895.00, \$905.00, \$915.00, \$925.00, \$935.00, \$945.00, \$955.00, \$965.00, \$975.00, \$985.00, 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PASSING OF TRIBAL RULE.

In 1822, when Sam
 and chief of the tribe
 received Ispharcher from
 the army as the "known in
 history as the "Ispharcher
 Ispharcher had been unjustly
 and Ispharcher ordered his
 him, and with the
 over him as his son-in-law,
 but for the time being
 were under Spanish troops he
 captured the chief and the
 the United States
 remained at Fort Olin, practically
 to return to their home-
 Afterward Ispharcher was
 elected chief of the
 tribe and nation.

He was five feet tall
 and weighed 200
 pounds. He was a
 number of English in-
 while he was governor
 of Washington, the
 in love with his laundress. Through
 he married and won her
 Territory. She soon
 to Washington, however,
 live contentedly with
 a Mexican spouse.

REMARK OF JACKSON.
 "I was one of the
 chief of history, and also
 so frequent. He was born
 in what is now Mississippi,
 a typical full-blooded
 blood in his veins
 white man's friend. He
 two inches in height,
 frame, and great strength,
 doubtless the
 the Choctaw tribe

careful eloquence of Apu-
 famous was chief, in
 latter asked George
 to join the Shawnee
 tribes against the Americans
 of 1812. Apu-
 commander under Geor-
 in the battle of
 his brigade 700 Cris-
 standard. He again fought
 the famous
 the Choctaw war of 1814
 the Choctaw at
 Bend.

Apu-
 gave Apu-
 military suit and
 that time
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man the
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 IN ME-
 The por-
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 of Apu-
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 chief of a
 and the
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 daughter of
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 in 1860, and
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 close friend of
 Choctaw and
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 to Indian Ter-
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 the hands of
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 Josephine in
 500 negro pris-
 acres of land,
 and the
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 for a life, an
 jury for her
 brother to be
 wishy to the
 and other re-
 men.

There is no
 a devoted re-
 On a visit to
 complained of
 appointed to or-
 he asked his
 and said: "I re-
 Then I will
 objectionable
 Jackson before
 WAR A CONF-
 Stan Wat-
 the walls of

MAY BANKRUPT LONDON CITY.

Taxpayers Rebel at the Socialist Campaign.

Proposed to Municipalize the Local Industries.

A Hundred Million Dollars for One Scheme.

The campaign to have London from bankruptcy at the hands of the progressive socialist majority in the County Council has now developed into the hottest political struggle in the modern history of the metropolis, says the London correspondent of the Baltimore American. The issue is solely the question of the further municipalization of local industries. The present majority has been in unbroken control since the creation of the Council in 1889, and they are so confident of their strength that they have emphasized the campaign this week by adopting an electrification scheme on an even larger scale than was described in these dispatches last month. The enterprise as now outlined calls for a capitalization, not of \$47,000,000, as at first stated, but for the gigantic sum of \$100,000,000, and the plan emphasizes the buying up of nearly all existing undertakings.

It has been pointed out that most of these plants will be useless in great centralized electrical works, entailing an enormous initial loss, which, of course, will fall really upon the taxpayers. Moreover, all electrical engineers agree that the Council is utterly unable to manage to the best advantage the contemplated works, especially when the industry has not yet passed beyond the speculative stage.

PARLIAMENT MAY INTERVENE. Every electrical engineer knows that the progress of invention is still so rapid that all existing plants may have to be sent to the scrap heap within five years. The Council, however, is ready to rush ahead light-heartedly to the system as London pays the bills. Parliament, whose consent is necessary, may perhaps intervene to prevent this great gamble with public funds ever proposed by a governing body.

The principal development of the past few days has been a further expansion of the gross and indefensible manipulation of the County Council accounts, designed to show the profits made in some municipal enterprises where none exist. Holt Schoelling, the best-known statistician in England, after spending months analyzing the Council's financial reports, publishes an overwhelming exposure of the juggling methods used, which amounts to one of the greatest scandals of the day.

It has one redeeming feature. No dishonesty in the ordinary sense is alleged against anybody. There has been no vulgar thieving, but as a record of incompetence and wilful misdirection of the public it would be hard to find its equal. One is led to wonder whether the public fare worse under the system of graft prevailing in some American cities or under the system of incompetence and wilful misdirection of the public in London. There can be no doubt that the latter system costs the taxpayer more than the former.

TRAMWAYS AN ISSUE. McKinnon Wood, the leader of the progressive socialist majority in the Council, in a speech on Thursday affirmed that his party would not support the tramways of the campaign, and proceeded to argue that they had sold a handsome profit to the tramway company, which has been promptly pointed out that instead of charging, as announced in advance, one-third of the cost of street widening, which were made for the benefit of the tramway, the tramway company would have amounted to \$2,000,000, only \$1,000,000 has been charged. Aside from this, proper book-keeping of the actual operation account would have shown a substantial loss.

Londoners, however, refuse to continue their attention to the small matters mentioned by Mr. Wood. They look mainly to the fact that London's debt has increased from \$5 per head to \$10 per head, and that the Council took control of \$50 today, and that London can borrow today only at about 11 per cent on the face value. This is a state of things appalling enough to arouse any people, and the citizens of the world's metropolis propose to turn out of office the men who are responsible for it. The only point in doubt is whether the non-taxpayers who support the socialist policy can muster a majority over the taxpayers who oppose it. Every rent payer has had to bring home to him in the past year or two that some of the additional burden imposed by the Council fall upon him, and there is a strong probability, therefore, that a new non-socialist majority will be installed as a result of the election on March 2.

SOME OLD PEOPLE.

Oliverus Constable, a full-blooded Cheate, probably is the oldest Indian in the United States. He is believed to have passed his 114th year. His mind is clear, but he is so feeble that he cannot take more than two or three sips of a meal. He has twenty-three children and 100 grandchildren. Thomas Wigham, pioneer glass manufacturer of Pittsburgh, has been in active business for three-quarters of a century, and now, at the age of 86, he is to be found in his office every day. Mr. Wigham is interested in two banks and in other business enterprises, taking an active part in the affairs of all.

Curtis Gould, father of the Governor of Massachusetts, has just reached his eighty-third birthday in perfect physical and mental health. He founded the Boston Commercial Bulletin in 1853. Mr. Gould has published three books of European travel.

There is a remarkable mother in Basel in Switzerland, Dr. Mary Eleanor L. Wood, who will pass her 124th birthday, May 28. Her age is well accounted for. She was born in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1772. She married in Oregon in 1854. Mrs. Wood's children are all of the advanced sort. They try to keep from worrying about little things," she recently said. "I always attended to my own business and have not had any work the Almighty would see that I was well looked after. I was just subscribed to a magazine for five years and says she expects to read the last issue."

Visitors to Washington are either mystified or amused by the sign over the entrance to the building occupied by the Department of Justice. This building was formerly used by the Department of Justice, and when the Department of Justice was moved in, the new sign that was put up did not cover completely the old art gallery sign. Hence it reads:

Department of Justice,
Devoted to Art.

Stylish Spring Suits

You will find in our showing of spring suits a veritable mirror of beauty, fashion, and practicability. Perfect tailoring, beautiful fabrics and exquisite designing make them second to none.



Silk Lined Altman Velle Suits

Beautiful new creations for spring and summer in black, green, white and blue, in prevailing Eton effects, elaborately trimmed in silk applique, fancy braids and daintily edged with fine valenciennes laces. The Altman velles do not crush, \$45.00, \$65.00 and \$75.00.

New Eton Suits \$32.50

French check-Panama cloth. Eton suits, made with the stylish new dolman sleeve and pleated front and back. Edged with a two-inch bias fold around collar and down front of jacket. Piped with plain silk and finished with fancy braid and buttons. Full pleated skirt. An exclusive suit at \$32.50.

Tight fitting novelty suits in new cutaway jacket styles, fastened with two buttons; these come in large plaids trimmed with bias straps of self; plain silk collar trimmed with two loose soutache braids; cluster pleated skirts with bias fold at bottom; very stylish and reasonable too, at \$28.50.

Spring Suits \$20.00

New suits for misses and small women in pretty striped and checked material, blue and white and brown and white mixtures, and solid colors. Eton jackets with Gibson shoulder, prettily trimmed with soutache braid and buttons; full pleated skirts; an extremely nobby suit for early spring wear. \$20.

Lace Waists \$5.00

Beautiful Cluny lace waists with handsome net yokes, short sleeves and silk linings; a waist worth \$8.50, Monday \$5.

\$1.50 Waists 98c

Five dozen white dotted Swiss and linen finished lawn waists daintily trimmed in lace and embroidery, Monday each 98c.

Spring Wash Fabrics

Our wash goods section is full of overflowing with pretty spring weaves. Large showing of novelties; some of the prettiest are silk tissues in white, with colored floral designs; daintily embroidered swisses with colored silk dots; Egyptian cotton in beautiful pink and blue effect, at, per yard 35c.

And beautiful satin striped organdies with colored floral effects for evening wear, at, per yard 45c.

Muslin Underwear

Two excellent trade compelling items; long muslin undershirts, with ruffles of clustered tucks and hemstitched edge, with dust ruffle; always sold at 75c. Monday 49c.

Fine muslin drawers, with wide ruffles trimmed with embroidery, insertion and edges; also lace trimmed with tucks; all sizes; \$1 values. Monday 48c.

Lisle Gloves 50c

For Monday we offer a very fine suede lisle glove at a big reduction; these have 2 and 3 pearl clasps, are prettily embroidered on back and worth the regular price, 80c and \$1.00. Price, per pair, 50c.

New Wash Belts

Embroidered wash belts in new and pretty designs, with adjustable buckles, in pearl and gold. Priced for quick selling at 15c, 25c and 30c.

Silk Belts 65c

The new silk belts with elastic sides are a decided novelty; they are prettily finished with silk buttons and pretty buckles; assorted designs. Monday 65c.

A Rare Shoe Value



Ladies' fine patent coil skin street pump, with silk pump bow and pretty Cuban heel; all sizes; a very exceptional value. For \$2.50. Monday only, per pair, \$1.79.

Children's Shoes 95c

Children's vic kid, dull top, with tip of same; wedge heel, sizes 5 to 9; regular \$1.25 value. Monday, per pair 95c.

Hair Goods

Third Floor. Mrs. Burgess wishes to announce that she has just received a big shipment of new hair goods. The wigs are all lengths, colors and shades, naturally curly and straight. They're priced at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.89, \$2.50, \$4.50, \$5.00 and up.

Our specialty is the manufacture of hair goods from combs, corn curlers in sets, James curl switches made for...

Infants' Caps

Our Spring shipments of infants' and children's caps are here. These come in pretty little lace and embroidery effects in wide range of prices—25c to \$3.75.

Knit Vests 25c

A knit vest for ladies and misses for Summer and Spring wear, that's so much better than the average we want you to see them. Per garment 25c.

Lane's

327-29 S. BROADWAY

Our Economy Column for Monday

Our economy column always contains news of rare money saving opportunities and most generous price concessions.

But for Monday the values are Bigger and Better Than Ever. Don't Miss One of Them

Remember your trading stamps, you get them with every ten-cent purchase, and it doesn't take long to accumulate enough for a valuable premium.

10c Lonsdale muslin, per yard 6 1/2c
\$1.50 full size honeycomb bed spread, Marseilles patterns 98c
13c butchers' linen finish suiting 36 inches wide; excellent for shirt waist suits; per yard 10c
65c French tapestry ribbon; 6 inches wide; all colors; per yard 28c
Ladies' 25c black cotton hose; also white and split foot; Hermsdorf dye; double sole and toe, with high spliced heel; per pair 17c
3 pairs for 50c
50c corset covers, elaborately trimmed in Val. insertion and lace beading, with ribbon; other styles in embroidery and hemstitched tucks. Monday 25c

Pretty spring prints in big assortment of colors and patterns; per yard 4 1/2c
10c new ginghams; pretty patterns; per yard 6 1/2c

Eskey real kid gloves, in all colors and black and white; 3-clasp, with pretty Paris point embroidery backs; always sold at \$1.75; Monday, per pair \$1.15

10 dozen white organdy shirt waists; elaborately trimmed; have Val. insertion and embroidery yoke effects, with tucked and lace sleeves; good value at \$8.00; Monday, each \$1.85

Children's 75c Buster Brown dresses; nicely made and of excellent quality chambray in red, tan and blue 39c

Infants' slips of fine English long cloth; collars and cuffs trimmed with tucks; 30c slips 17 1/2c
8 for 50c

75c Duplex Shades 35c

Monday we place on sale a lot of about 500 hand-painted oil opaque shades, 36 to 38 inches wide, and 6 feet long; come in duplex and plain color; some of the duplex shades are white on one side and green on the other, while others are cream and green combination. Remember this—these shades are made of very best sunproof hand-painted oil opaque shade cloth; come with brackets, sticks, nickel shade rings complete. Monday, each 35c.

(No phone orders.)

9x12 Rugs \$10.65

Sanford's 9-wire tapestry Brussels rugs; 9x12-feet; all colors; pretty Oriental and floral patterns; sell regularly at \$17.00; Monday, \$10.65 only.

Yard wide art burlaps, in plain colors; always sells at 15c to 20c; Monday, per yard 11 1/2c

\$1.00 corsets, in white and drab; complete lines of good styles from leading manufacturers sizes 18 to 36; per pair 65c

One hundred dozen men's new spring shirts in pretty black and white and colored effects; 75c and \$1.00 regular; Monday, only 49c

25c and 35c all silk four-in-hand ties; all pretty colorings 20c

White or black cotton tape; 3-yard lengths; all widths; per roll 1c

Darning cotton, per ball 1c

Ironing wax, with handle 1c

Wash buttons, 1 1/2 dozen on card 1c

10 packages wire hair pins 1c

Kleinert's dress shields; all sizes; made of best stockinette 5c

25c package of best linen note paper; 15c

125 sheets 3c

Spool cotton; 5c regular; Monday only, per spool 3c

The Builders; a \$1.50 copyright novel; 75c

A tale of western life 75c

Bpel Hampton; published at \$1.50; on sale Monday 35c

Charming Spring Millinery

We are now showing a wealth of pretty spring millinery and still there's more to come; new things are arriving daily; smart street hats; elaborately trimmed patterns; untrimmed shapes in newest blocks; novelties in flowers and trimmings are here now in a good assortment; a most splendid showing of high-grade merchandise at most unusual and attractive prices.

Exceptional Values For Monday

Flower \$5.98 Values Toques \$5.98 to \$10

Flower toques made over; wire frames of silk, velvet or cotton roses; in light pink, old rose, white, cream and the shades; trimmed with ribbon and ornaments are regular \$10.00 values; for Monday's selling \$5.98

Untrimmed Shapes Trimmed Free Monday

Sample line of untrimmed shapes; Leghorns, French chips, Neapolitan and cans, in large and small styles; good assortment of colors; these are specially made and will be trimmed free of charge with material bought in this department on Monday. Prices from \$1.50 down to \$1.00

Sample Flowers 25c

Lot of about 25 dozen sample flowers, velvets, silks and linsens; assortment consists of roses, violets, forget-me-nots, lilacs, daisies, pansies, sweet peas and many other flowers; come in all the wanted plain and two-tone shades; large full bunches, well made flowers. Actual values to 95c, Monday 25c

Children's Sailors 49c

Are our regular \$1.00 numbers made from good straw, plain white and fancy straw; finished with ribbons; round crowns and wide brims; values to \$1.00. Monday 49c

Don't fail to visit the new department; 3d floor.

Convincing Drapery Offerings

\$3 Couch Covers \$1.48
60 inches wide, heavy Turkish and oriental couch covers; a fine lot at the regular price, \$3.00; one day only, Monday \$1.48

\$6.50 Tapestry Portieres \$4.95
Beautiful embroidered tapestry portieres with Persian borders; many different patterns, regular price \$6.50; Monday per pair \$4.95

\$3.50 Mission Lace Curtains \$2.48
Come in two toned effects; the body of curtains comes in cream while the pattern is carried out in pure white. Beils regular price per pair; Monday \$2.48

Embroideries 19c
Pretty embroideries in edges and insertions to match, made fine swiss, nainsook and cambrics, 5 to 12 inches wide and actual 35c values. For Monday, per yard 19c

Allover Embroideries for Spring Waists \$1.19
Dainty new allover embroideries in swiss and nainsook. Large assortment pretty floral and striped designs; also popular blind and shadow effects. Worth up to \$2.50; Monday, per yd. \$1.19

New Ruchings

A fine line of pretty neck ruchings, 6 assorted pieces in box worth 75c. Monday per box 35c

We have also a very complete line of much sought neck by the yard. Full patterns in chiffon, net and Valenciennes lace at, per yard—

25c, 35c, 65c and 75c

Pretty Nets
New line of beautiful 45-inch fancy nets in black, white, cream and ecru; a stylish waisting material for per yard.

\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

Platte Val Laces
Platte val laces and insertions to match; pretty edges 2 to 6 inches wide; these laces would suitably at 20 and 25c. Monday only, per yard 10c

Proper Corset Models

For the New Spring Gowns
We want you to see the P. N. Corset; there is a model for every sort of figure and gown fitted over these excellent corsets set most perfectly; but their chief charm is their comfort; ask to see the PRACTICAL SIDE with removable side steel, especially adapted to full figures, per pair \$1 & \$2

Kid-Fitting Corsets \$1.50
The values in the well-known Kid-Fitting corsets were never better; new medium bust and long hip models in balise \$1.50 and coutil, per pair

Attractive and Seasonable Values in High Grade Dress Fabrics

Offerings that should decide the uncertain woman to early purchasing SPRING SUITING 75c—Pretty spring suitings in plaids, stripes and 44 and 46 inches wide; ideal skirt and suit materials; worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Monday, per yard 75c

NEW SUITINGS 45c—Think of it, right at the start of the new spring suitings 35 and 40 inches wide in big line of light and dark checks, plaids, etc., worth 75c, for, per yard.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 SILKS 75c—Big broad showing of silks in black, blue, green, red, etc., worth 75c, for, per yard.

check and stripe novelties; 19 to 27 inches wide; \$1.00 and \$1.25 values regularly. Monday, per yard

Chiropody and Electrolysis
Toilet Parlors
Dr. Ella Williams, expert chiropodist and electric needle specialist, adding testimony as to her superior ability in removing ingrown toes and foot ill.

Thru the Valley Rio Grande
Your Hair is Curly
Don't Turn the Ocean Blue to

at 12 1/2c

Children's Oxfords

The assortment of fine strap slippers of fine turned or extension and young women; at

as Never in Angeles

ing; will be exemplified at this great demonstration more than ever our savings deposit cannot do as great channels of this mammoth establishment beauty your homes. Merchandise popularity will be displayed in a worth of the goods themselves are come personally—and you will see in Los Angeles; and that there is a We Sell for Less.

Silk Underw

ure and Vega Silk Underw at

The vests are low neck sleeveless ataped or hand-finished yokes; warranted white, light pink and light blue; the unique style with tape-finished or hand-cro off style; hand finished throughout; speci

Underwear Worth to 75c at

est vests are high neck long sleeve or l class style; plain taped or crocheted yokes match, lace trimmed, also ankle length style are both swiss and jersey ribbed; same st lace length pants to match; are all nicely fin tures. A samples, worth to 75c, and sp choice 25c.

Dress

an Actual Wholesale

White Brocaded Sat

price for 2000 yards of these new dress we made and colored printed figures in taffeta we and scroll designs; all silk satin weaves and is especially suitable for evening gowns.

1.09 FOR ENGLISH MOHAIR SUITINGS WORTH \$2.50

and just 1000 yards in the lot; are brand new but a few days since; both sides silks in shades of gray, brown, navy, green, royal, ground with neat stripes, checks and plaid silk finish and will not wrinkle or hold the color sufficient for any style suit.

9c FOR NEW WOOL SUITING WORTH \$1.50

lacking wide; we have selected 30 pieces of \$1.50 suiting for this special sale Monday; are the newest and include navy, tan, gray, and mode, in stripes, checks and mixed weaves; this price is for Monday only.

\$1.25 Plain and Char

ches wide; chiffon and dress finish and made this one day special sale we have priced these cost; are in both light and dark colors and patterns for the new shirt waist suits; will not cu

Findings

heart grade cotton six cord "heart" O.N.T. and other findings; no phone orders and to a customer.

and eyes; black or st- tions; six curls to box; worth \$1.00.

with seam binding, full nine inch; a good assortment of findings; all sizes; worth 10c.

plain women's; or missel corsets; plain or frilled; ground on or sew-on style; 10c.

dress shields; nainsook cov- orts; all sizes; worth 10c.

silk chiffon collar forms; white;

best heating cotton; 500 yard spool; worth regularly \$1.00; Monday, 75c.

machine needles; all market worth

Full 100 count, large toilet

at 12 1/2c

Sho

heels; dull kid or new complete lines

\$1.95 FOR

Sailor ties with sho hand turned sola ramp of best pat dull kid quarters sizes; specially p day only.

Children's Oxf

The assortment of fine strap slippers of fine turned or extension and young women; at

at 12 1/2c

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at 12 1/2c

Spring



Trimmed Monday



offerings

19c

75c



Fabric

12 1/2c

SPRING MERCHANDISE

Hamburger's
SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

as Never Before Angeles

will be exemplified at this great store Monday...
\$5.98

Silk Underwear



and Vega Silk Underwear 75c

The vests are low neck sleeveless style...
\$2.45

Underwear Worth to 75c at 25c

are high neck long sleeve or low...
\$2.45

Dress Goods

Actual Wholesale Cost

White Brocaded Satins Worth \$1.00 at

45c

FOR ENGLISH MOHAIR SUITINGS WORTH \$2.00.

FOR NEW WOOL SUITING WORTH \$1.50.

FOR ROMAN GRANITE CLOTH WORTH \$1.00.

FOR ALL WOOL PAN CLOTH WORTH 85c.

\$1.25 Plain and Changeable Taffeta at

55c

Findings

grade cotton silk cord...
\$89

12 1/2c

49

79

12 1/2c

12 1/2c

12 1/2c

12 1/2c

12 1/2c

Advance Sale Suits: Coats: Skirts

Splendid tailored garments specially featured for the "Horse Show" and "Grand Opera" this week...

\$25 For Lace Costumes Worth to \$65

Just 20 of these beautiful costumes will be shown for the first time Monday...

\$6.95 FOR BLACK SILK DRESS SKIRTS WORTH \$12.50

Just half price for these handsome skirts, and we say positively that, quality and style considered...

\$5.00 FOR THE NEW SPRING COATS WORTH \$10.

If you were to buy the silk by the yard and the same quality of which these coats are made...

For Taffeta Silk Suits Worth \$15

Handsome shirt-waist suits in either blue or black, made of a very superior quality taffeta silk...

\$3.00 FOR ALLOVER NET WAISTS WORTH \$6.50

A very special offering and is just for Monday...

\$2.00 FOR LINGERIE SHIRT WAISTS WORTH \$5.00

Are brand new and made of a fine sheer durable batiste and lingerie materials...



\$2.00 For \$6.50 "La Vida" Corsets

One of the most popular corsets as well as one of the best there is made...

Dainty Neckwear



25c For Neckwear Worth to \$1.00

The assortment includes yokes, chemisettes and collars in white, cream and ecru...

25c

Sale Ribbons: Veils



New Ribbons Worth to 50c at 15c

Soft, lustrous Messalines or Chiffon Taffeta in pastel colors...

Veils or Drapes Worth to \$1.00 at 25c

Face and auto veils and hat drapes of fancy mesh veiling...

Pretty New Wash Weaves

Prices Less Than Factory Cost

7 1/2c

Mercerized Zephyr Voiles Worth 15c

Are in plain mixed colors in stripes and checks; very fine finish...

8 1/2c

FOR "A. F. C." AND TOILE DE NORD GINGHAMS WORTH 12 1/2c.

19c

YARD FOR PONGEE SUITING WORTH 35c.

Jaquard Silk Chiffon Worth 50c at

A beautiful and light weight fabric for evening or party dresses...

Sale Fine Table Silverware

\$1.50 for Silverware Worth to \$2.50

Probably a hundred or more odd pieces of silverware of the most dependable sort...

\$1.50



50c

FOR MUSLIN UNDERWEAR WORTH \$1.00.

Perfectly fresh and clean and made under the most sanitary conditions...

50c

Half Price Paints

A big purchase of thousands of cans of floor and household paints that will go on special sale Monday...

1-2

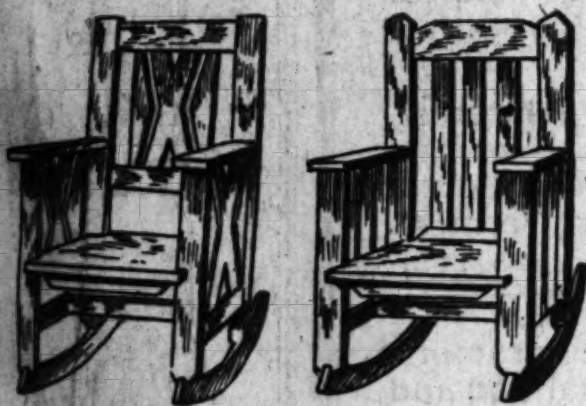
WE ARE THE HOME FURNISHERS



Real Mission Furniture

We have an enormous stock of Weathered Oak Furniture built on true Mission lines.

\$6.75 Your Choice This Week Only \$4.50



The above cuts show what almost incredible prices are being made on this style furniture.

These handsome and massive, large size rockers will most certainly be appreciated by those desiring Mission Furniture.

\$15.00 WEATHERED OAK ROCKER—Weathered oak Arm Rocker, middle seat, quartered oak panel in back. Special **\$3.75**

\$24.00 MISSION ROCKER—Handsome oak Rocker, weathered oak finish, Spanish leather upholstery. A big value. Special **\$7.50**

\$18.00 ROCKER—Special designed Mission Rocker, quartered oak frame, Spanish leather seat. Cannot be duplicated for the price asked **\$8.25**

\$18.00 ROCKER—Weathered oak Rocker, leather upholstery seat and back, spring seat, high back; well built and serviceable **\$14.00**

Let us furnish your home right. Furnishing homes by the thousands with skill and economy has gained for us a widespread experience that enables us to anticipate the wants of our patrons.

With an enormous stock to select from, we place before you a few of the most useful and necessary articles, attracting the attention of the most thrifty housewife.

No difficulties, in high prices or poor assortment of merchandise, is to be encountered at Overell's. With prices soaring on every product, and labor commanding the highest wages in years, we surely achieve a remarkable distinction in offering our present stock at the remarkably low prices.

Judge for yourself the bargains we are offering. Every piece is first-class and bears that individuality of style which only marks furniture bought of us.

\$5.00 Weathered Oak Stand \$3.50

Made throughout of solid weathered oak; round top, with shelf; special.

\$7.50 MUSIC CABINET \$2.75. Weathered oak music cabinet; full mission style; panel door; very handsome; special.

\$11.50 LADIES' DESK \$6.00. Handsome lady's writing desk; solid oak; facings all quartered; strong and substantial; big value.

\$15.00 MISSION HALL SEAT \$13.50. Full mission design; solid oak; weathered finish; polished; worth \$16.00; this week special, \$13.50.

\$6.00 MORRIS CHAIR \$5.00. Solid oak frame; weathered finish; Spanish leather cushions; reversible; one of the great bargains to be had this week only.

Leather Couches

\$54.00 WEATHERED OAK LEATHER COUCH—A well constructed mission style couch; Spanish leather; a couch that will give first-class satisfaction **\$46.50**

\$50.00 DAVENPORT—Weathered oak Davenport; Spanish leather upholstery; spring seat; a new design; best construction throughout; special **\$42.00**

New Designs in Library Tables

\$11.50 MISSION LIBRARY TABLE Weathered library table; full mission design; top 28x46; has drawer and shelf; while they last **\$9.00**

\$19.00 MASSIVE LIBRARY TABLE—Solid quartered oak library table; weathered finish; polished; drawer and shelf; for your comparison; special **\$16.00**

Ladies' Dressing Tables

\$13.50 DRESSING TABLE \$11.50

Quartered oak dressing table, polished, oval plate mirror. Special.

\$16.00 DRESSING TABLE \$13.00

Handsome oak dressing table, French plate mirror, 16x20, swell front, French legs. A rare bargain.

\$22.50 DRESSING TABLE \$19.50

Select birdseye dressing table, polished, 16x24 French mirror, drawer, neat and roomy, well built. Bargain.

\$33.00 DRESSING TABLE \$30.00

Quarter-sawn oak ladies' dressing table, highly polished pattern, mirror 22x38, frame neatly carved, serpentine drawers; an elaborate design. Special.

Lace Curtains

Excellent line to choose from, including all styles and grades Brussels, Marie Antoinette and Swiss Arabian.

\$1.35 white Nottingham curtains, the best and widest curtain for the money; very neat border and center; **85c**

\$2.50 Battenberg lace curtains; made of fine Arabian bobbinet with Battenberg edge and inserted border; best and cheapest curtain of its class on the market **\$2.10**

\$3.75 Arabian corded curtains; excellent wide Arabian curtains with beautiful corded border and edge; **\$2.50**

\$6.00 hand-made Cluny lace curtains; high grade material used throughout; hand-made Cluny lace insertion and edge on heavy bobbinet. Very cheap **\$4.50**

\$10.50 Renaissance net curtains; magnificent hand work on the heaviest and finest net; will not sag or shrink. Excellent at **\$6.75**

A Full Line of Bedding Staples

85c pillows, guaranteed all feathers, good size and fine grade ticking. Special **65c**

Special Inducement in Rugs

\$6.00 matting rug; 9x12 size; made of heavy China matting; neat designs and easy to clean; good value **\$6.50**

\$17.50 tapestry rug; large room size tapestry Brussels rug; all wool and handsome designs; a large assortment to select from; 9x11 size; special **\$14.75**

\$32.00 Axminster rug; this heavy cut in price due to overstock; all the latest patterns of Smith's elegant Axminster rugs; a bargain **\$25.00**

\$1.85 Smyrna rug; 30 inches wide and well made; reversible; in assorted colors; cheapest rug in the city **\$1.35**

85c linoleum; fancy and conventional designs; very durable **55c**

Maple Dressers of all Styles

And descriptions. Empire, Princess or full size in birdseye or plain.

\$18.50 maple Dresser, select maple, top divided drawers, 18x24 French plate mirror, neatly carved. Special bargain **\$15.00**

\$28.00 Princess Dresser, handsome select birdseye maple dresser, full swell front, pattern mirror 22x38. A big value. **\$23.50**

\$30.00 birdseye Princess Dresser, full swell front, top divided drawer, French legs, very attractive, oval or pattern mirror. Special **\$27.50**

\$35.00 Dresser, a very handsome dresser, all select birdseye maple, serpentine front, French plate mirror 24x30, cabinet work first-class. Special **\$31.00**

\$56.00 Dresser, one of our popular sellers, extra large mirror 30x34, French plate, top 24x48, first-class in every respect. An exceptional bargain **\$52.00**

Regular \$13.75

Go-Cart



This Week

\$11.00

The cut illustrates one of the many beautiful and popular priced go-carts. The finish and workmanship is much superior to the ordinary line of carts. Fine rep cushions; parasol attached; adjustable back.

\$12.50 Folding Go-Cart, strong, light running wheels, perforated back, neat style. **\$7.75**

\$15.00 Go-Cart, handsome folding go-cart, rubber tires, steel handles, adjustable back, strong red sides; exceptional value; worth seeing. **\$5.25**

\$12.50 large size Go-Cart, good heavy sides, assorted colors in rep cushions, with parasol attached, adjustable back and dash. **\$8.75**

\$14.99 Folding Go-Cart, 15-inch wheels, porcelain handles, large oval rattan sides and fancy dash, adjustable back. **\$10.00**

Dining Rooms Chair a Specialty

Elegant oak chairs of the finest finish and design at reduced rates.



\$5.50 DINER \$2.50. Quartered oak; magnificent box seat; golden oak diner, like cut; beautifully finished with saddle seat and French legs.



\$6.35 GOLDEN OAK CHAIR \$1.50. This splendid chair is especially strong and durable; the broad, plain back and comfortable seat give it a handsome appearance.

\$1.75 Weathered Oak Chair \$1.45

Made of hardwood; high back; well braced; saddle seat; a big value; while they last.

\$2.15 Diner \$1.75

A splendid weathered oak diner; new design; continuous post; hard wax finish; will not come off; a special value.

\$5.50 Leather Diner \$4.50

Handsome box diner; solid oak; weathered finish; high back; seat upholstered in Spanish leather; see these; a bargain.

BUFFETS

\$18.00 BUFFET **\$15.00**

Solid quarter-sawn oak Buffet, top shelf and large linen drawer, neat style; also to be had in weathered oak finish. Special.

\$25.50 BUFFET **\$22.50**

All quartered oak, polished, French plate mirror, art glass door in front, large dish compartment; extra value.

\$48.00 BUFFET **\$44.00**

Handsome designed buffet, all quartered oak, polished, oval shape French plate mirror 14x44, bent glass sides, plate glass shelves in dish-compartment, massive claw feet. Special.



\$26.50

Quartered Oak Dresser

\$19.50

The high quality of design and finish can be seen at a glance. The large French plate mirror; extra size base, with full swell quarter-sawn front and divided top drawers, only partly tell of the extreme good value represented. See it and be convinced.

\$12.50 OAK DRESSER—Three-drawer solid oak dresser, polished finish, French plate mirror; best cabinet work. Special **\$9.75**

\$16.00 OAK DRESSER—Handsome oak Dresser, top drawer divided and serpentine, large oval French bevel plate mirror. Worth \$16.00; special this week **\$13.50**

\$16.50 OAK PRINCESS DRESSER—Solid oak dresser, full swell front, facings quartered oak, oval mirror 30x34. Special **\$14.00**

GASOLINE STOVES

\$4.00 2-burner gasoline stove; box frame; very popular; bargain. Sale price **\$2.85**

\$6.50 3-burner gasoline stove; box frame; the best on the market for the money. Bargain sale **\$4.25**

\$10.00 2-burner Insurance gasoline stove; best baked enamel used; neat style and easily kept clean; regular \$10 value; on special for bargain sale. Price **\$8.00**

\$13.50 3-burner Insurance gasoline stove; same pattern as above stove; best material used; economical. Bargain sale price **\$10.00**

\$15.00 3-burner Insurance gasoline stove; elevated to convenient height; has shelf for cooking utensils; handy arrangement; regular \$15.00 value. For bargain sale **\$11.50**

\$25.00 Insurance gasoline stove and oven; 2 burners and step with double burner; best Russian iron oven; new improved model; exceptional offering at bargain sale price **\$20.00**

Our Children's Department is Replete With Bargains

\$5.50

Glascok's Baby Walker

\$3.50

Do not let your youngster grow bow-legged. This is the best and most practical walker made.

\$1.50 High Chair \$1

Saddle seat, golden oak finish, large tray, an exceptional value.



\$1.35 Child's Rocker **85c**

A strong, durable rocker, well made and golden oak finished.

\$2.00 Youth's Chair **\$1.65**

Just the thing for a child who has outgrown the high chair; braced; pure gloss finish. A splendid bargain.

\$3.50 Trundle Bed **\$2.75**

Large size crib with folding legs; strong woven wire spring; can be pushed under the bed when not in use; very handy.

\$6.75 Child's Crib **\$5.00**

Child's crib with woven wire spring; high drop sides; beautifully finished in golden oak.

\$10.00 Iron Crib **\$7.50**

High ends and sides, drop sides; assortment of colors; double weave springs; regular \$10.00 value; special.

\$13.50 Iron Crib **\$9.75**

Extra high sides and ends; vertical bars close together; drop sides; 30x54-inch size; double weave springs; bargain.

\$15.50 Iron Crib **\$12.25**

Extra size; 3-foot wide; heavy bed ends with fancy center design and assorted colors; well built; big value.



CARPET DEPARTMENT

Our Specialty Branch carpet; all new, last year's designs; will be sold at reduced rates; **75c**

Our new carpet; extra grade; exceptionally for halls and stairs; **\$1.10**

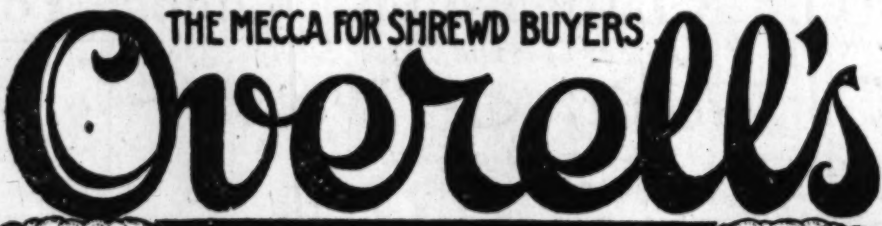
Our new carpet; extra thick; best made for store or home; **\$1.15**

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Our new carpet; extra thick; best made for store or home; **\$1.15**

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Our new carpet; extra thick; best made for store or home; **\$1.15**



THE MECCA FOR SHREWD BUYERS

Overell's

SEVENTH & MAIN STS.

GREATEST BARGAIN FURNITURE STORE IN THE WEST

If you are building a house and cannot pay cash for furniture, see us; our credit system is unequalled.

PLAYWRIGHT AT THIRTEEN.

WRITER, PRODUCES AND ACTS
PLAYS, WHICH HAVE MERIT.

Drawing-room of Her Father's
Society Seat, Madley Manor in
Her Theater, and Her Younger
Sisters and Other Little Lords and
Ladies Make up the Cast.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
LONDON, Feb. 2.—Feminine drama-
tists of title and position we have had
of late and to spare. None of them
has really produced anything of much
account, though Lady Troubridge's
"Mrs. Oakleigh" had its points, and
there were several things to be said



LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS,
playwright and actress at thirteen.

In praise of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Ligon-
son's first effort, "Warp and Woof."
But if little Lady Kathleen Hastings,
the eldest daughter of the Earl and
Countess of Huntingdon, keeps on as
she has begun, it is more than likely
that she will out considerably before
as a playwright, some of these days.
Lady Kathleen is only 13 now, but in
spite of that she has already written
several really clever little stage pieces,
and what is more, has been her own
producer and leading woman.

In drawing-room of Madley Manor,
her father's beautiful seat in Shropshire,
is Lady Kathleen's theater, and the
pieces of her own which she produces
there contribute largely to the
entertainment of the titled and other
folk who are guests at her parents'
house parties. "Robin Hood" is her
latest success, and this old legend,
treated in an original way by the little
dramatist, was staged and acted by
herself with other little lords and
ladies in the cast.

The hero of the play, the famous
forester of Nottingham, was, strange
to say, closely connected in history
with the earl of Huntingdon. As
will be remembered, Robin Hood's
heroism was rewarded by King Richard
with the gift of this earldom, and a
reference to "Robin Hood" shows
that one of Lady Kathleen's uncles,
and at least one other member of the
family, include Robin Hood among
their Christian names.

The leading role of the play—that of
Robin Hood—was taken by Lady
Kathleen herself. Her sister, Emily
Norah, aged 12, played the important
part of King Richard, and, owing to a
shortage in the supply of young
actresses, also appeared in several
minor roles.

Lady Marian Hastings, aged 8, also
appeared in several parts, and among
the little actors was Lord Jack Hastings,
the six-year-old heir to the earldom,
and Count Michael Turley, son of
the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.
All the parts were cleverly acted—
wonderfully so in consideration of the
ages of the children—and the audi-
ence, which numbered about seventy
people, including many of high title,
was kept in a state of amused interest.
Lady Kathleen has written several
plays, her last season's one being
called "There's Many a Slip Twixt the
Cup and the Lip."

PROFITS FROM WASTED WOOD.
Seattle Company Organized to Extract
Valuable Products from Sawmill
Debris.

From one cord of pine wood it has
been demonstrated that products can
be derived as follows:

11 gallons sawdust at \$2.00.....	\$22.00
11 gallons wood chips at \$2.00.....	22.00
1 gallon pine turpentine at \$2.00.....	2.00
Total value.....	\$46.00

One cord of wood..... \$12.00

Value of sawdust..... 22.00

Value of wood chips..... 22.00

Value of pine turpentine..... 2.00

No profit..... \$46.00

The Puget Sound Wood Products
Company has been organized by Seattle
men to obtain these profits, and it
is understood that they will not only
use sawmill debris, but also the ten
and twelve-foot stumps that are fre-
quently left in cutting the timber. The
sawmill waste has heretofore been
considered as useless and has all been
burned. For that reason, the waste
materials can be purchased at a low
cost. This will of course materially
reduce the cost of production for the
company as compared with the table
given in connection with this story
where the raw material is listed at \$12
a cord.

The company claims that the ma-
chinery for the proposed plant will be
practically indestructible and that the
system will be easy of operation and
low of cost. Should the project re-
ceive sufficient encouragement, the
company probably will be plants installed
at several places on the Puget Sound. In
the meantime Seattle has been selected
as the proper site for the main plant
and overtures have been made to sev-
eral commercial bodies and representa-
tive men to secure their endorsement
to the erection of a plant that will
handle about fifty cords of wood per
day.

Spain's Bill for Bullfighting.
During the past year there were held
in Spain 586 bull fights, an increase of
thirty-five as compared with 1905.
These involved the killing of 273 bulls,
valued at \$183,700. The value of the
horses killed in these encounters
amounted to \$17,900. Cattle and sheep
amounted to over \$100,000. In the cor-
ridors thirty-three matadors took part,
one of whom was a woman and
528 other toreros, whose salaries
amounted to a total of \$800,000. The
total estimated expenditure was \$1,700,
000 and the receipts \$1,000,000. Despite
numerous accidents, only one had a
fatal result.
When, recently, the famous Spanish
matador, Machaguito, married a
wealthy English girl it was calculated
by a Madrid paper that Machaguito
had secured an increase of \$12,500 per
year.

WINDERMERE PARK

Take Bimini Baths car, anywhere on Broad-
way. Our representative will meet you at
the end of the car line, and take you to
Windermere Park.

Lots \$800 Up

Reasonable Terms. New Car
Line Now Building

GO OUT to Windermere Park today. For your own interest,
see it and get an idea of the investment possibilities of this
beautiful property. Located just north of the Wilshire Boule-
vard District, Windermere Park is only one block west of Vermont
Avenue—near the business section of the city, in a high class resi-
dence district, and surrounded by fine homes.

Here is a property where improvements will be of a genuinely artistic character--
no make-shifts, no cheap work--high grade improvement intelligently planned and
thoroughly done. Lots are large here, averaging a quarter of an acre each, fully
protected by building restrictions. Yet this fine property--so spacious, so generously
laid out and improved--is offered at prices very considerably lower than those asked
for less desirable, surrounding properties.

Arrangements have been made for an extension of the West Seventh St. car line
through Windermere Park. Work has been begun. As it progresses the property will
advance in price. Buy now. Go out today--you'll consider your time well spent.

PIONEER INVESTMENT & TRUST CO., INC.

OWNERS

J. HARVEY McCARTHY, Pres. G. C. PATTERSON, Secy.

Seventh Floor, Grant Building, 4th and Broadway



Can You
Find a More
Ideal Spot For a

HOME

Than This? Come Out Today

Holmby Avenue Tract -- East Hollywood

Southern California's Garden Spot. Magnificently Endowed by Nature
and Developed by Man

A tract that stands like a planet among stars.
Uniquely lighted by beautiful cluster electric lamps. (See the pic-
ture.)

Every modern convenience. Gas, telephones, electricity. All street
improvements.

At the foot of the mountains, with the ocean in the distance.
Sparkling mountain water. The air supercharged with invigorating
ozone.

Do you wonder this tract is booming? Beautiful homes already built,
being built and planned.

Lots \$1,000 Up. A Little Down. Choose Your Terms

Agents on the Tract Daily

Come Out Today. Take Holly-
wood Car on Fourth Street,
Between Hill and Broadway

Aldritt & Weaver

115 North Broadway, Room 3
Home Phones 3265-59238

Come Out Today.

We Will Meet You on the Tract.
Get Off at Holmby Ave.

Out of Town Customers
Order Your Wines and Liquors by
P. A. L.
OLD PLANTATION DISTILLING CO.

Apriocot Brandy
\$1 FULL QUART
Star Wine and Grocery Co.
815 West Fifth St. Bet. Broadway and Hill
Phone Main 2785. Home 1659

Exclusive, High - Grade
Millinery and Millinery
Novelties
Marvel Millinery
241-243 S. Broadway

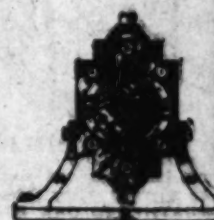
BARMELEE
Full Line of Fine
Silver Ware
DOHRMANN
436-444 So. Broadway

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POPULAR PRICED MILLINERY
240-242 South Broadway

Make 50% In 3 Days

An exceptional profit. A
marvelous opportunity--
shares in the Crossland
Rotary Steam Engine
Company. Have you seen
the model now on exhibi-
tion? The engine that
will revolutionize steam
power. The greatest
invention of this age.

Look Into This



212 Mercantile Place

Blood and Skin Diseases A SPECIALTY



Striptures, Ruptures, Varicose
Piles Cured Without the Knife
Eczema, Pimples, Catarrh,
Scalds, Burns, and all
and Specific Diseases treated
a wonderful success.

DR. MELVIN E. SYKES

Cor. First and Main Sts., over
man-American Bank, Room
105 East First St.
Hours--10 to 12 a.m. 2 to 4
7 to 8:30 p.m. No Sunday

SEED

For the Farm and Garden.
Trees, Ornamental Shrubs,
Flats, Spring and Summer
Flowering Bulbs, Roses, Carnations,
other flowering plants.

PLANT SWEET
PEAS NOW

Our new illustrated catalogue--the most complete
and on this coast-- mailed
to any address.

CHAS. S. NAVLET

Introducers of the Wonderful
1000 Blackberry
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MAYHEW & PUTNAM

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No driveway
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J. A. B.
E. G. H.
E. N. M.
Henry K.
E. P. C.
J. W. W.
Chas. L.
M. P. G.
Isaac K.
B. S. T.
J. J. A.
M. O. T.
W. E. T.
S. R. B.
F. M. T.
David B.

Home 4083
Main 4083

Victoria Park

A handsome, spacious private residence park, between Pico and Sixteenth streets, half a block west of Crenshaw Boulevard, on the West Adams Heights hill, southwest. On elevated, level ground, commanding a magnificent outlook.

Large Lots

Lots range from 60 to 100 feet in width. All of good depth.

Building Protection

Residences only, all to be two stories high, and to cost from \$4000 and \$5000 up. All houses to be sixty feet from the roadway.

Improvements

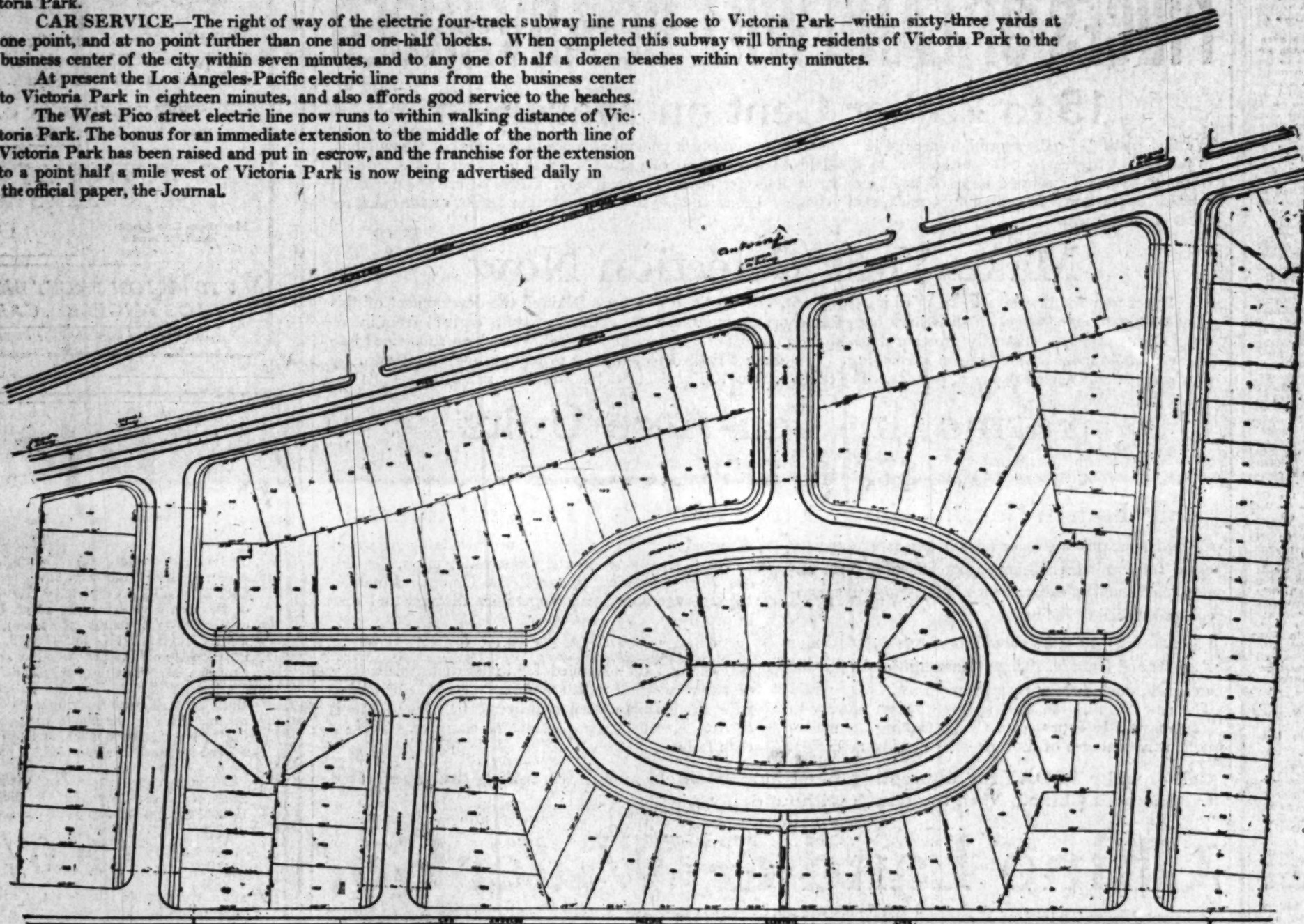
Petrolithic pavement for all roadways. Cement sidewalks seven feet wide, cement curbs, thirty foot parkings. Purest mountain water. Drives to be lighted by handsome stone and iron electroliers, with a cluster of five lights on each. Hundreds of palms.

No driveway names will be used in the Park. Each house will take the number of its lot. For example, the address of the residence on lot Seven will be No. 7 Victoria Park.

CAR SERVICE—The right of way of the electric four-track subway line runs close to Victoria Park—within sixty-three yards at one point, and at no point further than one and one-half blocks. When completed this subway will bring residents of Victoria Park to the business center of the city within seven minutes, and to any one of half a dozen beaches within twenty minutes.

At present the Los Angeles-Pacific electric line runs from the business center to Victoria Park in eighteen minutes, and also affords good service to the beaches.

The West Pico street electric line now runs to within walking distance of Victoria Park. The bonus for an immediate extension to the middle of the north line of Victoria Park has been raised and put in escrow, and the franchise for the extension to a point half a mile west of Victoria Park is now being advertised daily in the official paper, the Journal.



All drives in Victoria Park are 100 feet wide. The roadways will all have petrolithic pavement, more solid and durable and less dusty than asphalt.

The pictures in the upper corners of this page give a very inadequate idea of the handsome electroliers with which the winding drives in the Park will be lighted. They are twelve to fourteen feet high, some of stone and wrought iron, others entirely of iron, placed at frequent intervals along the curbs. Each electrolier will have five large lights.

Victoria Park is owned by the following citizens of Los Angeles:

M. H. Sherman
J. A. Bowden
E. G. Howard
E. N. Mathis
Henry P. Hoffman
E. P. Clark
J. W. Wilcox
Chas. Lloyd
M. P. Gilbert
Isaac Kennedy
B. S. Tyler
J. J. Andrews
M. O. Tremain
W. E. Tyler
S. R. Barry
F. M. Tyler
David Barry

The greatest surprise about Victoria Park is the low prices. With the idea of making it the show place of Los Angeles, and of seeing it rapidly built up with homes of the highest class, the prices have been made only about one-third as much as the usual rates for similar property.

The prices of most of the lots range from \$1750 to \$2000; only the larger lots and corners are higher. No lot is as high as \$3000. There are no small lots. None are less than sixty feet wide, and many are from seventy to over one hundred feet wide. Terms are one-third cash, balance on or before one and two years, with six per cent. interest.

Victoria Park is close-in property.

The soil is a sandy loam.

It is all on a high hill, with perfect drainage.

The view is superb, in all directions.

The ocean is plainly visible.

The mountains, from the sea to Old Baldy, present an inspiring and ever-changing panorama.

In Victoria Park is a most notable opportunity to secure a perfect home site, under ideal conditions.

Do not delay, prices will be higher. Act now, before the improvement of property and consequent enhancement of values. The grading will begin tomorrow, March 4.

Telephone or call on us for automobile appointment, or take the West Sixth street car line to Victoria Park, just west of Crenshaw Boulevard.

David Barry & Company

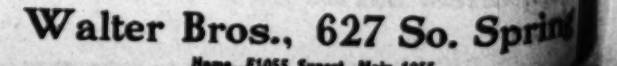
Telephones: Home 4083
Main 4083

328-329 Bradbury Building

Members Los Angeles Realty Board and State Realty Federation

Branch Office in Victoria Park

Dr. Tucker Wise, our superintendent, told me traced thirty cases of conception to canaries, and a large aviary was in his opinion, the cause of death of an entire German family eleven persons."—(New Orleans



SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1907.

OUR JANUARY FOREIGN COMMERCE

BY WALTER J. BALLARD.

In our foreign commerce we closed 1906 with a brilliant record for the calendar year, both as to exports and imports—in all \$1,113,000,000. Now comes the Bureau of Statistics for January showing a record of exports for the month of \$183,260,550, the largest January exports ever had.

January, 1906	\$125,148,180
January, 1907	183,260,550
1906	143,945,170
1905	123,597,283
1904	170,603,565
1903	183,260,550

Compare it with the five preceding Januarys:

January, 1906	\$125,148,180
1905	143,945,170
1904	170,603,565
1903	183,260,550
1902	143,945,170

Even though our imports in January, 1907, exceeded those of January, 1906, by \$20,000,000, yet the month gave us a most favorable trade balance:

Exports	\$183,260,550
Imports	128,576,945

Balance in our favor.....\$54,683,605

Except in January, 1906, and January, 1907, this is the largest January favorable balance we ever enjoyed. But that is not all. In January, 1907, we had to export \$16,248,180 in gold, and January, 1906, \$5,748,665, we only exported \$2,443,441. With, against the other gold imports in January, 1907, amounted to \$2,504,457, leaving us for the month an increase of \$16,616 in our gold stock. For the seven months ended January, 1907, our foreign gold gain was \$78,704,174 against \$238,119 gain in the same months of the fiscal year preceding, and in very pleasant contrast to \$30,688,408 in the seven months ended January, 1906. From \$20,000,000 loss to \$78,704,174 gain in only two years, is remarkable, even for remarkable America.

STORIES OF THE NOTABLES.

[From the Chicago Chronicle.]

A Washington chemist said of the noted Dr. W. H. W. of the Department of Agriculture:

"Dr. W. H. has all his life been a stickler for pure food laws."

"One who was his close friend, and was a great help to him, said: 'He was a stickler for pure food laws, and he was a stickler for the law of the land.'"

"Dr. W. H. was a stickler for the law of the land, and he was a stickler for the law of the land."'

"One" he said, "You've been eating omelets, and you never knew it."

"Dr. W. H. was a stickler for the law of the land, and he was a stickler for the law of the land."

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"One" he said, "You've been eating omelets, and you never knew it."

Opening Day Bargains

TODAY!

THE GREAT DAY THE ONLY DAY

Special Double Discounts

Lots in

SANBORN HEIGHTS TRACT

A Property of Character

ON SUNDAY MARCH 3

Gateway of Eagle Rock Valley



Tract is on Central Avenue, just at the entrance of the valley

TERMS
\$50 DOWN AND \$10 PER MONTH.
REGULAR DISCOUNTS
On payments of \$75 down—Cash discount of 5 per cent.
On payments of \$100 down—Cash discount of 7 per cent.
On payments of \$150 down and over—Cash discount of 8 per cent.
ABOVE DISCOUNTS GIVEN ON ALL PAYMENTS OF CASH.

Large Lots with First-Class Improvements

\$350

and up

Every lot marked with lot and block number and price.
Tract will be its own map

In Addition to the Above Regular Discounts, a

Special Discount of 5 Per Cent.

On the Entire Purchase Price of All Lots, the Price of which Is More Than \$350, for This One Day Only, March 3, 1907.

EXTRA CARS

Make No Other Engagement

Plenty of extra through cars on Sunday. Take Eagle Rock car going north, starting from the Chutes and leaving Seventh and Spring streets at 10 a.m. and every half hour thereafter until 4 p.m., Sunday.

You will never have another opportunity like this. Grasp it while you may.

Go early and select your lots. Tract may be closed out before night.

LOGAN B. CHANDLER
210 Trust Building, Second and Spring
Home, 8530; Sunset, Main 936.

ORR-SESSIONS REALTY CO.
310 Henne Building
Home, A6416; Sunset, Main 6416

SOLE AGENTS. Office also on the tract.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

N. C. R. C. Copper

At 15c Per Share

Bound to be one of the world's greatest dividend-payers—there is ore in sight now rich enough to class our 21 claims with the world's heaviest producers. Assays value from \$33.90 to \$117.46 in gold, copper and silver.

Stock has gone up 50 per cent. in two weeks. Receipts from stock sales will be used for putting in machinery and taking out ore—much development work completed. Not dependent on railroads for transportation. Colorado River affords abundant water, power and facilities to smelter at Needles. 90-foot tunnel and 40-foot shaft sunk. Declared by John Dillon, noted mining expert, the "greatest copper properties in the great copper belt extending through Nevada and Arizona."

Office open evening.

THE NEVADA & COLORADO RIVER CONSOLIDATED GOLD, SILVER AND COPPER MINING CO.
A. H. MERWIN, General Agent
310 Bradbury Block Home Phone A2169

THREE A DAY TOURIST SLEEPERS TO CHICAGO

Ask any Salt Lake Route Agent About Them

Los Angeles Offices at 601 South Spring Street and First Street Station

SALT LAKE ROUTE

THE MARSHALL & STEARNS CO.
Patented Wall Beds make two rooms of one, and add one-third to the income of the building. The "ROCKE IDOL" describing them fully, sent on request.
EXHIBITION ROOMS 444 South Broadway, Los Angeles

KRYPTOKS
Far and near with the results of law
"KRYPTOKS" is a new and improved method of law
"KRYPTOKS" is a new and improved method of law

Buy a Lot In the New York
Cement Walks Graded Streets
\$300.00
Crescent Realty Co., 2015 Pasadena Ave.

BREATHE PURE AIR
Monrovia
The loveliest dwelling place in Southern California. Quick car service. All conveniences.

BUY NOW NEW YORK VALLEY
Large Lots, Cement Walks and Curbs
\$400
Ralph Rogers Company, 202 Mercantile Place


Our Rental Department
for business locations has on its list the place you want.

Robt. Marsh & Co.
Main Corridor—Ground Floor
21 W. Hoffman Building
Both Phones 24, 18.

A Quick Sure Profit

Rotary Steam Engine Stock. The engine marvel of the age. Shares today are \$1. On Wednesday they will sell for \$1.50. This is the greatest industrial security on the market. Why not own stock

In A Good Thing?



212 Mercantile Place

COMPLEXION HANDS AND HAIR

Preserved, Purified, and Beautified by



Cuticura SOAP

For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for irritations of the skin, wind rashes, chappings, redness and roughness, for lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for sanative antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is priceless.

Join this LAND SYNDICATE to purchase at wholesale and sell at retail. Large profits. CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED FARMS CO. 525 S. Spring St.

Tulare Farms
Close to Tulare markets, schools and churches. Best land in the country. Small payments. Five booklets about it. FREE.
CALIFORNIA FARMLAND CO., Owners
Ground floor, Cross building, 128 W. 8th.

Half Acres \$275
\$10 down \$10 monthly, free water, sandy loam soil. Three car lines.
EMIL FIRTH

THE OIL INDUSTRY. LEGISLATION IS UNLIKELY.

INDEPENDENTS SEEM TO DO LITTLE OR NOTHING AT ALL.

Railroad Lobby Gets Unfavorable or Non-committal Reports—Fear of Harriman's Vengeance Detering Some from Action Which Seems to Be Hopeless.

The legislative session is drawing to its close and without a single bill being passed to benefit the long-suffering oil industry. The Texas Car Bill of Senator Miller in the upper chamber and those of similar purport introduced by McMillan and Drew in the Assembly have all been either unfavorably reported by committees or reported without recommendations with the almost certainty that they will be killed.

For this state of affairs the oil men themselves must be held in some degree to blame. Before the Legislature met they were enthusiastic about the Texas oil law. The Bakerfield Board of Trade took the matter up and the newly-elected lawmakers of the oil districts were called up and made to pledge their support to the effort. When the Legislature opened, however, the interest seemed to wane and nothing has been heard of any legislation being introduced to oppose the strong railroad opposition lobby. By the Texas men no stone has been left unturned to keep the bills from being enacted and what has been done to answer their arguments? Perhaps the feeling that it is useless to expect anything from Sacramento has discouraged them from making any effort, but it should not be so.

No doubt many are deterred by the fear that if they are found by the railroad to be "perniciously active" in fighting for their interests they will feel the weight of Harriman's vengeance, and where they now get their share they will get none at all and may even be forced to leave the business. Some have frankly acknowledged to the writer that this is the reason for their non-action.

Selling Associated Stock.
There is evidence to show that a number of associated stockholders among the officials and attaches of local corporations, such as the electric railways and power companies as well as some of the large men, have been unloading their holdings. There is considerable evidence that this is being done at a loss, the stock having been purchased when it was at the peak. Whether this is the result of the panic attached to the fact that the men in such positions should be the sellers for these corporations is a matter to be determined for themselves. The sales are all believed to have been the work of individuals.

There are other reports abroad and one that comes from very reliable sources is that Director C. Canfield, who has several times before been reported to be selling stock, has again been doing so. Some estimate a block reported to amount to 300,000 shares of his was placed in this city.

Wildcat Wells for Midway.
Eastern parties have opened negotiations with J. W. Jamison of Tulsa for a lease of some of his land on the edge of the Midway district. They intend to do the present work on the edge of the present developed field where indications all point to the presence of oil. Mr. Jamison has large tracts all over the west side fields of Kern county. He is the owner of the land on which the Chandler-Campbell-Midway Oil Company (now the Santa Monica 74 railroad property) are located, which he leased to the present holders.

Wildcat Near Santa Monica.
The Santa Monica Oil, Gas and Mining Company, the organization of which was announced in The Times a week ago, yesterday sent out eighty men and nine teams of mules and wagons to repair several miles of wellhead road extending to the property which lies four miles from Santa Monica and six and a half miles north-west of the Soldiers Home. As soon as this repair work is done so that the road can be hauled the first rig will be erected for testing the land for oil. Besides this it is the intention to develop the land for minerals, and large sums will be expended on the work.

Among those who have taken stock are E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, a R. Moser and C. W. Yerxa. Mr. Yerxa is a wealthy merchant and Mr. Moser, a wealthy mining man of Nevada. T. H. Brewster of this city is president and R. F. Welch, secretary. Officers are at No. 215 Copp building.

Some years ago a well was sunk on this land some 700 feet, not deep enough to prove conclusively anything as to its value as an oil territory, but good indications are said to have been obtained. The hole was abandoned and the company is defunct. Seepages and shale formation indicate on the surface the presence of oil.

Standard in Mid-Continents.
Through subsidiary companies in Indian Territory producing fields the Standard has forced three of the largest independent companies out of business, according to dispatches, by cutting prices to ruinous figures. The three defunct companies are the American, Territorial and Western. The plan to build an independent pipeline to Fort Arthur, it is announced from Galveston, Tex., has been declared off. The Standard has secured control of so large a proportion of the output and will build its own line so that it will be no business for the independent line.

PIANO MISSING.
Garvanna Resident Asks Police to Find It—Says Piano Street Grocer Could Help Them.

T. P. Marsh of No. 124 Latrobe avenue, Garvanna, has lost an upright piano and has asked the police to find it. With amazement stamped on his face Marsh appeared at Central Station yesterday and told of his loss. Friday he knew just where the piano was, but yesterday it had vanished. He declared that George W. Leonard, a grocer, whose place of business on First near Jessie street, was closed recently by action of the Board of Trade, can throw much light on the mysterious disappearance.

There was no one at the First-street grocery yesterday. Leonard has moved, according to Marsh.

CLOSING OUT SALE

H. F. VOLLMER & CO.
513-515 South Broadway

Get it clear in your mind that this is a genuine closing out sale. It is not a mere reduction of stock, or a getting rid of old goods or broken lines. Every item of stock has been reduced in price—and much of it is new stock. This week, for instance, we are drawing on our reserves in warehouses and basement, having unpacked a lot of these new goods. You get wide selection of the very best productions of the leading manufacturers of the world at radically reduced prices—for we must vacate and goods must be sold.

Chamber Ware Reduced



Our entire stock of chamberware is reduced in price. We quote several extra strong values here to give you an idea of the character of the reductions.

Bowl and Pitcher Set
Regular \$1.25
Closing at 75c

This is a heavy white enameled bowl and pitcher. Has been a leader with us at \$1.25. Closing out the second floor.

Bail Handle Slop Jar
Regular Price \$1.25
Closing Out Price 75c

This jar is of the same ware and pattern as the bowl and pitcher above. None sold to the trade.

50c Open Chamber
Closing Out Price 25c

This chamber is also in heavy white enameled ware. Price cut exactly in half. On sale on the second floor.

Other Second Floor Bargains

Tumblers
Regularly \$1.00
Dozen 3c Each

These tumblers are made of heavy glass, and are of the standard shape. They are always sold at \$1.00 a dozen. Come for them Monday.

Cups & Saucers
Regularly 25c
Choice 10c

One entire table is devoted to the cups and saucers. They come in beautiful designs. You cannot fail to find something to suit you in the great variety offered.

Kitchen Ware

Third Floor

Every item in our stock of kitchen ware is heavily reduced. This is really the chance of a lifetime to purchase kitchen utensils at a fraction of their value.

Hanseat Copper Sanitary Cooking Ware at Half

This splendid copper ware has been selling at a high price. The stock is somewhat depleted and we have decided to close out what is left at exactly its original price.

This is one of the finest wares produced, absolutely sanitary and will last a lifetime.

The Famous Stransky Enamel Ware Reduced 40 Per Cent.

Stransky enamel ware is the standard of the world—the heavy brown ware made for service. We are selling it at 40 per cent. reduction—almost half regular price. Our stock is limited and we have decided to close out what is left at this price.

All wooden, tin and steel ware reduced—everything in this great household department of ours. Visit our third floor. Take elevator.

Rich Cups and Saucers Reduced

On our first floor we are showing an immense stock of beautiful, high-grade cups and saucers. They come in the finest China, exquisitely decorated, including tea, coffee, after-dinner and breakfast sets. These are sold by the dozen, and prices have been cut regardless of reduction as shown by the prices quoted below.

About Cut Glass
We are selling a tremendous quantity of cut glass. Prices have been reduced and values are extraordinarily strong. We want to warn you that you must come quickly if you want to pick up a few pieces of fine glass at less than value. Visit our first floor and see the goods.

By the Dozen
Were \$8. Now \$6
Were \$12. Now \$9
Were \$16. Now \$12
Were \$20. Now \$15

Fine Brice-a-Brac at Half
Our stock of brice-a-brac is so large that in spite of heavy selling each day the assortment is still complete. Prices have been cut in two, bringing them down to less than wholesale cost. We cannot describe these goods in detail. The list below will give you some idea of the values offered.

\$2.50 Vases \$1.25
\$5.00 Vases \$2.50
\$4.00 Vases \$2.00
\$7.50 Vases \$3.75

Our windows Monday will contain some especially desirable pieces of brice-a-brac. Don't fail to see them. You'll want to pick up one or two vases and ornamental pieces.

Roast Beef and Game Sets
During the last week we sold a great many of these sets. There are still a good assortment, however, and you cannot fail to find something to suit you in this high-class ware.

Was \$9. Now \$6.75
This is an English Roast Beef Set in rich, under-painted, decorated in colors of twelve large plates and one large platter. Another set in English under-painted blue, is now priced at \$7.50 was \$10.00.

Electric Portable Lamps
New to your opportunity to buy a fine electric portable lamp at less than its value. Visit our lamp room—\$1.00 lamps now \$0.85, \$2.00 lamps \$1.50, \$3.00 lamps \$2.50.

H. F. Vollmer & Co.

513-515 South Broadway

THE CENTRE OF ACTIVITY

Vermont Avenue Square today is the logical spot for home-buying and investment. That is settled. Vermont Avenue Square is more than a successfully promoted real estate enterprise. We are ready to prove it.

The Square has a brilliant future—both as an exclusive residential community and as THE place where values of property are bound to appreciate steadily and surely. It has the choicest location in the New Southwest, where seekers of first-class homesites are centering. The city's growth to the sea MUST be via Vermont Avenue Square.

And this offers you the strongest proof of what we claim for it—almost \$75,000 worth of lots sold during February. When completed and built up solidly, it will be a residential show place.

Visit the Square Today

Nowhere else will you find such conspicuous activity in improvements, building and buying. To see is to be convinced. And these are some of the advantages: Streets graded and oiled by the PETRO-LITHIC PROCESS; cement walks and curbs; fire hydrants in every block; independent water supply; a city public school on property; building restrictions; big lots, pure air, sunshine, ocean breezes; away from the noise, dust and odors of the city.

Take Grand Avenue car and go out to the Square; 8-minute service, 35 minutes from the business center to the Square; 5-cent fare and transfers to all parts of the city.

S. J. White & Co.
418-417 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Main and Sixth Streets
Phone Home 5973, Main 1940

Leo J. Maguire & Co.
405-308 F. P. Fay Bldg.
Third and Hill Streets
Phone Home 1182, Broadway 4777

Wright & Callender Co.
519-520 South Hill Street
Both Phones Exch. 50

Fox & Wilson
405 F. P. Fay Bldg., Third and Hill Streets
Phone Home 4490, or Main 1902

C. A. Wesbecher
Tract Agent Telephone West 3557

"Fortunes in Los Angeles Realty"
BUY BUSINESS PROPERTY
Wright & Callender Co.
519 SOUTH HILL STREET

ONE-QUARTER ACRE LOTS IN CORINTH HEIGHTS
Choice part of Southwest. Free tickets. Free booklet at our office.
330 SO. HILL ST.
WINTON & McLEOD CO.
810 Down \$10 a Month

We Make a Specialty of Acreage Property
with water. See us before you buy.
F. H. BROOKS COMPANY
215-216 Currier Bldg. 212 W. 34. 50

Beautiful Eagle Rock
Large Lots from \$325 Up
EDWARDS-WINTER COMPANY
It Pays to Buy Us!
329 South Hill Street

BANNER SALE OF THE YEAR

2500 Garments Will Be Placed on Sale Next Week 500 silk garments for women, 1000 Cravenette raincoats for women and 1000 Priestly Cravenettes for men. It's going to be a wonderful week of surprising bargain giving. It will pay you to inspect it for comparison only.

Five Hundred Silk and Taffeta Plaid Coats are on sale. They are the newest creations ever offered at reduced prices. They are stunning, extremely stylish, and the predominating outer-garment of the season.

Banner Sale Price, \$9.50 to \$15 for \$20 to \$30 Values.
Banner Sale Price, Plaids and Stripe Taffeta Silk Coats, \$17.50 to \$25.00 for \$30 to \$50 Values.

One Thousand Ladies' Coats \$5

A great purchase enables us to place on sale 1000 ladies' Cravenette Raincoats, some garments in the lot worth \$20.00. They are assorted cloths, herringbone effects, fancy tweeds, coverts, Venetian and worsteds; box pleated front and back, side pleats, etc.; loose, fitted and belted backs.

Only one thousand garments in the lot, mostly \$12.00 to \$20.00 values.

At \$5.00

The Original at the Price of the Imitation—Some Raincoat Facts.

B. Priestly & Co. are the producers of all cloths that have this script "Cravenette" stamped on them; also the word "Cravenette" in script on the collars of every garment. 'Tis the highest standard of this process and is protected by a registered seal.

1000 Men's Priestly Cravenettes

\$6.75



During this banner sale we propose giving you something that is positively unobtainable for twice the amount elsewhere. 1000 Priestly Men's Cravenette Raincoats go on sale at \$6.75, all high grade values; none sold for less than \$15.00.

Some Priestly Lots to Close

30 garments for men at \$10.00, reduced from \$20.00.

25 garments for men at \$12.75, reduced from \$20.00.

12 garments for men at \$16.50, reduced from \$20.00.

SPECIAL—50 Ladies' Priestly Cravenettes at \$12.00, reduced from \$25.00.

Large variety of auto, dust and mountain coats for the automobilist and traveler.

Goodyear Raincoat Company

210 SOUTH BROADWAY

Mail Orders Filled if Accompanied by Express or Post Money Order

Kitchen Furnishings

Such as are found at Goodyear's are **TRADE WINNERS**—not department store goods, but first class ware backed by a guarantee. For instance,

Lisks 4 Coated Enamel Ware

sold here with a 10-YEAR GUARANTEE, smooth as glass, very tough, hard to chip. Buy this once and you will be satisfied. Complete lines, tempting prices.

"GARLAND" Gas Ranges

Absolutely the most scientifically constructed Gas Ranges up to the present time. Come and let us prove this assertion. Perfect bakers, gas savers, long-lived; what more could be desired?

1900 Washers

How's this? Customer said his wife would rather part with her piano than her 1900 WASHER. Buy one and be happy. Ball-bearing—can sit down while you wash. No prongs to tear the clothes.



Henry Guyot
538-540 SO. SPRING ST.

COPPER! COPPER! COPPER!

Send 4c in stamps for the March number of STANDARD COPPER NEWS, full information, engineers' reports, maps, etc., concerning the Jerome Verde Company's property immediately adjoining Senator Clark's famous Verde property, Jerome, Arizona. Address:

General Securities Company,
Suite, 308 Pacific Electric Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Gloves and Parasols

ARE MANUFACTURED BY...
Gorwit
and sold at factory prices. Large assortment in city. Parasols recovered and made to order.
117 WEST FOURTH ST. New Helman Bldg.

VALUE OF MENTAL SUGGESTION.

TO SWEAR OFF FROM THE DRINK HABIT.

Identical Practical Hint by a Philosopher and May Be Made Not Only to the Drink but to Other Disagreeable Habits as Well.

York Herald: "Do you wish to smoke? Have you tried and don't despair; it is the easiest of the world to give up the weed, but it is the hardest to get the habit of the matter." Two newspaper men. One smoked for twenty years and had given up the habit with great difficulty. The other had tried to give it up and always

come; how did you do it?" asked the other. "You must have an enemy will power." "You must have an enemy will power," the other boy, will power has nothing to do with it."

ing at his friend, the smoker his surprise. "It is a mistake people. They try to cure themselves habits by will power, but they never succeed in that way. Let me tell you about it."

by all means. I want to hear how you stopped smoking without will power."

"I'll tell you. All you need is mental suggestion. A few years ago I was a very talented young man going to pieces because of his desire for whisky. He realized the situation, did everything he could but to no purpose. Friends derided him; his talents served him no good. He seemed to be in a refuge. One day he found himself in Boston, after a stolen ride on a car, and while out wandering alone through the streets, an amiable man stopped and talked to him. He was a man whose face

ability and refinement, but the strong, harsh, old face had been upon him. The old man said everything of the young man's life of power to do so. He said to

not be discouraged, I'll take you to a right man. A Hindu philosopher, who will tell you how to cure this habit without difficulty and very short time.

confidence inspired, the young man, with his new vigor, every feeling of hopefulness such as he had felt for a long time.

due time they arrived at the one of those old-fashioned private houses in Boston, where the man, a tall, dignified man a little middle-aged, who was dressed in the black art about him. He was a man who believed that clean habits are the most happiness and that suggestion, was a great aid in such a condition.

young man, who was exhausted with will power, said the Hindu, after his story. "What you need is mental suggestion, and you can apply such suggestion yourself. Let me tell you how. Now, keep on drinking, but whenever you want to swallow a glass of whisky of something nasty, disgusting, disagreeable in connection with drink. You see, a bad habit is a habit on the false principle that a man can drink and be happy. Now, the next drink you take, think of something very unpleasant in connection with it. Think of the starving mother and child waiting at home for the drunken man; think of who a disgusting drunkard man is to the person is sober. Think of yourself, of your wife, of your children, of what you might be if you let liquor alone. Just do these simple things, and in a very short time you will have no more taste for liquor. Use still power whatever. It isn't necessary, and it will do you no good. Use simple advice at first, make the man laugh, but the earnestness of the Hindu and his new-found friend impressed him. It was not long and it cost nothing to try. He did it.

that night he earned a dollar doing odd job for a saloon-keeper, and he needed at once to spend the money he had. With his first drink, he thought of the degradation of the drunkard, the poverty, the wretchedness, and the degradation which accompany it. He kept on drinking with the same old pictures before him. Still he was not so drunk as he had been. He was kicked out of the place. He was arrested and put in a cell. He was discharged, and again he was still with him. He persuaded the bartender to give him a glass of whisky, promising to sweep the door or do any little job for him. He said to say, he felt a disgust for whisky, but he drank it again.

later in the day he again went to a saloon to get another drink. He took the glass, put it to his lips, but did not drink it. It seemed like a fact, but it was nevertheless a fact. On that day that was the end of his drinking habit. He never drank again. He was cured of his habit just by the mental suggestion. I have never since, and I have not the least desire to smoke again."

Snuff Still Used.
"Do you think that snuff had died out?" said a millionaire manufacturer of Philadelphia. "Well, I have just sold among fashionable people millions of pounds of it and am still making it."

"I sent a great deal of snuff south to Georgia, Alabama and the Carolina States. It is still in huge quantities in the crates of the trade."

"I have sent a lot of snuff to France. There were crates in France still carrying snuff, and I have not the least desire to give up my snuff."

"I don't smoke, too, with South America and Africa. The Kaffirs stuff their pipes with snuff mixed with poppy, and the natives of the South Sea Islands use snuff mixed with opium. I am so far from the snuff trade, I am still a good living in it."

THE

When the night grew dark, the two brigades broke and ran. Gen. Howard, two staff officers and an orderly alone on the field.

W. Wright & Callender Co., 319-
321 St. Fox & Wilson, 403 F. P.
3.

409 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
 Home A5962 Sunset Main 5561

May 1919.

At 7 Per Cent Interest
Money loaned for 3 years for building bungalows and cottages.
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JONES & RYDER LAND CO.
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MARCH 3, 1907

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

TENTH YEAR.
PER ANNUM \$2.50

MARCH 3, 1907.

FIVE CENTS

PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



A Proud Father.

Copyright, 1906, by Maude S. Lee.)

GENERAL EASTERN.

Senator

superintendent of the Pinkerton De-

Work Out Its Own

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In the cooking school no greater lessons of home economy and food healthfulness can be learned than from the demonstration of SUETENE as the pure and wholly digestible shortening and frying medium.

SUETENE contains NO HOG FAT. The most delicate stomach does not quarrel with Suetene shortened foods.

Prepared from the most carefully selected beef suet and refined cottonseed oil—the vegetable shortening of guaranteed purity and wholesomeness.

Sanitarily handled and processed in our clean, airy Los Angeles plant, and packed in odorless, air-tight tin pails. Better and more economical than any other shortening or frying medium.

For sale by all grocers or meat dealers.

CUDAHY PACKING CO.,
Los Angeles.

A Lesson from Impure Milk.
"It was found that nearly all of 140 cases of scarlet fever were in a restricted area, in houses supplied with milk by one large concern from one receiving station."—From THE OUTLOOK comment on the recent disastrous epidemic in Chicago.

Learn the lesson this teaches, and use only

LILY MILK
Unsweetened
Evaporated

The use of Lily Milk for cooking, in the coffee, over the cereals, and for all purposes, is the surest preventive against diseases arising from impure milk.

Pure California dairy milk, thoroughly sterilized and scientifically processed to avoid infection by germs and all impurities.

For sale by first-class grocers.

Pacific Creamery Company
Los Angeles, California



For purity, flavor, wholesomeness and nourishing properties, be sure the Olive you buy bears the name "La Crescenta." It is the finest product possible to procure.

The La Crescenta brand is our own, coming from selected ripe California Olives—the unequalled oil for table use, for children and for all those whose delicate health demands an oil of perfect purity. We unreservedly guarantee every bottle.

Sold by all grocers. Small size, 30c; medium, 50c; large, 90c.

H. JEVNE CO.

LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

NEWMARK'S PURE TEA

NEWMARK'S MODERN PURE TEA ALPHABET

Q is for Quench, and also for Queue.
For Quenching your tea thirst, accept now this cue;
"Newmark's Pure Teas are the best you can buy;
Better by far than all others so high."

Buy Newmark's Pure Teas at their moderate price—
None others, you'll find, are half so nice.
You'll learn that fine flavor and quality,
Aroma and strength are combined in this Tea.

The highest tea-quality that can be obtained is found in the sealed packages bearing the name "NEWMARK'S." There are six delightful flavors. Every good grocer should be able to supply you with pound packages at 60c, or half pounds at 30c.

NEWMARK BROS.,
Importers, Packers.

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897

Superior in tone and color, Southwestern in scope, character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Devoted to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, business correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, equivalent to magazine pages of the average size. The numbers are bound at this office for a moderate price.

Sold by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publisher, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to subscribers separate from the news sheets, except through the mails. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

NOTICE ABOUT MANUSCRIPTS.

Persons submitting matter for publication in the Times and its supplements must send the original and two copies of their manuscripts. Due care will be exercised in the loss of such manuscripts in this office. Original manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not published. But the Times cannot guarantee their return, whether or not.

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Reading in California. By J. W. Jeffrey
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FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

It was a case of Homer nodding when Longfellow in his "Excelsior" sang of footprints in the sand. Making footprints in sand is a waste of time. Those that come after the traveler are the waves that have washed out the footprints of the predecessor. To leave footprints behind us for the time they must be made like those of extinct races in the rocks.

Waiving that, during the month that has just passed Americans have been following with their minds the footprints left by the career of two great Americans. More than a century has rolled by since Washington fell asleep, but his memory today is over the broad earth the greenest of that of any man, not in a century but in several centuries. Yes, the exception. It is but little more than half a century since the dagger of a fanatic let out the life-blood of our great American whose life we have been holding sacred memory during the same month. Travelers will, not only in America, but in every other country upon the globe, and the two names of mankind hold dearest in memory are Washington and Lincoln. Coupled with them over the broad earth admiration felt and expressed everywhere for the Chief Executive of the nation. No other names of a thousand years stand out like these three as beacons for the guidance of general humanity.

Perhaps we are too much inclined to a little spread in our admiration of our institutions and our great men who founded them and preserved them. It is nothing but a bit of national pride that swells the heart of an American citizen as he thinks of the two of the two great Presidents who have gone and whose remains, it is but a vain glory. It is proud to be characterized as spread-eagleism.

The commemoration of the patriotism, devotion, and achievements of Washington, Lincoln and Grant ought not to be left to the recurring anniversary.

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The commemoration of the patriotism, devotion, genius and achievements of Washington, Lincoln and Grant ought not to be left to the recurring anniversary

series of their birth. It ought not to be left to chance impulses to grasp fully the lessons taught by the lives of these great men. The character of Washington, of Lincoln and of Roosevelt may be made seeds of future heroes, statesmen and patriots. The common schools of America are the places where the footprints that these men made and left behind them upon the imperishable pages of the history of our country should be pointed out to every pupil who attends a school and cons a lesson under the inspiring and glorious folds of the Stars and Stripes.

The pulpits of the country warn us Sunday by Sunday that our age is materialistic; that wealth counts for too much in our conception of life; that there are too many doors to society, to preferment in civil life and in every other direction which open but to golden keys. We are told that this inordinate love of money is lowering the standard of our citizenship, corrupting our society at its fountain head, and leading to a degradation of morals, manners and character; in a word, to national degeneracy.

There could probably not be found a better antidote to this worship of mammon, this devotion of our whole mind and attention to the acquirement of material wealth, than in the life story of these three particularly and of many other great Americans who have devoted their energies and consecrated their talents to higher purposes than that of accumulating money. The soul of youth is easily inspired. Youth is generous. It loves to learn the story of noble deeds and naturally goes out in devotion to characters of nobleness. If Washington's devotion to his country, the toils he endured, the sufferings he went through; if the inexhaustible patience, charity and love of Lincoln's great heart; if the fearless pursuit of wrongdoers and suppression of wrong which mark the career of Roosevelt, were all laid bare to the eyes of youth they would do much to lift the minds of our boys and girls to a higher purpose in life, to a nobler ambition, to a patriotism which would prefer country to self. Americans are naturally hero worshipers. There is no people on earth who take more naturally to the admiration of a heroic soul than our own. The youth of the country are particularly impressionable in this respect.

There is another lesson to be learned from the lives and deaths of great Americans. Three of our greatest Presidents have fallen victims to the murderous bullets of fanatics. Washington was as severely criticised and as cruelly maligned in his own lifetime as any of our succeeding Presidents. To the glory of his period he it said, his assassination was never conceived of. The assassins of our three great Presidents, to be sure, all met their fate, but the indifference which has grown up in the minds of so many men of our own time to the crime of murder directly inspired the fanatics who killed the three Presidents. If jurors will permit themselves to be swayed by sentiments too weak to be called womanish; if they will let slip from their grasp the central consideration of what murder is, we will have more fanatics of the Wilkes Booth, Galtreau, and Czolgosz type. Unwritten laws and emotional insanity are inadequate grounds for any jury to acquit a person who has willfully shed another human being's blood. The juror who is guilty of rendering such a verdict is not only perjuring himself, but he is accessory after the fact to the crime of murder, and his own hands come out of the jury-room stained with blood-guiltiness. The statute law of the State in which the crime is committed is the only guide in law for the conscientious and intelligent juror. The plea of insanity, emotional and temporary, was made in the hope of saving the lives of the three murderers who slew three of our greatest Presidents. They were not insane in any respect. Their minds were warped from ability to conceive the moral wrong inherent in taking the lives of their victims, but they knew they were committing an act against the law of the land in which they lived; they knew that they were amenable to those laws, and understood that they were responsible for their acts. That is quite enough to afford grounds in the immutable justice of things for punishing any person who takes another human being's life. If jurors would think of the assassination of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley and weigh well the character and mental attitude of the three men who slew them, it would furnish important illumination to guide their minds in reaching a decision where they sit upon a case of homicide.

A CYCLE OF SONNETS.

XVIII—A THUNDERSTORM AT NIGHT.

The lightning is the shorthand of the storm
That tells of chaos; and I read the same
As one may read the writing of a name—
As one in hell may see the sudden form
Of God's forefinger pointed as in blame.
How weird the scene! The dark is sulphur-warm
With hints of death; and in their vault enorme
The reeling stars coagulate in flame.
And now the torrents from their mountain beds
Roar down unchecked; and serpents shaped of mist
Write up to heaven with unforbidden heads;
And thunder clouds, whose lightnings intertwist,
Rack all the sky, and tear it into shreds,
And shake the air like Titans that have kiss'd!

—[Eric Mackay.]

PRACTICAL ETHICS.

WHAT'S THE USE?

JUST three common, ordinary, little words which are capable of producing an extraordinary effect—an effect out of all proportion to their seeming significance upon those who habitually employ them.

"Oh, what's the use of trudging along wearily in the old, old road, that has no turning," mutters one defectively, "just for the sake of being an honest man—when dishonest individuals seem to have it in their power to make the world swing around to suit their convenience—so that by a single well-directed step, they find themselves in the midst of a flushing prosperity? And, 'ah, what's the use,' continues the bitter plaint of another, of straining every muscle and nerve in conscientious toil, while idlers complacently dawdle away the precious time for the spending of which, we poor drudges are held to rigid account?"

Or, again, from another side we hear: What's the use of going out of one's way to help a friend, when that same friend only turns to laugh at our pains? What's the use of unremittingly striving to give to the world in general—or to any one in particular—only the best, when the next best is welcome, and the worst finds a ready market with a far more lucrative reward? Then what's the use of manfully putting your shoulder to the wheel to aid in pushing along the great load bearing down so heavily upon the life of poor humanity—when, no sooner do you get in line to do your part than some one steals up behind you ready to knock you down? So, what's the use of suffering, hoping, striving, bearing and forbearing, since in the end all one's effort comes to naught; what's the use?

The men and women who have accustomed themselves to start out in the morning with this sort of questioning, and to return to the same sort of debilitating homily at night, are laboring with a milestone around their neck! They travel on a self-imposed pathway which nothing on earth can clear so long as the thoughts they harbor are of a depressing and banefully restricting nature. The spirit of negation grips them by the throat—holds them in a vise, from which nothing but a positive mental attitude and an affirmation of the ultimate value of all commendable action can release them.

What if some do win by "hook or by crook," it is our business to proceed on straight lines. What if others are remiss where we have a right to expect service, appreciation, compensation or respect; that does not in the least lessen our obligation toward them, nor does it detract one jot or tittle from the worth of the act which we have found to do, and have speedily accomplished from the impulse of righteousness as we understand it.

As well ask "what's the use of keeping sober at a time when others are intoxicated?" or, "what's the use of maintaining a condition of sanity in an institution of lunatics?" Why, the very use of doing that which we deplore as useless lies in the fact that we do that very thing in that particular way. It is easy to walk in the paths which others have trodden, and easier to descend than to mount upward. But, as for the use, there is no use in committing the mean, the worthless, the vicious or contemptible act for which another has established a precedent. And therefore, it is of exceedingly great use to adopt just the opposite course.

Hence, instead of questioning the use of honesty, of probity, of readiness to come forward to give or take in times of necessity, to bear manfully the duties imposed upon men, and to guard vigilantly and to discharge nobly and intelligently the obligations placed upon women—instead of questioning the use of such pursuits, the only safe and sensible thing is to confirm their usefulness to society as a whole by the undivided ethical practice of every individual.

Who is there so shot through with the blue print of pessimism as to deny that it is useful to be sane, sober, temperate, honest, diligent, and persevering, all the querulous quibblings to the contrary notwithstanding? Who will say it is of no use to be an honorable and self-respecting citizen, a fair and dependable merchant, a reliable clerk, a competent mechanic, a scrupulous practitioner? The use in more than a mere material sense is not, it is true, always at first sight obvious, it is not superficial, but attaches to the inmost roots of character. The use of doing and being the best that is possible, consists not primarily in the amassing of fortune, or even in winning popular applause, but in giving body, so to speak, or affording solidity to society.

What is the use, indeed, of attempting anything which does not either remotely promise, or immediately yield the coveted result? And so we go on staggering through life with the heavy weight of deadening questions: What is the use of virtue in a world of vice? What is the use of loving and of living? What is the use of all the human mind has ever achieved or is likely to achieve? What is the use of it all—what's the use?

For final answer, let us say, that these interminable queries are the only things of absolutely no use—and that that which is of use far beyond our ken is to keep steadily on the way in which alone it is possible to acquit oneself like a man, like a woman, like a being capable of such dignity of character, such purity of thought, such elevating aspiration, as to stand forth transfigured by the light radiating from a sensitively living and living soul—that's the use.

BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH.

King of the Amazons. By Frank G. Carpenter.

TALK WITH BEHANZIN.

THE RULER WHO RECENTLY DIED AT BLIDAH, ALGERIA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BLIDAH (Algeria).—Long before this letter is published the cable dispatches will have announced the death of Behanzin, the famous King of Dahomey, whose army of Amazons sent cold thrills of terror down the backs of the best soldiers of France until about twelve years ago. He fought battle after battle with the French and caused them no end of trouble. His wars with them cost millions, and at one time the Chamber of Deputies at Paris made a single appropriation of \$600,000 to carry them on. He made treaty after treaty with France, only to break them, and it was long before they were able to subdue him and take possession of his kingdom. This was along in 1895, and since then they have held the King in captivity and prevented his having any connection with his country and people.

They first carried him off to the West Indies and im-

Nevertheless, it was there that Behanzin was living with his four wives and his numerous children. The villa is a large two-story structure, surrounded by a veranda twelve feet wide, with the rooms opening out upon it. The house stands in an orange grove of several acres, and as I went up the walk I passed the two pet donkeys of the King's little ebony princes, which were feeding under the trees.

As I neared the house I was met by the King's aide-de-camp, or the man who came nearest to being his high court chamberlain. He was dressed in white duck, and he spoke French fluently. He is a negro of Martinique, who has been with Behanzin for some years. He took my card and asked me to stay outside while he learned whether His Majesty would receive us. Within a few moments he returned and led us upstairs to the veranda. Here we waited while the "high court chamberlain" crawled in through one of the windows and passed out several cane-seated chairs to us, asking us to rest upon them until His Majesty was ready. This we did.

A Word With the Crown Prince.

As we tarried, the Crown Prince, Oualino, came around

ex-King of Dahomey was lying opened on the veranda, resting on a sort of a cot, with a white pillow under his head. His naked black body was covered with a gray-blue cape, which fell back as he rose and showed his skin almost to the neck. He had on a curious black velvet cap, lined with gold embroidery. This cap fitted him closely, coming low down over the forehead and covering the ears, falling almost to the shoulders. He talked with me he now and then pulled his cap down, but it kept falling back, exposing four or five squares of oily black skin. Upon my presentation he rose out a naked black arm and shook my hand while he said in French, "Bon jour!"

As we chatted, I could see two of his wives waiting upon him. One of these seemed to be going some kind of punishment. She was on her knees, leaning over a chair in the back of the room, while another was crouched down flat on the floor on the side of the cot from where I stood. Both were in the hair of the most pronounced negro type. Their hair hung close to their scalps in small kinky curls. They had flat noses, white teeth and each wore great

the lust of battle come into his bleary eyes. He replied that the Amazons were brave and that the French had outnumbered and overpowered him and that now he was only a captive in the hands of his enemies.

I told him that I was a journalist, and that I could carry a greeting from him to his friends. He then reached out from under his naked black arm, again exposing his chest, and shook hands with me as I said good-bye.

How King Behanzin Was Guarded.

As I went down the steps upon leaving, a French white guard watching me, and I was not with his wives a soldier or a policeman. They were to prevent any possible attempt at escape. Captivity was, in fact, always before him, and he warned again and again that he would surely be killed if he attempted to run away, and that there were in Algeria many Sudanese negroes as himself, there was none like Behanzin. He warned that the news of his loss would put the police and the spies on the search and that his guards kept him always in sight.

Outside this surveillance the King was treated by his French captors. He had all his needs paid by the government. His villa was free, his cooks cost him nothing, and his provisions and clothing were supplied without charge. In addition to all this an allowance of money was given him each year, which means about \$3600 of our money, or just about \$10 a day. This certainly ought to have been enough to keep him in tobacco and to have furnished him a new ear plug for each of his wives.

Dahomey Under the French.

Everything goes by contrast, however, and since was as nothing to this negro king who had his assets by millions of francs and his subjects by hundreds of thousands. His kingdom, under the French, is bigger than the State of Texas, and its population is estimated at more than 10,000,000. Its seat of government and chief business center is Porto Novo, has 50,000 inhabitants, and Abomey, where he formerly lived, has 15,000.

Since the conquest of Dahomey, the French have turned things upside down. They have built schools in all the villages, and at Porto Novo they have a large experimental farm. I understand they export cotton plantations, and that they are exporting them. Between 400 and 500 vessels now sail annually and the commerce is growing. Two new roads have been opened up. One of these starts at Kotonou and has been pushed inland as far as a distance of sixty-four miles. It is to be extended another hundred miles farther. A telegraph line runs from Kotonou with Behanzin's old capital, and that is connected with the River Niger, Timbuktu, Senegal. There are 120 miles of telegraph line between Kotonou and 1725 miles of telegraph lines.

These Dahomey people are of the same race as the negroes. Their country is on the Gulf of Guinea, where the most of the slaves were taken in. They are of pure negro stock, and belong to the branch of the Ewe family. The people go unclothed, and they believe in witches and have many doctors. Along in about 1890, when Behanzin was at the height of his power, travelers who passed Dahomey gave vivid pictures of him and his court. They say that he sprinkled his ancestors' graves every year with human blood. He was so great a man that when his people approached him they crawled up to him with their faces in the dust, and he would sprinkle them with his hands. He lasted several weeks. The Amazons then acted as executioners, and the victims who supplied him with captives taken in war. When the Amazons took place these unfortunate were dressed in white shirts, tied hand and foot to baskets on the top of a platform. The King made a speech, and then the Amazons hurled the captives down into a crowd, where they met with a death. I have seen it stated that their skulls adorned the palace walls, and that this King kept a chamber paved with the heads of his enemies.

The army of Amazons was one of the strongest of King Behanzin's outfit. The most of the Amazons were women of from 18 to 25 years of age and had been trained to fight from their childhood. They were wives who had been found unfaithful to their husbands, and others women who had been divorced because of their bad temper or their failure to obey their husbands or for some other reason which caused them to want to get rid of them. They were handed them over to the King, and if they were of sufficient physical vigor they were drilled for the purpose. These Amazons were armed with swords, but they were wonderfully brave and were able to endure pain of all kinds. A traveler who visited Dahomey when Behanzin's power was at its height had one exercise of climbing walls of those who were without flinching and pretend to take the opposite side. These Amazons were the fiercest warriors in the wars with the French. It is also said that after a woman joined the Amazons she was shut off from marriage, and that the virgins were bound to perpetual maidenhood except as desired by the King. The Amazons were very ferocious, and the French say that in the wars their recklessness was increased by a liberal



Royal family of the King of the Amazons Taken in Blidah

prisoned him in Martinique, a little island belonging to France. Later he was given a villa there and allowed to drive about with his favorite wife and one of his sons, and it was just about one year ago that he was brought from Martinique to this place. The cause of his transfer was largely due to his ill-health and his fear of the volcano Mont Pelée. When the eruption occurred Behanzin became terribly excited, and every earth tremor thereafter sent him into fits of fear that the volcanic disturbances might extend to his home. His nerves became so shattered that the French feared he would die, and it was ordered that he be transferred to Algeria and kept under surveillance here at Blidah, about thirty miles from Algiers.

Blidah is a military station with barracks inside and a great fort on the foothills of the Atlas Mountains nearby. It has the chief army stud of the Algerian cavalry, and its surroundings are such that it would have been useless for the King to have tried to escape. He was given a villa outside the city walls, but he was always surrounded by spies and police. The King very well knew that it was useless for him to think of making his way off to the sea, and also that the 2000 miles of desert between him and Dahomey were patrolled by French soldiers on camels. While in Martinique he had made all sorts of promises of good behavior if he were allowed to go back to his own country. He continued to make such promises here, and it is believed that the chief cause of his death was his homesickness for the land of the Amazon.

King Behanzin's Last Interview.

I have the honor of having had the last newspaper interview with this notorious monarch. The interview was not full of meat, for the King was too sick to talk much, and as to the honor, I doubt much if that term applies to the meeting with one who had probably offered up human sacrifices, who had killed many Christians and who had likely often sharpened his ivory teeth upon the human flesh of the Caucasian race. At any rate, I saw and talked with the King in his prison villa without the walls. The audience took place several weeks since. My way to the villa was over a road fenced in by high walls, above which the green branches of olive and orange trees waved. We passed gardens filled with roses, vineyards loaded with fat blue grapes, and by enough fig trees, I verily believe, to have clad the 6000 Eves of Behanzin's Amazon army.

Finally we came to a gate labeled "La Paisible"—"The Peaceable." It was indeed a facetious name for the dwelling place of this, the bloodthirstiest of kings.



Villa which caged a King. Mr. Carpenter and the King's aide de camp

the corner, and we chatted with him. He is a young fellow of about 18, as black as your boots and with full negro features. He is intelligent, has been educated in the schools of Martinique, and has also gone to school here. He speaks French well, and understands a few words of English. He was only 6 years old when his father was carried away from his kingdom, less than thirteen years ago, and, like the old King, he desires to go back to Dahomey. He is quite dignified, and has what might be called an imperial air. He told me that Behanzin had been ill ever since he came to Algeria, that the weather did not agree with him, nor his four wives, and that they all wanted to go either back to Martinique or on to Dahomey. He said he feared his father would die if a change was not made, and prophesied his early death, which has since taken place.

After a few moments, word came that the King would receive us, and we went with Prince Oualino around the veranda to the other side of the house, and were admitted to the imperial presence. The room in which the



King Behanzin and three of his wives Taken in Algeria 1906

In her ears. Their black necks, arms and legs were perfectly bare, their white skirts fitting to the armpits, where they were tied by twisted bands which were knotted over the breast. At his death had only four wives, a paltry allowance comparison with the days of his prime, when three-fourths of the young women of his kingdom chose from. All of the Amazons were at his command, and thousands of them were young girls of more years of age. The King was 63 years old at death, and the women I saw with him were, each 40 or 50 years old. No one knows how many children he had. He has left several little ones here in Martinique, and he had in his family also good-sized girls and the Crown Prince, whom I described. I have a photograph which is said to be the whole outfit, but this contains only twelve.

He Would Return to Diplomacy.

One of my first questions to the King was as to his health. He replied that he was ill and that he wanted to go back to Dahomey, his own native country. He said Algeria was too cold for him and that he could keep warm. He asserted that he was not dangerous to the French; that his army was long since disbanded and that he would make no further wars, and that the only reason why he should not go home.

I asked the King to tell me what kind of a country Dahomey was. He replied that it was a beautiful country, rich in its resources, and one where the tropics shone all day long. His eyes lighted up as he spoke of it, and it seemed to me I saw his thick lips quiver.

I asked him how the people were getting on in his absence. He said that he did not know, that he had been away thirteen years and that his captors gave him no means of communication.

I then referred to the stories which have been told of his Amazons, and asked him whether the girl-soldiers were as brave as they had been. At this the King's lips tightened and methought

see the lust of battle come into his bleary old eyes." He replied that the Amazons were brave and faithful; but that the French had outnumbered and overpowered them and that now he was only a captive in the hands of his enemies.

I told him that I was a journalist, and that I would tell the American people that I had spoken with him, and that I could carry a greeting from him to them if he wished. He replied: "Amis, tous, amis." "Friends, all friends." He then reached out from under the cape his naked black arm, again exposing his skin to the waist, and shook hands with me as I said good-by.

How King Behanzin Was Guarded.

As I went down the steps upon leaving, I saw the French white guard watching me, and I was told that His Majesty was never alone for a moment. If he drove out with his wives a soldier or a policeman went with them to prevent any possible attempt at escape. His captivity was, in fact, always before him, and he was warned again and again that he would surely be recaptured if he attempted to run away, and that although there were in Algeria many Sudanese negroes as black as himself, there was none like Behanzin. He was warned that the news of his loss would put the army, the police and the spies on the search and at the same time his guards kept him always in sight.

Outside this surveillance the King was fairly well treated by his French captors. He had all his expenses paid by the government. His villa was free, his French cooks cost him nothing, and his provisions and his scanty clothing were supplied without charge. He had in addition to all this an allowance of money of 18,000 francs a year, which means about \$3600 of our money, or just about \$10 a day. This certainly ought to have sufficed to keep him in tobacco and to have furnished now and then a new ear plug for each of his wives.

Dahomey Under the French.

Everything goes by contrast, however, and this allowance was as nothing to this negro king who once numbered his assets by millions of francs and his subjects by hundreds of thousands. His kingdom, as it now is under the French, is bigger than the State of Illinois; and its population is estimated at more than a million. Its seat of government and chief business center, Porto Novo, has 50,000 inhabitants, and Abomey, where the King formerly lived, has 15,000.

Since the conquest of Dahomey, the French have turned things upside down. They have established schools in all the villages, and at Porto Novo there is an experimental farm. I understand they expect to put out cotton plantations, and that they are exploiting the country. Between 400 and 500 vessels now call there annually and the commerce is growing. Two railroads have been opened up. One of these starts at the port of Kotonou and has been pushed inland as far as Toffo, a distance of sixty-four miles. It is to be extended three hundred miles farther. A telegraph line now joins Kotonou with Behanzin's old capital, and that seaport is also connected with the River Niger, Timbuktu, and the Senegal. There are 120 miles of telephone in the colony and 175 miles of telegraph lines.

These Dahomey people are of the same race as our negroes. Their country is on the Gulf of Guinea, from where the most of the slaves were taken in early days. They are of pure negro stock, and belong to the Fan branch of the Ewe family. The people go about half naked, and they believe in witches and have their witch doctors. Along in about 1890, when Behanzin was in the height of his power, travelers who passed through Dahomey gave vivid pictures of him and his army. They say that he sprinkled his ancestors' graves once every year with human blood. He was so great at that time that when his people approached him they had to crawl up to him with their faces in the dust. The annual grave sprinkling took place in October, and it lasted several weeks. The Amazons then acted as the executioners, and the victims who supplied the blood were usually captives taken in war. When the time for killing took place these unfortunate wretches were dressed in white shirts, tied hand and foot and placed in baskets on the top of a platform. The King first made a speech, and then the Amazons hurled the victims down into a crowd, where they met with a horrible death. I have seen it stated that their skulls were used to adorn the palace walls, and that this King had a sleeping chamber paved with the heads of his enemies.

About the Amazons.

The army of Amazons was one of the strangest features of King Behanzin's outfit. The most of them were young women of from 18 to 25 years of age and many had been trained to fight from their childhood. Others were wives who had been found unfaithful to their husbands, and others women who had been divorced on account of their bad temper or their failure to have children or for some other reason which caused their husbands to want to get rid of them. They thereupon handed them over to the King, and if they had the requisite physical vigor they were drilled for the Amazon corps.

These Amazons were armed with swords, battle-axes and guns. They were wonderfully brave and were trained to endure pain of all kinds. A traveler who visited Dahomey when Behanzin's power was at its height says they had one exercise of climbing walls of thorn bushes made for the purpose, and that they would go over them without flinching and pretend to take the army on the opposite side. These Amazons were the king's special guard, and they fought better than the male warriors in the wars with the French.

It is also said that after a woman joined the army she was shut off from marriage, and that the virgins among them were bound to perpetual maidenhood except they were desired by the King. The Amazons were trained in ferocity, and the French say that in the war of 1893 their recklessness was increased by a liberal allowance

of gin. The girls had just enough liquor to make them devilish without interfering with their fighting.

The Bells.

These famous black women warriors had a uniform of their own. They wore tips of horns on their heads and had sleeveless shirts of blue and white cloth which fell to the knees. Under these were short trousers, which made it easy to distinguish them from the half-naked male warriors. In times of peace they also wore bells around their necks as a warning to all men not in the army to keep out of their way. The other sex was afraid of them, too, and fled upon their approach, as it was death to be caught paying them special attentions. The women took vows of chastity upon entering the army, and they were, in fact, looked upon somewhat as were the vestal virgins of old Rome. I have heard that many of these Amazons were beautiful, but if so they must have been far different from the African queens I saw during my audience with their former commander and king.

It is said that these female warriors were at their best during the war which Behanzin waged with the French in 1893. During that struggle he caused a number of them to be beheaded on a charge of cowardice, and he tried in every way to make them perfectly fearless and indifferent of pain. Among the most terrible trials of their courage was the climbing up walls of cactus bushes sixteen feet high to a roof carpeted with cactus several hundred feet long. These barefooted and bare-legged girls climbed the cactus walls and passed over the roofs carpeted with cactus thorns and, as the story goes, then ran back and showed themselves to the king, their faces wreathed with smiles, although their feet and legs were covered with blood.

One of the French officers tells me that the Amazons always planned to take their enemy by surprise, and that they made forced marches at night so as to fall upon them early in the morning. They would dash in upon their enemies before they were fully awake, and then, with a terrible cry, would spring to the fray. This man says that he once saw 4000 Amazons grouped around King Behanzin and that they were as muscular as the male warriors and quite as military in appearance.

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SNOW PLOWS ON RANGES.

"Modern methods are being practiced on the ranges of Eastern Montana these days, and I do not believe there will ever be any great losses reported hereafter among live-stock interests," said one of the residents of Miles City.

"The use of snow plows on the ranges is a comparatively new practice. It is working for good all the time, and is coming in for more and more use as its advantages are learned.

"The invention is a simple one, and it is a wonder that it was not put to practical use years ago in the range country. The plow is generally made by two 16-inch planks bolted together so that they form a giant V. The forward part of the V is iron shod, and the entire contrivance is loaded with heavy boulders or other weights. Four horses are hitched to the plow, and the driver, generally with an assistant or two, starts across the range country. The snow is crowded to either side, and leaves a trail of bare ground 20 feet wide, the sheep following eagerly behind and getting the grass free of snow with little exertion.

"As the grass is plentiful in all of the range area, the snow plow in the course of half a day's work clears off a patch of ground over which the sheep can graze in comparative comfort. In this manner one of the greatest menaces of winter time—deep snow—is met. Occasionally the snow drifts and packs hard; at other times a chinook will prevail, and, after the surface snow is softened up a change in the weather will be experienced and the snow freezes so hard that it will bear the weight of a man or horse. When these conditions prevail an ordinary disk harrow will be secured, four horses being attached.

"This cuts up the snow, and the snow plow following clears the way for the sheep, which soon learn to follow along in the trails. They wait anxiously on the bed grounds every morning for the appearance of the plow during the snowy weather. True, when the wind blows and the snow is drifting, the plow is of little use, but at all other times it is a most valuable implement to the sheep owners in the range country, and the cattle owners are also learning to take advantage of its practical benefits."—[Anaconda Standard.]

THE PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Buenos Aires is "the whole thing" in Argentina. I know of no country in the world which is so dominated by its capital. If the traveler comes from the interior after leaving behind the splendors of Andean scenery and crossing the 500 miles of prairie, he feels like a swimmer who has been a long time under water and takes his first deep breath of civilization when he enters the city.

I arrived at 6 o'clock in the morning, before the busy life of the harbor awoke. As we rolled along the broad water front and up the Avenida Mayo, I said to myself: "I must have taken the wrong steamer or I am dreaming. Surely I am in Europe." It was not that things seemed European or that it was easy to detect an imitation; it was Europe. No amount of self-argument would overcome this illusion; the asphalt smelled as it does in Europe and was cleaned in the European way; the little trees grew in the tradition of European culture, the buildings were French, the cafes, the news stands, all the lazy life of the early morning was continental, and the Swiss porter touched his cap as he asked me in French—for which he expected a tip—whether monsieur wished his baggage sent at once to his room. No wonder a chatty old French lady asked me at déjeuner: "How do you like Buenos Aires? It's Little Paris, isn't it?"—[Albert Hale, in The Reader.]

Ancestry of James Bryce.

COMES FROM SCOTCH-IRISH STOCK OF THE PUREST KIND.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Bryces or Bryces are originally of Norman stock, and take their name from the town of Bruys in Northern France. The name in the form of Bryce is a common one in Western Scotland, in the counties south of Glasgow. About 150 years ago a certain John Bryce, a carpenter, living at Airdrie, to the east of Glasgow, married Robina Allan. Allan is a good Scottish name, also of Norman origin, for the Stuarts were originally Fitz-Alans from Cheshire. Some of Robina Allan's ancestors had been staunch Covenanters and had fought at Bothwell Brig. To this couple was born, in 1767, a son, James, who early showed promise of intellectual distinction, and was accordingly sent from the parish school to Glasgow University. The Bryces were members of the conservative branch of the Presbyterian seceders, known as Anti-Burghers, since made famous in Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls." James Bryce passed from the university classes to the divinity hall of this church, and in vacation time gained a living as a teacher. A period spent at Nuchterninsky, in Fife, resulted in an attachment to a pupil named Catherine Annan, whom he afterward married. Ordained to the ministry in 1795, he early came to loggerheads with his brethren, being a man of clear-cut views and strong individuality; and was finally suspended from the ministry in 1800. At one time he thought of emigrating to the Antipodes, but a cousin in Ireland proposed that he should cross over to Ulster. Four years after his suspension he was called to be minister of the Anti-Burgher congregation at Killaig, near Coleraine, in Derry county, where he remained for sixty-four years, dying at the advanced age of 90.

At one time he was under the ban both of the Irish synod of his church and the general associate synod. In the year 1809 provision was made by the state to bestow an income, or *regium donum*, on Presbyterian ministers if they took the oath of allegiance, and were indorsed by the Lord Lieutenant. Bryce stoutly refused to submit to the conditions, and next year was again under suspension. In a few years, being backed by his congregation, he formed with six other ministers the Associated Presbytery of Ireland.

This veteran, who survived until 1857, had several sons who were scholars. James, called after his father, was educated at home by an elder brother, a Presbyterian minister, who prepared him to enter Glasgow University. Here he distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and wanted to study for the bar, but had not the needful funds. Returning to Ulster, he became a teacher in Belfast Academy. From Belfast he was translated in 1826 to the High School of Glasgow, of which he was made rector, and taught continuously until 1874, when he retired. His chief recreation was geological research; and he was the first man to make a complete investigation of the Giants' Causeway. His book on "Arran and Other Clyde Islands" is an excellent manual. He spent the last three years of his life at Edinburgh. His death was tragic. While out geologizing on the shores of Loch Ness, he was unfortunate enough to dislodge some stones with his hammer so as to loosen several large blocks, which fell and killed him, while still a hearty man of 71.

James Bryce, the Ambassador, was born during the Belfast period of his father's career, in 1830, his mother being an Ulster lady, Margaret Young of Abbeyville, in County Antrim. He comes, therefore, of Scotch-Irish stock of the purest kind.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

"The heroes and heroines of the twentieth century novel," said a book reviewer, "are rather fast. But they are high-spirited and good-looking. Let me read you from my diary some of their characteristics. I wrote them down as I came upon them in my work."

Smiling, the younger man read:

"He carried his six feet two inches and his two hundred and ten pounds with the grace of an Apollo. 'A brandy and soda,' he drawled, lighting a Persian cigarette and stretching his magnificent legs in graceful nonchalance."

"She had tropic eyes and a scarlet mouth. 'Love,' she said, 'is a thirst and a flame.'"

"Helen wore a strange Moorish dress of Tussor silk, revealing the sinuous curves of her supple and ravishing shape. 'Life without love,' she cried, 'is dreary, desolate, false, maddening—more horrible than the darkest depths of perdition.'"

"They held one another by the magnetic force of burning eyes."

"On his great chest life, for Veronica, turned to Heaven for the nonce."

"The polished earl bowed to the floor."

"He put out strong, well-shaped hands, and drew her to him in a masterful manner."

"They embraced rapturously, while the earth rocked."

"With cries that cannot be described they threw themselves in one another's arms, raising deadly white faces."

OUT FOR BLOOD.

The bad little boy was reading a "Blood and Gore Library" and smoking a cigar.

"What are you going to be when you grow-up?" we said jocosely. "A pirate?"

"Nix," he retorted. "Pirates is lemons these days."

"What then?"

"A chauffeur," the lad hissed.

Santa Ysabel.

HER BELLS AND THE EVIL CHIME
OF THE YEAR 1807.

By a Special Contributor.

WE had come a great many miles to hear the bells of Santa Ysabel. The poetry and tragedy, not to speak of the romance, of pastoral California, drives "the few" over the same road year after year. Santa Ysabel was one of the earliest and humblest missions on this Coast, but with an unparalleled chronicle of bloody Indian history and but a brief prosperity. It was on the slope below the mission's huddle of mud bricks, that Father Graegorio, the earliest of the Santa Ysabel fathers, was shot full of arrows by the painted people who would not understand; a couple of decades later, on almost the same spot, Father Anselmo rode down the crooked road to an ugly doom.

Santa Ysabel Mission was not a stable and beautiful mission, like the better-known line of wonderful remains that mark the Coast from San Francisco to San Diego. It had evidently been thrown together hurriedly, as if again the Indians might mutiny and slay and make the labor again hopeless. Certainly, it was low-built and flimsy, and fell rapidly into decay. The picture of it here reproduced, with the bells hanging near, was taken twenty years ago, and at present there is nothing left but a heap of mud bricks; and on the higher slope above is an insolently new chapel, with whitewashed walls decked with colored-paper frills, chromos and gilt-candle scones.

But the bells, we heard, were there still, the bells cast in Spain over a century and a half ago, and ringing a peal so sweet that the Indians succumbed when they were set up on the hill beside the mission above the Santa Ysabel River, and morning and evening wafted their sweetness over the green country. The bells that had seen so much and had come over seas from a kinder country in a strange sailing craft with an alluring Spanish name!—It was sentimental, but we rode nearly ninety miles, stopping in strange, desolate towns and meeting strange people, just to hear the bells of Santa Ysabel.

The Santa Ysabel Valley is a cattle country. In the flowered spring, when the hills rise and fall, green tier on tier, till they end in the lilac line of the distance; when the Santa Ysabel River is at flood, singing loudly between green banks; when the red and white cattle look unlike the range beasts they are, it is a comforting country. But we saw it in the summer when the hills were bare and the river shallow, and it seemed a fit setting for the tragedy of renunciation that was the fathers'

mission story I have ever heard, and is not only a tragedy, but a commentary on Indian character. It has, too, the virtue of absolute veracity, for it was José Mocho himself who told it to the teacher.

José Mocho died at Santa Ysabel about three years ago at the age of 110 years, a blind, forgetful, withered old man. He had luminous moments when he loved to dwell on the old times and the old stories; but his pride, the awful pride of the red man, that figures in this story, had flickered out years before. Just before he died he said to the teacher: "Dear Teacher: Write to the government and tell them that old José Mocho still lives, and wants a new coat—one with bright buttons on it."

The story goes back nearly a century, the story of the boy José Mocho, to the time of Father Anselmo's charge at the Santa Ysabel Mission—Father Anselmo, who to this day is remembered and hated by the mission Indians of the region. José was a young brave, and handsome. Submissive, too, and not loath to honor the new God as well as the old ones of his own people; and honest, for an Indian boy. When he stole a steer from the herds of Señor Vallejo—the valley was then, as now, cattle ranges—he knew quite well how wrong it was, and how little the act would be understood by the great Señor or the white priest, if he told. But there were

God to quite believe the old man had bewitched the child with an intensity he did not understand, and wondered over and adored her blue-black hair and great Spanish eyes. Don Vallejo stole a red scarf and a chain of glass beads and much white sage meal—and all quite necessary. Then more food was necessary, and there was missing one morning; and Father Anselmo knew of the boy driving the animal up the rocky road in the early starlit morning. He had recognized him, the white pony. The boy did not confess. He gave no account to the church. That was why Father Anselmo's duty. He was a thin, hard-faced Spanish priest, a great number of converts to his credit. The boy feared him, feared the piercing eyes in the shadow of his hood, and his long, thin, dark hands that reached out from the bottom that brought them to the chapel as he when the silver bells called.

Father Anselmo constituted himself marshal, and flogged the boy, turned over by the affrighted Indians, seventy-five lashes, twenty-five each day, with a switch each twenty-five. José never forgot the cruelty. Nearly a century

started down the mountain side, waving farewell to the valley that night was uncouthly shaped human figure and was made of white sage tied with withes. He watched it blaze up and slowly

The image of José burned before his solitary cell in the valley that night was uncouthly shaped human figure and was made of white sage tied with withes. He watched it blaze up and slowly

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Long before the full of the moon, the spring rains

It was clear when a few hours later he returned,

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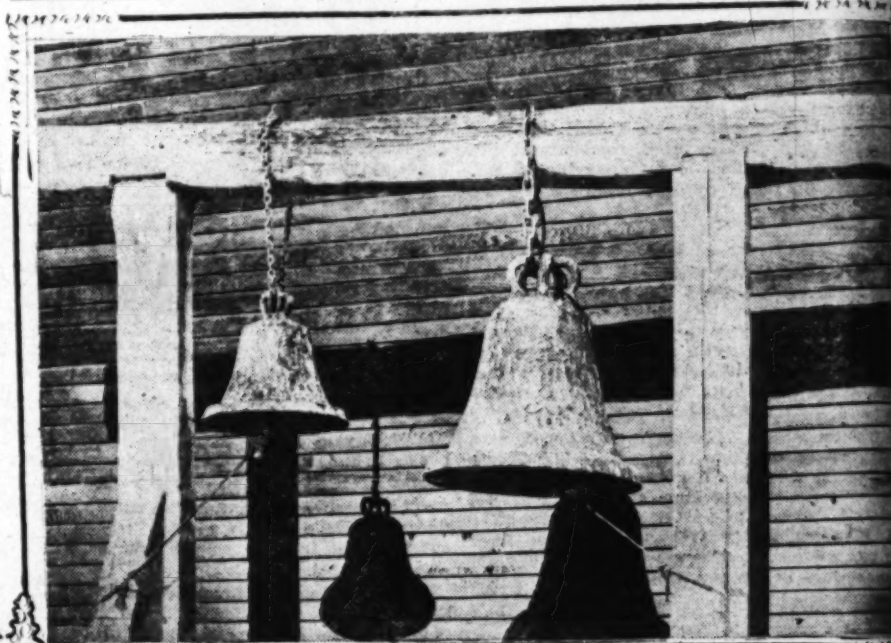
at this moment of peril at the strange call. The

met José Mocho, the Indian boy, a mile down the

of the boy came over his people. The refugees were

evil chime of 1807, it has become a chant of the poor

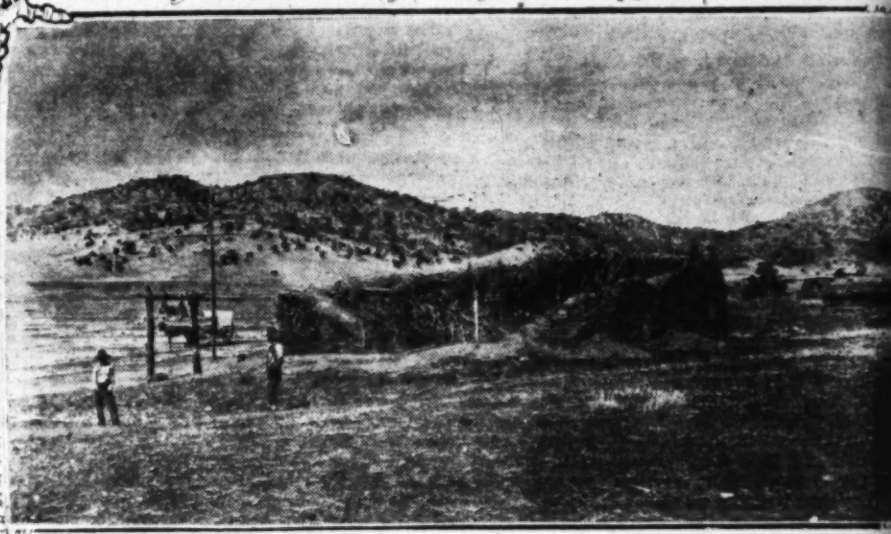
LUCILE VIVIAN PIERCE.



Santa Ysabel bells, 12 years ago before supporting beam crumpled



José Mocho



Santa Ysabel Mission from photo taken twenty years ago

and the bitter tragedy of submission that was the Indians'.

We searched long for the bells of Santa Ysabel. We found the mud remains and the gaudy chapel, but the worm-eaten supports near by were empty of their old burden. One of us chanced to look into a miserable little mud house, the size of a coop, and there in the midst of a huddle of debris, lay the neglected bells of Santa Ysabel. Somehow it made one's throat ache. And we wished that some one would exercise the little energy and expense necessary to set them high on the hill again to tell their old story. We rolled them out into the blue California day that they had not seen for so long, and struggled to lift them high enough to hear the tone, that all the thick dust of neglect had not made less sweet and resonant. Then we shoved them back into ignominy and forgetfulness and fastened the rickety door with its scrap of wire.

The next day we met the teacher of the Indian School at the reservation at Mesa Grande. She has understood and loved the Mission Indians through long arduous years, and her eyes filled at the mention of Santa Ysabel and the bells. She told us hundred of stories of the old days—stories that the Indians had told her—and we realized afresh the whole tragedy and romance of California that no one yet has begun to do justice to.

But it is her story of the "evil chime" that José Mocho was responsible for that fits in here; it is the grimest

so many thousands of cattle, he hoped that no one would know.

His gods would justify him, he knew, for it was a just cause. Old Juanito, who had once been the tribe's great medicine man, had lost some power since the new God came; he was no longer looked up to, but he was still feared. His spells of evil had still the same power. When the ponies of near the whole tribe fell sick of a strange ailment and began to go stark crazy, it was easy to see that it was the work of the old white-haired medicine man and his alien granddaughter. The girl's mother had been a Spanish woman, and the tribe had always hated her. Her parents had died violent deaths, and she was considered, in spite of an un-Indian beauty, a child of evil, like the old man.

The two had been given a weird pagan trial with spells and chants and dancing, and one gray dawn had been driven from the huddled huts of the Indian village and cast out of the tribe, with the pursuing young braves at their heels flinging stones. They had taken refuge on Mount Volcan, above the Santa Ysabel Valley, and built a rude shelter of rocks. Mount Volcan, then as now, is nothing but rocks, and the most blackly desolate peak in the region.

The old man, with his white hair and continual crazy muttering of remembered chants, and lovely young Rosalia would have undoubtedly starved to death but for José Mocho. José had too much faith in the new

ward he showed the old oak—it had been a sapling to which he had been tied. A road cuts by. That first day Father Anselmo had passed by, the boy had cried out in agony: "Have pity, padre! God is my God! I will sin no more! I will follow God, Father Anselmo!"

And the second day, and the third he had the same prayer. The boy would have been left. The Indians were afraid to befriend him, for for another, they had learned of his succor of the doctor and the girl Rosalia, and considered him a traitor to the village. He had been left bleeding on the tree that night by Anselmo's deputies; the new was gone.

He had been carried away by the two faithful little cave house on Volcan; and here Rosalia, the old herb doctor healed his wounds and nursed him to life. Then one night, as the three drew close to the red fire, old Juanito for the first time broke the month-old shame. "His God he made your gods shall help you! The white charm shall feel the wrath of both!" cried the old man, his hands above the red glow.

The two listened. He told the boy a strange tale, that, within the month it was set in motion, would out the doom of the white medicine man. All three sat by the red coals, the youth learning the tale from the old man; and in the dim

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started down the mountain side, waving farewell to Rosalia as he walked; and she stood there with the stoic scarlet scarf tied over her black hair, her face the brilliant incarnation of hope.

The image of José burned before his solitary camp fire in the valley that night was uncouthly shaped like a human figure and was made of white sage tied with willow withes. He watched it blaze up and slowly sink to ashes, his eyes big with fear, but muttering, as Juanito had taught him, the Latin prayer neither he nor his teacher knew the meaning of, and the Indian spell, a long rhythmic chant, recited like a song to the muffled clapping of his hands. Kneeling there in the red light, his whole soul in the old man's curse, the uncanny intensity of the picture might have well made the Spanish priest uneasy.

On the next night the moon was full. Father Anselmo had been to the village on behalf of some soul, and was coming up the hill to the mission, when he met the boy José by the blasted tree just over the river. Belief in the power of his own spell lent, no doubt, something of alien majesty to the proud face of the Indian; certain it is, Father Anselmo started back, when the two met, with a cringing fear. The boy lifted one arm and pointed at the thin, huddled figure before him, and then "warned" him in the alien Spanish the priests had taught him.

"Padre Anselmo," and his voice rose hoarse above the turmoil of the river, "I have done right. My gods and your God will avenge me. I told your God, myself, lest you forget. When the moon stands so again—and he pointed to the brilliancy above—"you, too, shall suffer; and be warned of the end by your own God. Watch for the passing chime, Señor," and he pointed to the silhouette of the bells, black against the paler sky. Then he walked proudly past the other, over the river and out of sight.

Father Anselmo no doubt heaved a sigh of relief as he gathered up his skirts and toiled up the hill to the mission level. He had for a moment feared that the boy, whom he had not seen since the final day of punishment, was to stab him. Indians are treacherous and cherish resentments and cling to their heathen spells," thought Father Anselmo, and looked up at the bells of God that had come over seas from his own civilized country, and crossed himself. Long before the month was over, he had forgotten all about José's warning, and went his narrow round merely sarcastically amused by the sinister glances of the thieving Indian, who had come back to the village but not back to Father Anselmo's fold.

Long before the full of the moon, the spring rains had come. All through the month the sky was cloud-laden and the moon invisible and the earth saturated and the rolling hills covered with new grass like pale green velvet. The floods went hard with the Indian people over the river. Father Anselmo, feared and hated and obeyed, was constantly going back and forth, his cassock ever rain-drenched, his thin Spanish face with its bitter mouth grimly complacent over his labor.

One night there were three souls going, as the Indian runner reported, in the village, and Father Anselmo set out on his old buckskin pony, that knew the roads about better than the priest. It was a night of tremendous wind, but no rain, and the clouds drove over the sky like flocks of frightened sheep. But the full moon was coming up a dull red in a scarf of clouds when the priest started, and he knew he would have it to light him. It was clear when a few hours later he returned. The hooded Santa Ysabel that all week had been running in torrent, was swirling like quicksilver through the willow tops, calmer than it had been for weeks. But the bridge he had crossed on, loosened, apparently, by the wet of the water, had been washed away, and the top was floating on the tide. Father Anselmo decided to ford it. He left the road and rode down the stream to a point just below the mission, and the buckskin plunged in. They had all but crossed. The plucky little pony's feet felt firmer bottom, and the soaked man was slipping from his back to begin to gather up his dripping garments, when a timber of the upturn bridge rode rushing upon them and struck the horse. The animal was carried off its feet for a moment and down stream, the priest still clinging to the saddle. All would yet have been well; but suddenly the poor brute stumbled, and, with a cry like a human being, sank. He had fallen into one of those treacherous pot holes that mark the rocky course of the Santa Ysabel at this point. The friar, struggling in his skirts, was trying to swim ashore, fighting the swift flow with terrible determination.

Then the air was suddenly filled with long dolorous notes of silver mourning, the bells on the hill. The struggling priest raised his chin out of the water, amazed at this moment of peril at the strange call. The next sight he saw was the huddle of the mission on the hill, and the bells, black against the sky swinging back and forth, with the bell rope fluttering out, a dark ribbon, in the wind. And above a red full moon.

The man in the stream gave a long, thin, piercing scream as he sank. Then a dark horseman rushed down the hill, his snorting horse wild with fright. "The chime of evil! The chime of evil!" he was screaming in a voice thick with horror. It was Señor Vallejo's Indian order.

He met José Mocho, the Indian boy, a mile down the river, and told him of the sinister tolling—how he had seen riding under the bells when the long, low knell rang, and not a creature near to pull the rope.

José Mocho laughed as the gray-faced herder paused. "It is the death-going of your white medicine man," he laughed calmly, kicking the sides of the lean white horse, and swirling into the river.

José Mocho told the tale to the village, and an awful tale of the boy came over his people. The refugees were driven back into the tribe with honors, at his command, and to the very last José's reputation as a big medicine man remained unshaken. As for the tale of the evil chime of 1807, it has become a chant of the poor Mena Grande tribe, and a feature of every fiesta.

LUCILE VIVIAN PIERCE.

Hawaii's Delicacy.

ITS USES AND ADAPTATIONS AND PECULIARITIES.

By a Special Contributor.

WHAT rice is to the Chinaman, what roast beef is to the Englishman, what the "pratle" is to the Irishman, what bread and butter is to the American, that, and more, is poi to the native Hawaiian. It is his staff of life, his chief subsistence, his greatest delicacy. He eats it for breakfast, he eats it for luncheon, he eats it for dinner. At his luau, as the native feasts are called, it is the main dish. Like the bean porridge of Mother Goose fame, "some like it hot, some like it cold, some like it best when it's nine days old."

The visitor to Hawaii is first introduced to poi in the form of a cocktail, usually taken the second or third morning out on the voyage over. For many people it forms one of the best remedies for seasickness, and for dyspeptics there is nothing better. Upon every menu card of the Pacific Mail or Oceanic Steamship Company "poi cocktail" is the first unfamiliar name, and everybody orders one for curiosity. Some never get beyond that first cocktail—the writer gave it up at the third swallow—but some grow so fond of the concoction that two and sometimes three are quaffed regularly each morning. All of the boats also carry poi on ice, and most Americans who have lived a year or more in Hawaii eat and enjoy it. Some eat it with cream and sugar, some eat it clear. Some eat it with a spoon, some eat it with a fork, but none eat it as does the old Hawaiian in the good old orthodox way—with his fingers.

"What is poi?" is one of the first questions asked, and this question is usually answered long before the traveler has descended the gangplank or been greeted by the "alohas" of Hawaii Nei.

Poi is made from the pounded root of the taro plant moistened with water and allowed to ferment slightly.

The taro root is liked by many Americans boiled and served hot as a vegetable. It looks much like soggy and blackened potatoes do when they are boiled, and is eaten with salt and butter or with gravy, like potato. A flour is also made of the root and taro cakes made of this flour and served hot for luncheon or tea are most delicious.

Every Hawaiian family has its little patch of taro, and children and parents work in it. It must be kept very wet, and usually is planted in furrows that are kept half filled with water. One memorable sight at Waiana, back of the famous Haleiwa Hotel, a famous beach resort fifty miles from Honolulu, was a wrinkled and toothless old Hawaiian woman squatting waist-deep in the black, muddy water, planting taro, while her equally skinny and ragged-looking old husband with a wicked little leer in his snaky eyes, stood upon the bank high and dry, handing her the taro roots.

Taro plants grow in Southern California as ornamental plants, and the large leaves look much like calla leaves. There are certain varieties that are most beautiful. The Hawaiians have a vegetable which they call "luau" (the same name as their feast) which is in reality the boiled taro tops. It is prepared in the same way as is our spinach, and is richer and sweeter. I know of one cook in Altadena who grows a tiny taro patch and uses the boiled taro upon his master's table.

The poi luncheon is one of the most popular forms of smart entertaining in Honolulu, and from the Governor's wife and ex-Queen Liliuokalani down to the wife of a clerk at \$100 a month, this form of hospitality is much in vogue. A luau is a big feast, a banquet. A poi luncheon is a smaller and simpler affair, when poi, salads, cold meats, aspics, sandwiches, cake and ice cream are served.

Human consumption of poi is not the only use to which this delectable dainty is put. The greatest delicacy which a native can offer his guests is roast dog, roasted in the ground with the pig and chicken and other good things for the luau. But this roast dog is not by any means just "any old dog." It is poi dog, poi-fed, and the meat is as white and as sweet as the breast of a young chicken—so they say. Not being of sufficient importance to command or to inspire such a luxury,



It looks like paste, and tastes—well, that depends upon whether you like it or not. I think it tastes as I have every reason to believe sour library paste might taste—only the makers I believe aver that their particular brand of paste never sours. Those who like it, and they are many, insist that it tastes like the very ambrosia of the gods, and never having tasted that article of diet, I am not prepared to contradict them. It may be that poi is only another name for the manna which fell from heaven for the subsistence of the children of Israel. If so, the children of Israel have my sincerest sympathy. But then, that's only the point of view.

From the days of the monarchy down to the present, every Hawaiian, be he of high or low estate, has eaten poi. The old calabashes, made of the wood of the koa tree turned and hollowed out by hand and polished till they shone like glass, were made as receptacles for this national food, and now at luau it is always thus served, sometimes a compromise with ancient custom being effected and a coconut calabash of poi placed at each person's place. In the olden days the bowl of poi was placed in the center of the floor upon the fresh Ti leaves forming the table cloth, and every one ate from the common calabash, using the first finger of the right hand. The finger is put into the sticky poi, given a turn or two, and then is taken out and with a deft turn is transferred to the diner's mouth. After one had become proficient in the use of one finger he tries two, and the sight of a room full of natives eating poi is worth going miles to see. The best poi has a pale lavender or grayish tone, the taro root being a kind of cloudy white. Poi is also made of flour and water, and at the time the Manchuria went on the rocks last August on Rabbit Island scores of the poorer class of natives gathered on the shore and gathered the hundreds of sacks of flour which were thrown overboard and had floated ashore, and from this flour made poi enough to last some time.

The poi cocktails are made of poi and milk, and some sweeten them. They are supposed to be taken ice cold, and are a bit thick, about the consistency of cream soup.

the writer never had the opportunity to indulge. The little poi dogs, as they are called, are woolly and white, and very cunning, and are fed nothing but poi during the short span of their little woolly lives. They are considered great delicacies, and are expensive, and only the elect partake.

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.

A LENTEN LITANY.

Lord, make me kind and pure and true,
Grant me some worthy work to do,
Gladly to serve in an humble way,
Lifting life's burden day by day.

Those who are lowly, O Most High,
Watch with me lest I pass one by;
Those who have fallen help me raise,
Those who have triumphed help me praise,
Dear Lord Most Merciful.

Keep Thou my lips from slander free,
Teach me to leave man's sin to Thee;
Keep Thou my heart when friends untrue,
Mock me with thorns and wormwood, too.

Then, when death's hour of sleep is come,
Grant as I rest, the long day done,
For each denial I have made
Peace to some sufferer shall be paid,
Dear Lord Most Merciful.

LAURA CLAYTON KING.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

"Any college debts?" asked the old man. Yalvard, '09, drew himself up proudly. "None, sir," he replied, "but what, with industry and self-denial, you will be able to liquidate."

By a Special Contributor.

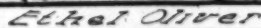
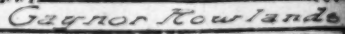
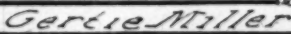
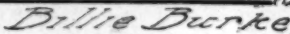
The result is sure to be a notable warfare, and to attract the attention of noted beauties the world over, for with one voice the women of England's dramatic profession have agreed that the decision does them a great injustice. In the appeal to the upper courts soon to be made they will demand a right to control the printing of their pictures.

She who was Miss Camille Clifford, but who lately married an English lord, took up the cudgel vigorously with the argument that if an actress or any woman, for that matter, possessed a beauty that was remarkable in post cards, she herself had a right to the accruing returns. She was against the faking of the photographs because it gave to some one else money which she thought was

Without consulting any one or asking permission, the butcher had his calendars printed. At this time the elder Mrs. Thaw, mother of Harry, having accepted her son's wife, was trying to force her on Pittsburgh society. The butcher's calendar threatened to renew talk of the former vocation of the young woman, and Mrs. Thaw, the elder, at once demanded that he stop circulating them, and destroy what remained. The butcher refused. He said he had bought the photograph, and it had no marks on it to interdict publication. He would not put Mrs. Thaw's name on his calendar, and even if he had, no wrong would have been committed, for the picture had been taken at a time when she was a

By a Special Contributor

betray a half-brother—that is Jamie! Lads
geon! Where will it be, Jamie? 'Tis not
I shall love and be loved! Ah, well—a day
pped off, dragging the king with her, and
eers on the bowling green, while the Spaewife
red in the crowd, followed by her kinsman
ut no music of lutes and viols, nor nimbly
the dancers—Egyptians from the South
gala array—seemed to hold the attention
art. In the quick throbbing of the strings
in the Spaewife's words, and freedom r
In one great pulse of exhilaration. Lead
to liberty, a few short hours till he



Edna May belonged to this class. Her beautiful face

This is the row, and it is full of promise. Similar discussions have arisen in this country. Only two years

A huge flounder was recently netted off Atlantic City, N. J. Plainly the gull had attacked a fish too big for it. It had sunk its talons so deep that it could not withdraw them. It had drowned, and by degrees it had become a skeleton. The flounder, unable to free itself, had perhaps carried its ghastly burden for years. Eighty pounds has been refused for this remarkable catch.

March 3, 1907.]

The Scarlet Scarf.

A STORY OF KING JAMES AND THE SPAEWIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

AT 7 o'clock in the evening all Falkland was astir; the streets were full of unfamiliar dazzling figures moving with one accord toward the palace where Douglas, the Earl of Angus, would entertain for his royal prisoner, James Stuart.

The ports stood open while troops of gay horsemen and horsewomen cantered through, lords and ladies from the length and breadth of the Kingdom of Fife. Their trains followed them in bright disorder of color and glitter. Each guest destined for the palace wore a small mask and many and various were the costumes donned by the masqueraders.

At the entrance to the park stood the young King, James Stuart—King in name only, for his stern step-father, Douglas, the Earl of Angus, virtually held him prisoner, nor could he even ride within the limits of Falkland Park unescorted. The ruddy-curl'd youth, longing for freedom, stood watching the motley crowd, unmasked, clothed in a Spanish dress of purple and silver, his hair catching the sunlight and glowing copper-red as he bowed to the guests, making their obeisance and filing before him.

A little way behind him stood Douglas, Earl of Angus, an unmistakable figure, though masked and in the dress of an ancient Thane, his eyes ever on his royal prisoner.

Among the gay company of masqueraders there appeared presently, a lean man, wallet on side, and a woman with long dark locks, in the short striped skirt of the peasant; and a crooked staff in her hand. The King bowed carelessly.

"On the word of a Douglas," whispered the Earl of Angus, "tis the Spawife of Creich to the life, and Leslie himself. Could we but see her eyes—"

"Spawife!" exclaimed James. "Then shall she read us our riddles. Let us now to the company and afterward to the play."

The great bell in the tower rang out 10 o'clock. Twilight deepened into the darkness of a summer night, and the perfume of flowers rose heavily on the air. This was the signal to unmask, and in the excitement that followed, friend hailed friend unrecognized till then, or strangers turned aside, half ashamed, from strangers. Well-known faces looked out from strange costumes, and a din of tongues joined in the babel. Douglas, haughty and unbending, speaking to few, moved among the guests, while servants flew to do his bidding in serving the company.

The King had drawn a little apart from the crowd when a voice broke in gently:

"May it please His Majesty to hear what the fates have written?"

James turned. It was the Spawife, and near her stood young Leslie, his old-time trusty friend.

"Of a surety, good madam," replied the king, at once extending his hand: "say on." She bent over the palm eagerly, mumbling some indistinct words. James inclined his head to listen intently.

"Broken bonds by the aid of a friend"—the voice fell to a whisper so that he alone heard, and she no longer read from the hand. "Horses at midnight outside the West Port. Even now the means of liberty lie in the royal chamber. The guard at the royal postern will be silent. Follow the Spawife standing at the gatehouse on the stroke of 12. Lose all, or gain everything."

Then she stooped again and peered closely into the palm as if seeking there what she had said, and her brow became clouded.

"Tis written, 'tis written," she said, as if to reassure herself. "But beware of woman! Woman ever worked ill to the Stuart race." Then suddenly dropping the hand she turned to find the Douglas and his young daughter Margaret who stood behind her. Attracted by the scene, other guests flocking in their wake, came toward the king.

"A soothsayer!" cried one, lightly. "Read me my fate, friend."

The Spawife turned instead to Angus.

"Would the Douglas know his fate, and what the future holds for him?" she demanded, drawing down her dark brows, and fixing her eyes on Angus's face.

"Nay," he answered, shortly. "Douglas heeds not old wives' tales."

"If the Douglas will not, then read me the weird of my daughter," broke in the fair Margaret Douglas, stretching out her hand. The soothsayer glanced at it, and at the pretty face with its frame of golden hair, and hesitated, her aspect softening somewhat.

"Speak!" cried Margaret, imperiously, flushing as she saw the expression. "Can it be that the Spawife pities Margaret Douglas?"

"To betray a half-brother, to wander with never a home, to love and be loved, then to languish in vain within prison walls—"

The Earl of Angus stepped forward with an angry word, but Margaret only laughed merrily, dropped a curtsey, and exclaimed:

"Betray a half-brother—that is Jamie! Languish in a dungeon! Where will it be, Jamie? 'Tis not too kind. I shall love and be loved! Ah, well-a-day!" And she stepped off, dragging the king with her, to see the dancers on the bowling green, while the Spawife disappeared in the crowd, followed by her kinsman Leslie.

But no music of lutes and viols, nor nimble footing of the dancers—Egyptians from the South in fantastic array—seemed to hold the attention of James Stuart. In the quick throbbing of the strings he heard the Spawife's words, and freedom rose before him in one great pulse of exhilaration. Less than an hour to liberty, a few short hours till he might pay

back in full to Douglas the miserable farce of thralldom in mimic kingship; when morning dawned he would be king indeed—make an end of the stormy past and begin a fairer future.

"Beware of woman!" The king looked around as the words rang in his ear. Muttering some slight excuse he slipped unnoticed from the Lady Margaret's side, so engrossed was she in the antics of the leader of the gypsies.

In another moment James was going toward the door of the palace that led to the royal apartments. There, the woman had said, he would find the means of liberty. Breathless, he passed the guard at the foot of the turret stair, who saluted stolidly, and, mounting two steps at a time, flung aside the curtain over the door of the first apartment, and ran to the inner room. On a couch lay a many-colored bundle. The king undid it with hasty trembling fingers. It was the dress of a gypsy dancing girl. At once he understood the Spawife's plan.

He tore off his Spanish costume, and picked up the gypsy's. Laboring with the ties and fastenings, it was some minutes before he stood transformed into a tall, comely girl, in short green skirt with tarnished gold trappings and wide, long-sleeved jacket. A quick application of brown nut-stain to cheeks and eyebrows, changed the fresh Stuart skin to a dusky olive; the remainder of the stain he poured over his white hands and on his arms. Then he glanced round the room. The scarf to wind round his head and hide his curls was wanting! James tossed his discarded clothes in all directions in his search for the missing head-dress, but he could find none, and time was flying.

A bell clanged the hour of midnight! Clad as he was, James hurried from the room and up the winding stairs into the apartments of the ladies of the court. Not even a servant was to be seen—all had gone on holiday. The king opened the door of a small inner room gently. It was a sleeping chamber, and a pile of feminine finery lay in one corner. In a trice he had snatched from

on his shoulders, their color strangely out of place against the swarthy complexion.

The Douglas stepped forward and bowed low. "May the Douglas venture," he asked, "to commend His Majesty's skill? 'Tis a fitting jest with which to end the evening's masque."

"A very perfect jest," added the court jester speaking in the Douglas's ear, "for one step more and it had been—earnest!"

F. H. MELVILLE.

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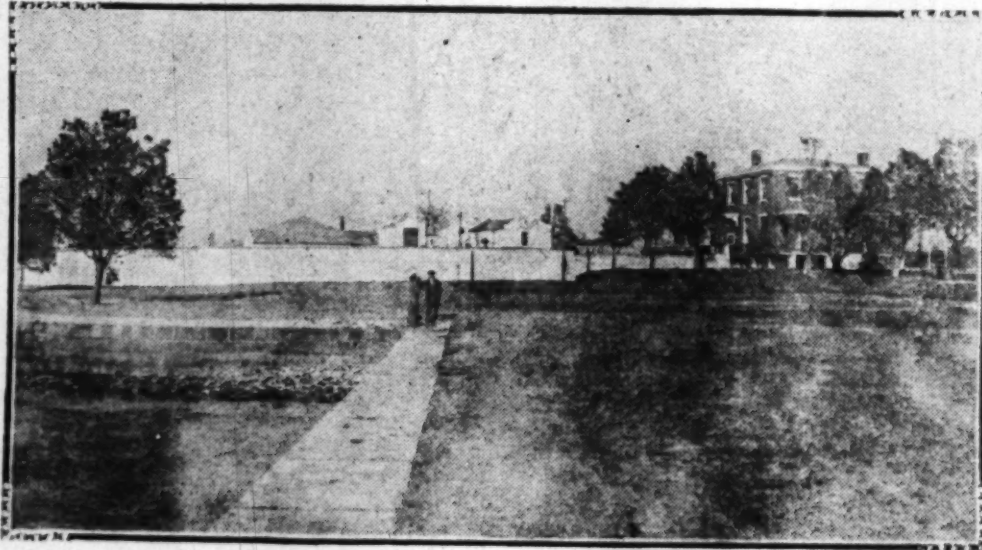
Old Fort Norfolk.

THE FORMER IMPORTANT DEFENSE NEAR JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

From a Special Correspondent.

NORFOLK (Va.)—Visitors to the Jamestown Exposition during the coming summer and autumn will notice upon the left bank of the Elizabeth River, as they enter the harbor of Norfolk, a grass-grown fort, whose green ramparts stand out in bold and pleasing relief in contrast with the blue waters of the river and the brick and frame structures of the background. No frowning guns point their menacing muzzles toward the visitor, and no glittering rifles gleam behind the breastworks, yet Fort Norfolk has a most interesting history and the time was when there were plenty of guns and men too, behind those walls, now so peaceful and serene.

As far back as colonial times, most likely during the reign of the renowned Spotswood, Governor of the colony of Virginia, a battery was planted on the site of the future Fort Norfolk and another on the opposite shore where the United States Marine Hospital now stands. These batteries were erected as defenses against the pos-



OLD FORT NORFOLK—NEAR JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

the heap a long red scarf of quaint device, and, turning, fled downstairs again.

Meanwhile Margaret, daughter to the Earl, in the garden suddenly found herself confronted by her father. He was flushed and excited, and his voice trembled somewhat, with rage or fear, as he accosted her roughly with the question:

"Where is His Majesty?"

The girl stood irresolute, then faltered out:

"His Grace left me even now. Some one yonder prayed him to hasten."

Angus strode off, followed by a number of guests, partisans of the Douglas.

Beside the gatehouse, in the shadow of a buttress, the Spawife had waited long. She now peered furtively into the crowd, and then at Leslie, who stood near, carelessly fastening his cloak at the throat.

A tall, buxom gypsy girl threaded her way through the thronged courtyard toward the gate. The Spawife drew a deep breath, came out from the shadow into full view in the bright glare that beat on the gateway from a huge lantern, and stood there for an instant. Then she passed between the guards into the night beyond.

The gypsy drew nearer to the archway. A few steps more and she would be beyond the palace walls, when suddenly the order rang out:

"Close the gates!"—and the portcullis crashed down between her and the Spawife.

With a backward movement the crowd within the courtyard parted to make way for the Douglas, who turned at the gate and faced the throng.

"My lords and gentlemen," he began, fiercely. Then moderating his tone, "My lords! His Majesty is not to be found. The gates will be opened when the riddle is solved."

An uneasy silence greeted his words. Then on a sudden, from the heart of the crowd, the shrill childish voice of Lady Margaret Douglas rose in anger: "My scarf! The gypsy wench dares to wear my scarf!"

But the angry tone changed in another instant to a laugh of keen enjoyment, and clapping her hands, she ran forward, while the spectators looked where she pointed, at the tall gypsy girl.

"Tis Jamie himself!" she cried. "Do you not know His Majesty? A comely lass indeed!"

Still laughing, she snatched off the scarlet head-dress, and the well-known ruddy curls fell in a gleaming mass

sible visitations of the Dutch from the north coast, the Spaniards from the South or the Indians from up the James. They were never called into use against either the Dutch or the Spaniards, and very seldom against the Indians, but their establishment lent a feeling of security to the struggling villages of the neighborhood.

They must have been in an abandoned state, however, when on New Year's Day, 1776, Lord Dunmore's fleet sailed up the Elizabeth River, past the batteries to a point near where the navy yard is now located, and proceeded to destroy the town of Norfolk. A cannon ball in the walls of old St. Paul's Church is to this day, a reminder of that visit.

In 1794 the owners of the ground ceded it to the United States government, the title so vested to remain as long as the site was occupied as a military or naval post. Almost immediately work was begun on a fortification, which was completed five years later. It was maintained as a fortified post of the United States until the opening years of the Civil War, when it was seized by the Confederate authorities in the name of the commonwealth of Virginia. This State exercised control of the post until July, 1861, when it was transferred, with the navy yard, to the Confederate government.

After the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, the Union forces under Gen. Wool entered the harbor of Norfolk and the fort again passed into the hands of the general government, but its star of usefulness had been dimmed by the invention of long-range guns and the consequent strengthening of the more commanding forts of the outer harbor, Fort Monroe and Fort Wool, and for many years it was used by the lighthouse board, and later by the Navy Department, as an arsenal and magazine for ammunition. At the present time it serves as a place of storage for unloaded projectiles, and the "fighting force" of the post consists of three watchmen and their dog "Major," and the main duty of the four seems to be to hold fast the title to the property for the government, inasmuch as there is considerable value attached to it from a real estate point of view, and Uncle Sam may have a better use for it some day.

MARK O. WATERS.

IN THE RIGHT LINE.

"Your bump of destructiveness," said the phrenologist "is very large. Are you a soldier?"

"No," was the reply. "I am a chauffeur."

A Burial at Sea.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY OFF THE
COAST OF BRAZIL.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE have been numberless books, magazine articles, etc., published touching the sailor, American and foreign, and containing brief descriptions of burials at sea, but no other ceremony is so impressive as that attending the obsequies of a United States blue-jacket who goes to find his last home in the vast deep he loved so well. Many accounts have been devoted to burials of monarchs and other men of note in churches, vaults and crypts, but one seldom hears or reads of one of our own sailor boys going for his last sleep.

This story shall deal with one of those so common accidents where a gun "wasn't loaded," and I hope the relatives may forgive me for that phrase. It all happened on the United States cruiser New York while homeward bound from Panama through the Straits of Magellan to Boston, Mass., while the ship was in command of Capt. John J. Hunker, U.S.N.

The recital of the incident will tend to remind our nation how thoroughly Uncle Sam attends to such matters. The men in our navy belong to the whole nation, and all should feel an interest in them and the ships which guard our very homes in time of war and our pride in time of peace.

Seldom do our sisters, brothers and parents hear how, when a death occurs on a United States man-o'-war at sea, their bodies slip into a deep and unmarked grave. Just twice in four years did the New York have such a burial. J. H. Cole of Philadelphia, who had been an officer on the U.S.S. Kentucky and who was transferred to

little to say to those who knew him only slightly, one chary in making friends, but once a friend, "he stuck through thick and thin."

The surgeon at once made his report to the captain, and an autopsy was held over the body of Hearne with a resulting verdict of "death by accidental discharge of 22-cal. rifle."

The next morning between 10 and 11:30, the remains were viewed by the officers and crew, and then they were prepared for burial at sea with honors, as it was impracticable and inexpedient to return to port for a land burial. The pay officer was notified of Hearne's death. After the body had been dressed by the hospital corps in the full-dress uniform of a bluejacket and petty officer, the sailmaker's mate was ordered to sew up the body in canvas, after a required number of grate bars had been lashed to the feet to give it weight to sink. The order was given by the captain for the crew to shift into full-dress uniform preparatory to "All hands bury the dead."

No land funeral can compare with a burial at sea for impressiveness. This was shown at the burial of Hearne, where hundreds of men stood bareheaded in a mist for a better part of half an hour, where a captain and thirty officers, both commissioned and warranted, united to give the last rites to the dead. Even the light-hearted jacksies bore this in mind for many a long day. The flag was half-masted, the ship was "hoisted" and at 2 p.m. "All hands bury the dead" was passed by the bos'n mate on the ship.

The carpenter's mates had finished their work of preparing the chute for the body to rest on previous to sliding into the ocean, and this was brought up, placed on two horses at the starboard gangway of the quarter deck. The ship's band, stationed on the after bridge, started a dirge as the pallbearers appeared with the remains, which were covered with a No. 1 union jack, and placed them on the chute, feet toward "old ocean," preparatory

Reinhardt then stepped to the front and blew that sweet bugle call that sends the "men who go to the sea," to sleep, after which all the band mates "piped down" on the bos'n's pipes, the men returned to their stations, and the ship resumed course to Bahia.

The effects of Hearne were gathered, sent to the office and inventoried. That Hearne had been a man was shown by the books and writings found on the higher subjects of his profession, and the foreground. On the day following, his clothing was sold at auction by Chief Master-at-Arms, and the proceeds were given to the family. The men showed their good will by overbidding one till more than \$120 had been secured to send to the sister in New York. Capt. Hunker, the Secretary of the Navy of the accident and Hearne. The paymaster, Grey Skipwith, had the books, etc., packed in a box and forwarded to Norfolk, Va., to Miss Hearne, sister of the deceased, then living in New York, his parents gone before him.

Extracts from the log of the New York may be interesting: "January 23, 5:57 p.m.—W. B. Hearne, captain, first class, U.S.N., was accidentally shot by a 22-cal. rifle affixed to 8-inch gun for sub-caliber while cleaning aforesaid 8-inch gun. He died instantly."

"January 24, 2 p.m.—Cloudy, with light mist and winds. All hands called to bury the dead, the officer officiating. Flag half-masted. Ship was at 2:05 p.m., and Hearne was buried in ninety fathoms of water in Lat. 34 deg. 45 min., south, and Long. 13 min. west. Went ahead full speed at 2:30 p.m."

Burials at sea have lost the one gruesome which up to a few years ago had prevailed. "It is the custom," said Capt. Hunker, "for the sailmaker, in sewing up the remains of a man who

Earthquake Experience

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE R
TEMBLOR IN JAMAICA.

By a Special Contributor.

HIS is the story my friend told me of her experiences in the earthquake.

"We were staying at Constant Springs of Kingston, but on Saturday we went into an apartment at the Myrtle Hotel. Monday we arrived at the hotel at lunch and immediately into the dining-room, first wraps and hand luggage in the hall. A question arose as to what we should do in the unthinkingly I said: 'Let's go shopping.' A hastily-made arrangement saved our lives. We sauntered leisurely down the street. I and we had on the lightest summer clothes. As we entered a little shop, Mr. A., who was with us, was on the old-fashioned porch. Our purchase, and the saleswoman was busy wrapping up when suddenly she exclaimed: 'It's an earthquake!' And without warning she dashed for the door. For one inexpressible second I was dazed, then I seized my arm and said: 'Let's get out to the street.' But that was more than done; for the house was now rocking like a ship on the ocean. We took a step and were swayed backward. We thrust out our hands to steady ourselves, and were thrown forward, rolling, plunging, tumbling, with terror and despair, not knowing whether the next would bring the walls crashing down upon us or at last literally thrown out into the street. The earthquake was over, and we were saved. It was a hideous nightmare. But the awaking was a relief. We were in a space a few feet square. But the memory of the night and the memory of the wounded and dying ring in my ears and down the street, where five minutes before the careless, busy throng, was the debris of buildings beneath which were things too fearful to think of."

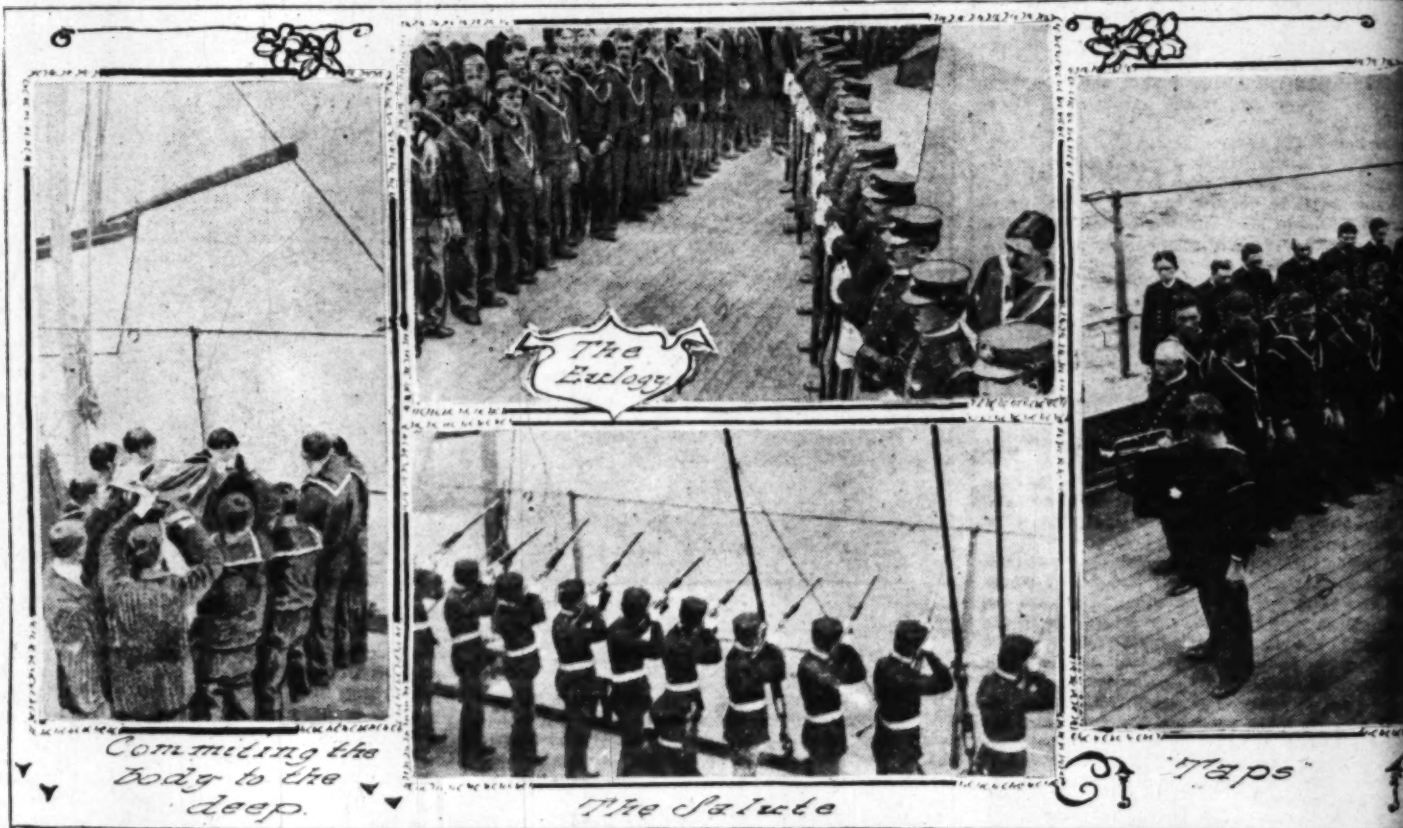


KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA

"Mr. A., who had been thrown from the porch, came toward us as we stood dazed. 'We must get out of the city,' he said. 'We'll try to get to Constant Springs.' We scrambled over heaps of brick and mortar, scarcely knowing where we were or what we were doing, until we found ourselves on the street of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which was still standing. They were already beginning to carry the wounded from beneath the debris. I will never forget. Just as we reached the hotel, a man who wore a complete white duck suit, but no semblance of a face, was brought out. He was covered from head to foot in blood. But this was only one of the many similar sights that today make the memory of that night a horrible nightmare."

We continued on our way, stumbling and staggering, until we reached the road leading to the Myrtle Hotel. Mr. A.'s foot was growing more painful, so we turned into a house by the street. We were hospitably received by the landlady, who insisted on our remaining all night, which we did. We sat in chairs on the porch, both our feet aching; or walked up and down the lawn, for the night was chilly in Jamaica. It was a relief to go into the house, for even though we were from the center of the disaster, the house was so full of injured people that every moment it seemed as if it would fall."

Early in the morning we started out again for Constant Springs, hoping from this place to reach Port Antonio, where we might get a new vessel. When, footsore and weary, we reached the hotel, we found three young Americans, who had been in the earthquake, and who urged us to return to Kingston, in the hope of taking passage with the Eltel Frederick, which was due to start at any moment and on which the only engaged passage. They succeeded in persuading us to stay, and the next day we returned with them to the earthquake, and sought refuge on the



Committing the body to the deep.

The Salute

Taps

the New York, was taken on October 29, 1902, the day the New York left Yokohama for Honolulu and San Francisco. He died three days later from heart disease, and was buried in a raging sea.

The second burial took place on the second day out from Montevideo, Uruguay. We got under way at Montevideo for Bahia, Brazil, at 3:50 p.m. on the 23rd of January, 1905. Just as we were rounding the headlands on a northerly course, to be exact, at 5:57 p.m., a very sad accident occurred. The marine guard on sentry duty at the life buoys on the quarter deck heard the crack of a rifle, and running toward the sound, was horrified to see W. B. Hearne, turret captain, first-class, sinking to the deck with a mortal wound in the right breast.

Upon seeing the wounded man falling, the sentry rang for the captain's orderly, explained what had happened, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Hearne was in the hands of the surgeons and their assistants and on the way to the emergency sick bay on the gun deck. Hearne died at 6 o'clock, just three minutes after the shot was fired, the bullet, a 22 short, entering his right breast between the second and third ribs, two inches from the sternum, severing the pulmonary artery, penetrating the right lung and lodging in the muscles of the back on the left side.

Hearne was a tall, powerful man, standing 6 feet, 4½ inches in stocking feet. He was 33 years of age on the day of his death. It occurred just as the rest of the crew were about to sit down to their evening meal, talking and laughing about incidents which had occurred while ashore at Montevideo.

I myself, having been a messmate of Hearne, could not eat, and got up from the table to go away and think of what?—the loss of our best shipmate, a man loved by all who knew him. He was quiet and studious, had

to the last word of command.

There are two airs which a band in the navy plays on an occasion of this kind, and they are two of the most touching hymns which could be selected—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light." At Hearne's burial these pieces were very effectively rendered by the ship's band under the leadership of J. H. Stockton, the bandmaster. The pallbearers were appointed by Gunner Barr, the officer in immediate command of the gunner's gang, of which Hearne was one of the first-class petty officers.

I do not believe those men will ever forget that ceremony as long as they live. The executive officer, Lieut.-Commander Cook, U.S.N., took the place of the chaplain, there being none attached to the ship at the time, and delivered the burial sermon. I was in a position to see everything while I was taking the accompanying pictures. The camera did not, however, bring out the tears which were in the eyes of the men while the eulogy was being read. Lieut.-Commander Cook made an eloquent and forceful address, dwelling on the life of Hearne, his quiet disposition and the commendable qualities of his character.

Following the address, one could almost hear a pin drop were it not for the swish of the waves alongside. Mr. Cook read the navy burial service and as he came to the words, "Let God have mercy on his soul as we commit his body to the deep," Gunner Barr stepped to the head of the bier and held the union jack as the men lifted the head end of the chute so that the body slid out from under, smoothly and on a straight line to the sea.

The body was buried in ninety fathoms of water. A marine guard of fourteen men, under command of Sergeant August Erbs, stepped to the rail and fired three volleys over the water in honor of the dead. Burier

buried, to put the last stitch through the body, has been abandoned, however, in both the marine and the navy. Just what the reason for this cannot be explained outside of the plain fact that burial was not complete unless this was done."

Some people may not know that bodies are never, if at all, attacked by fish, but the fact is that they will not touch a dead body, especially if it is covered.

The body may drift for years, for there are currents running along the eastern South American coast as far as Cape San Roque, thence eastward to Africa. Or the body may become lodged among subterranean mountains, but it is not a fish.

Every year since my discharge from the navy, Memorial Day, I have thought of those who sleep deep. The most impressive ceremony of this kind I have witnessed took place while the New York was in the dock in Honolulu on May 31, 1904, when upon thousands of cut flowers were placed along the United States tug Itouqua, and a company of Relief Corps ladies and their friends went aboard a brass band, the flags at half mast, headed by the band, and, when beyond the bar, strewed the Pacific with the same flowers while the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

GEORGE A. LOEB

TOO TRUE.

Gobsa Golde had just refused to raise his clerk to \$11 a week.

"You should remember, Henry," he concluded, "there are better things in life than money."

"No doubt," said Henry, ruefully; "but it is hard to buy them, though."

Earthquake Experience.

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE RECENT
TEMBLOR IN JAMAICA.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS is the story my friend told me of her experience in the earthquake.

"We were staying at Constant Springs, six miles out of Kingston, but on Saturday we went into Kingston and engaged an apartment at the Myrtle Bank Hotel. On Monday we arrived at the hotel at lunch time, and went immediately into the dining-room, first depositing our wraps and hand luggage in the hall. At lunch the conversation arose as to what we should do in the afternoon, and unthinkingly I said: 'Let's go shopping.' That suddenly-made arrangement saved our lives.

"We strolled leisurely down the street. It was very warm and we had on the lightest summer clothing. Some blocks away from the hotel we entered a little shop to make a purchase. Mr. A., who was with us, remained outside on the old-fashioned porch. Our purchases were made, and the saleswoman was busy wrapping up the packages when suddenly she exclaimed:

"It's an earthquake!" And without warning she rushed for the door. For one inexpressible second we stood dazed, then M. seized my arm and said:

"Let's get out to the street." But that was easier said than done; for the house was now rocking to and

to wait for the incoming steamer. The terror of that day and night on the dock! Without food, without warm clothing, with nothing to lie upon and nothing to sit upon but the floor, and with the awful fear upon us that fire or earthquake was about to destroy us, the long hours crept by. M. and I sat the livelong night with eyes fixed upon the town, expecting any moment that the wind would sweep the flames in our direction and then no power could save us. But fortunately the wind didn't veer and the dock was saved.

"Just above us lay the Port Kingston at anchor at another dock. Everybody knows how Sir Alfred Jones brought his party down to the ship and demanded accommodations; and how the captain yielded and had the sick and wounded, who had found shelter on the ship, carried ashore to make room for a body of cowardly men and women. Mr. A. was one of a party of three to ask the captain that the women on the dock might lie on the deck of the vessel, on which there was plenty of unoccupied room; but refusal was absolute. So sick and well alike spent the cold hours of that night on the floor of the dock, some women seeking greater comfort on bags which were filled with no one knew what, and were ready for shipment. A few oranges which one of our party had secured were our only food.

"During the morning a torpedo boat, flying the Stars and Stripes, came into port. If you want to know the thrill that came over us, just imagine yourself in distress in a foreign land. We could have embraced the cheery surgeon as he went from party to party, regardless of nationality, and offered the services of

proverb. In its English shape it is a commonplace observation, lacking in pungency. But restored it runs: "Amice is as good as Amile." This was what folk said in France, in the days of good King Pepin, of two celebrated friends who were rivals only in deeds of altruism. If Amice made some astonishing sacrifice of his interests for his friend's sake, Amile was unhappy till he had got even with him. Thus they went on, capping benefits, till the neighbors gave out their verdict in the shape of the proverb. This passed over into England, where Norman-French was current in courtly circles. But turned into common English, the people soon made a hash of it; perhaps they discredited the story with its outlandish names.

What more suitable expression could one invent to apply to a band of volunteers, animated with the courage of despair, and launched against an impregnable position, than "forlorn hope." It seems charged with poetic feeling. Some of this evaporates, when the history of the phrase is inquired into. Hope does not signify the Christian virtue in this place; it is the Dutch "hoep," which means "a band." Forlorn, a word of poetical quality in modern English, is almost identical with the Dutch for "lost," and the whole phrase means simply a lost band. Enfants perdus is its French equivalent. Many of the military terms in the English language are naturalized foreigners, but few have acquired since their adoption so peculiar a twist as this.

A "licking," as every schoolboy knows, means the same thing as a beating. If asked to explain the meaning of the phrase "licked into shape," as applied to youngsters, he would probably refer it to the discipline of the fists or the cane. Rightly, too, I believe, for the slang word, now two or three generations' old, very likely originated at a school where "licked into shape" had come to be interpreted as forming the manners with the rod. The phrase was originally of much milder import. It derives from an ancient and very curious notion once current that bear cubs were dropped in a plastic unformed condition, and shaped by their mother's tongue, as clay is molded by the sculptor. It seems well-nigh incredible that people could have believed such absurdities. But there are plenty of references in English literature to their credulity. One of the latest occurs in Hudibras:

"Whelped without form, until the dam

Hath licked it into shape and frame."

About the same time Sir T. Browne devoted a whole chapter in his "Vulgar Errors" to the exposure of this fabulous natural history.

Very many popular expressions, "familiar in our mouths as household words," draw their meaning from customs long extinct. The heir to an estate, the successor to an official position, is said to step into his predecessor's shoes. In the early days of Norway, this was no metaphor, but a literal fact; it was part of the ceremony that took place on the induction of an officer of state. Norse custom required the same performance from an adopted son. But he was not obliged to wear his new father's shoes, whether they fitted him or not. It was quite enough for him to put them on. Even now one sometimes hears it said of a man who has taken an irrevocable step: "He has put his foot in it."

When a man says he is determined to get a thing "by hook or crook," it is implied that he will stick at nothing. In the course of its long life the phrase has acquired a new flavor. Originally it was called from a proclamation of the manorial rights of the poor. They were legally entitled to such wood as they could pull "by hook or by crook," or as the Bodmin Register of 1525 records in reference to Dymore wood, "bear away upon their backs a burden of lop, crop, hook, crook, or bagwood." That is, they were entitled to glean, but not to cut, in the manorial forest. Spencer uses the phrase in the "Faery Queen."

An Oxford undergraduate who fails to pass his examinations is said to be "plucked" for his degree. The term is not analogous to the plucking of geese or pigeons, nor is it a piece of meaningless varsity slang. It seems that in the past there were more strings than one to an Oxford B. A. A candidate might have passed his examinations all right; but if he owed money his creditors had the right to debar him from graduating. It was the custom for them to attend the public ceremonial, and draw attention to their claims by plucking the sleeve of one of the proctors. If the claim was substantiated, the proctor thereupon plucked the defaulter by his sleeve, and removed him from the procession of those about to receive degrees. And, to give the Town a fair chance, one of the proctors walked slowly to and fro behind the bar which separated the Gown from the spectators of the ceremony. Out of conservatism this practice was kept up, long after the custom of challenging the proctor had fallen into desuetude.

The phrases of famous men, when their source and circumstances of origin are remembered, have all the force and authority of quotations. Of such are "I have crossed the Rubicon," "Eureka," "Peace with honor," and a hundred others. But sometimes a very apt expression will pass into circulation, and lose the stamp of its minting. How often is "the beginning of the end" heard without an inkling of the fact that it was first uttered prophetically by Talleyrand, on hearing of the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow.

Occasionally by a freak of fortune quite obscure names are embalmed in phrases, like flies in amber. For example, the memory of Hobson, the livery stable keeper, is kept green in "Hobson's choice," which meant the horse next the door, or none at all. The "wrong box" has been traced back to a Lord Lyttleton, who, finding himself seated at a dull entertainment next to a box the occupants of which were enjoying themselves uproariously, remarked to his friends: "We are in the wrong box." It is curious how casual remarks "catch on," and become popular phrases. Sometimes their paternity is a matter of dispute. Who originated it? Did Washington really invent Brother Jonathan? or the English king say "Honi soit qui mal y pense?"

F. W. REID.



KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.



HOPE GARDENS, KINGSTON.

to like a ship on the ocean. We took a step forward, and were swayed backward. We thrust out our hands to balance ourselves, and were thrown forward. Swaying, rolling, plunging, tumbling, with terror in our hearts and despair, not knowing whether the next movement would bring the walls crashing down upon us, we were at last literally thrown out into the street—and the earthquake was over, and we were saved. It was as if we had a hideous nightmare. But the awakening was more hideous.

"We were in a space a few feet square. But the awful things that occurred that space! The memory of those awful sights and sounds haunts me night and day. The shrieks of the wounded and dying ring in my ear now, and down the street, where five minutes before had been the curious, busy throng, was the debris of fallen buildings beneath which were things too fearful to think about.

"Mr. A., who had been thrown from the porch and slightly lamed, came toward us as we stood almost motionless. 'We must get out of the city if we can,' he said. 'We'll try to get to Constant Springs.'

"We stumbled over heaps of brick and mortar and debris, scarcely knowing where we were or what we were doing, until we found ourselves on the street in front of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which was now in ruins. They were already beginning to carry out the dead and wounded from beneath the debris. One sight shall never forget. Just as we reached the hotel they were bringing out a man who wore a complete suit of white, but no semblance of whiteness remained. He was covered from head to foot with his own blood. But this was only one of the hundreds of similar sights that today make the memory of that day a horrible nightmare.

"We continued on our way, stumbling and scrambling along, until we reached the road leading to Constant Springs Hotel. Mr. A.'s foot was growing more and more painful, so we turned into a house by the roadside. We were hospitably received by the people, who insisted on our remaining all night, which we did. We sat in chairs on the porch, both our entertainers and ourselves; or walked up and down the lawn to keep warm, for the night was chilly in Jamaica. It was dangerous to go into the house, for even though three men from the center of the disaster, the house was so badly injured that every moment it seemed as if the roof would fall.

Early in the morning we started out again toward Constant Springs, hoping from this place to be able to reach Port Antonio, where we might get a northward-bound vessel. When, footsore and weary, we reached the hotel, we found three young Americans, who advised us of the uselessness of attempting to go on to Port Antonio, and who urged us to return to Kingston. Then, in the hope of taking passage with them, we called on the Misses Frederick, which was due to arrive in Kingston at any moment and on which they had already secured passage. They succeeded in persuading us to stay, and the next day we returned with them to the hotel, and sought refuge on the dock

the crew. I think I never felt till then the blessing of living under the red, white and blue. We told him we were hungry, and it wasn't long before hot coffee, and rolls and other good things were being served by the 'bluejackets' to all in the dock.

"The worst was now really over for us. We were as comfortable as any one could be who for three days had not taken off any clothing and for two nights had not slept a wink. Still we were fed and sheltered to a degree, were seeing the work of caring for the injured go on, and were helping all we could ourselves. We saw them carry the dead to their last resting place in great trenches, or to the pyres where the bodies of many were burned, and we wondered what miraculous circumstance intervened to save us from a like fate.

"The hours went by, and at last our longing eyes caught sight of the vessel, which was to carry us to safety. It was a question as to whether she could accommodate all who wished to board her, but every available space was offered by the captain to the refugees, and soon we were steaming out toward the States—and home."

EMMA LEWIS.

PHRASES WITH A STORY.

SOME COMMON EXPRESSIONS TRACED TO THEIR
FORGOTTEN SOURCES.

MANY of the commonest phrases and proverbial expressions have an interesting history. Some preserve a trace of exploded beliefs, or obsolete customs. Some were uttered by eminent men on occasions of moment. Like ancient worn-out coins, others have lost their original shape and impression, and require the labors of archeologists to restore their primitive meaning.

"The devil to pay" is a good example of a mutilated phrase. On the face of it this popular synonym for an embarrassing position looks easy of interpretation. Everybody has heard of the old superstition that Satan was always ready to pay in gold or granted wishes for a mortgage on a man's soul. And when the note became due, what more terrible fix for a man than, like Faust, to have the devil to pay?

But the phrase, when restored to its ancient form, reads: "The devil to pay, and no pitch hot." It is a nautical expression for a very tough job. To pay, or smear with pitch (pitch, in French), a seam in an unhandy position close to the keel, with no materials ready and the tide creeping in on the careened vessel, is very difficult. The fit term for such a troublesome seam was: "The devil." So sailors felt, and they christened it accordingly. Landsmen, having troubles of their own, employed the seaman's proverb, but soon cut it down and obscured its technicality, while retaining the general import.

"A miss is as good as a mile" is a foreign adage that became hopelessly corrupted, after being translated into English. If proverbs should contain the concentrated wisdom of the ancients, it seems a poor specimen of a

Relic of Civil War Days.

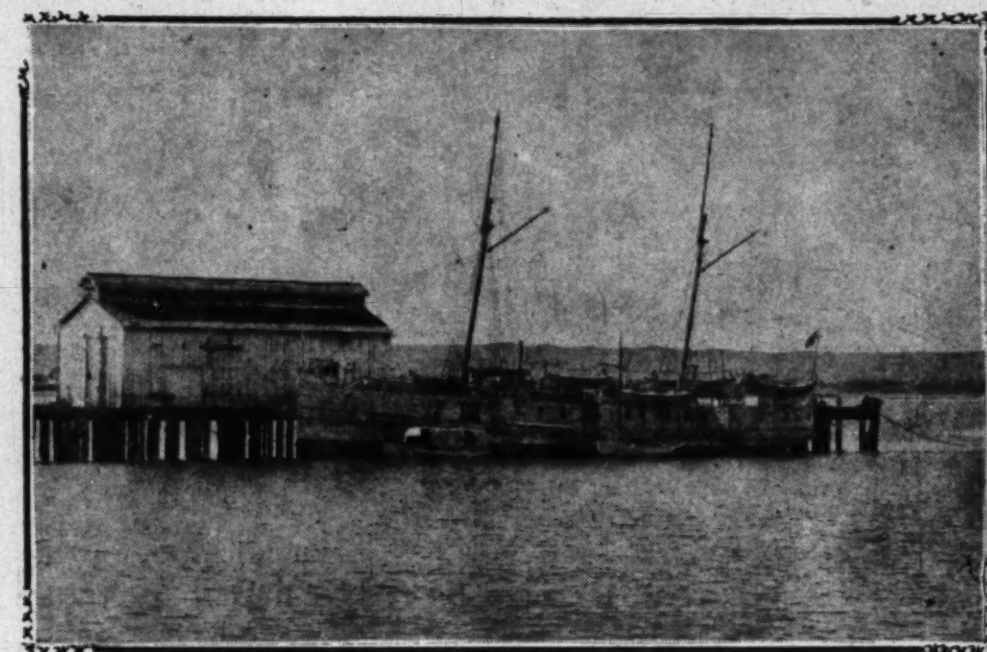
ONCE FASTEST BOAT IN THE NAVY
NOW AT SAN DIEGO.

By a Special Contributor.

SHE looks so neat and trim in her coat of white paint, as she lies alongside the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's wharf at San Diego, that the casual observer would scarcely guess that the Pinta had ever formed an important member of Uncle Sam's navy. When the information is added that, with a speed of only 8.5 knots, she was once the fastest boat in that navy, credulity is put to a severe test; yet both statements are true. Perhaps nothing more striking could be offered to show the strides made in naval construction since the Civil War than the spectacle of a modern cruiser anchored near the Pinta and seeming to look down upon her with good-natured contempt. And yet, taking her lines into account, wooden spar deck and all, the Pinta is remarkably like the modern type of unarmored cruiser, such as the Bancroft, and seems to form a link in the chain of evolution. It is easy to imagine a Kipling conjuring up another bookful of mysterious nautical jargon explaining just how all this came about and what the old and new ships have to say to each other when they meet.

But the comparison must find an end on the most general lines, for in all essentials of the modern warship the Pinta is hopelessly of the past. To compare her with the Bancroft, the smallest of our unarmored cruisers: Her length is 137 feet, the Bancroft's 187.5; her breadth 26 feet, the Bancroft's 32; her draft 10 feet, the Ban-

croft's 12.2; her displacement 550 tons, the Bancroft's 833; her indicated horse power 190, the Bancroft's 1213; and her speed 8.5 knots against the Bancroft's 14. But although she is so hopelessly outclassed, even by the smallest and weakest of our cruisers and fit only to "point a moral and adorn a tale" of what was once thought efficiency, yet the little vessel has a long and honorable record of solid usefulness and genuine service to the country.



She was built at Chester, Pa., in 1865, by Reany, Son & Archibald (the predecessors of John Roach,) and was especially designed for speed and power. The monitor was the dominant type of warship; but the monitor was a poor sailor, and a line of swift and powerful vessels had to be constructed to carry dispatches and act as tugs. These requirements the Pinta fulfilled to admiration. She had an iron hull, sat low in the water, her engines were the best to be had, and she was schooner-rigged besides, and for several years she was the swiftest and most powerful tug connected with the Brooklyn navy yard. Many old residents of New York can remember watching her with admiration while she steamed up and down the bay.

In the latter part of October, 1873, when the Virginius affair occurred, she was in West Indian waters, and played an important part by carrying to the United States the first news of the capture of that vessel. Had war followed, the Pinta might have become as famous in song and story as her historic namesake; but she was destined to run all her course in days of peace, being built at the close of the Civil War and retired before the conflict with Spain began.

As time passed and naval architecture and the construction of engines progressed, the Pinta lost her position at the head of her class, and began to be regarded as a back number. A way was then found to prolong her usefulness by building a wooden spar deck, which entirely covered and doubled her original deck space, and transformed her from a tug to a deep-sea-going vessel. She was then sent to Alaska, and spent many years up and down the Pacific Coast and in northern waters. Early in 1897, after a third of a century of service, she became disabled and was brought to the Mare Island Navy Yard by the Alert, and there condemned. Her frame was still sound and her engines good, though antiquated; it was the boilers which had given way. But there was a law forbidding repairs costing more than 10

per cent. of the original cost of vessels, and this made it impossible to place her in commission again. The Third Division of the Naval Militia, at San Diego, thereupon applied for the assignment of the vessel for their use as a training ship and headquarters, and their request was granted. Upon leaving the navy yard, early in March, 1898, it was supposed she had been put in condition to make the voyage under her own steam. But her flues were thin and a number of them blew out off Black Point, in San Francisco Bay, so that the steam escaped about as fast as it could be made. She was taken back to the navy yard and again patched up, and with careful handling, managed to reach her berth in the southern harbor without further mishap.

Her arrival at San Diego, on March 26, 1898, was the occasion of considerable local rejoicing. The men of the Naval Reserves provided permanently for her care, and she has since remained in the charge of that organization. During the war with Spain, a guard was kept and visitors excluded, as in the case of the old monitor anchored in the stream at San Francisco; but that was the full extent of her war services. The battery sent with the vessel consisted of two smooth-bore howitzers and one Gatling gun. She was well equipped with boats, and had on board twenty marine rifles, twelve cutlasses, frogs, and belts, and twenty-four single sticks. On the main deck are the captain's quarters, which occupy almost a third of the deck space. These quarters consist of office, stateroom, spareroom, bathroom, library, and dining-room. Immediately forward of the captain's quarters is the wardroom, and on each side of it are four good staterooms. Forward of these again is the engine-room, officers' pantry, officers' bath, and still farther forward the crew space. Below the main deck are the storerooms. There is plenty of armor room, and berth room for a hundred men.

With the growing importance of our naval interests on

the Pacific, the coaling station at La Playa, on which work has already been commenced, and the agitation for the establishment of a naval training-school on North Island, San Diegans are inclined to look upon the Pinta with a speculative eye, as the forerunner of much greater things to come.

MILLARD F. HUDSON.

ARTIFICIAL MEN—\$500.

"I could duplicate you for \$500. The speaker was surrounded by dapper skeletons, silvery surgical instruments, brilliant glass eyes, shapely artificial limbs—the usual stock of a surgical dealer.

"Yes," he went on, thoughtfully, "a pair of willow legs to replace yours could be made for \$100. They would be full jointed, springed and tendoned.

"Artificial hands and arms would cost \$125. My hands are wonderful mechanisms. You can write and eat with them. One of my clients, a painter, paints good pictures with a false right hand.

"I'll make you for \$25 a glass eye that will move automatically with your other one. When you swing to the left, the glass pupil swings in unison with the pupil of flesh, deceiving even sweethearts and wives.

"False ears cost \$30, false noses \$25, palates \$10, windpipes \$20, eardrums \$15.

"No, I can't make false stomachs yet. But what's the use? Surgery has proved that man can live without a stomach."

WREATH MAILED TO GRAVE.

"I had a queer job yesterday," said a letter carrier, as he warmed his cold, blue hands. "I delivered a wreath to a grave.

"It was a small wreath of immortelles in a pasteboard box. The address was, 'Grave of James Love, Woodlawn Cemetery, First Lot to Right of Smith Monument.'

"Thousands of times I had passed that cemetery on my rounds, but I never thought to make a delivery to one of the tombs.

"Going in, I found the Love grave easily. I brushed the snow off the mound with my bag, and taking the wreath from its box, I laid it on the bright green grass.

"I consider that the strangest experience of my fourteen years' service."

Yuma Indian Worship.

SOME MYTHICAL AND MYSTERIOUS
TEACHINGS OF A SAGE.

Contributed by a Yuma Indian.

THERE is no race nor tribe on the face of the earth without a religion. Go if you will, to the savage tribes of Indians—heathens they are called—and ask them of the Supreme Being, and you are surprised to know that they, too, have their own Creator whom all the races worship.

You have perhaps seen some strange performances among the Indians—snake, sun or war dances, usually called. Such big gatherings and performances are called feasts, which is wrong; they are ceremonies.

The people of Yuma have within the past few years witnessed two such ceremonies, called in the Yuma tongue Cur-ook. This form of worship is with a great Indian sage who appeared on earth after the deluge. It is hard to believe all the things concerning this great teacher, as most of them are mythical and mysterious; but it is believed by all that was such a teacher among the Indians of North America whom they have as much regard for as the Chinese for Confucius, the Hindus for Krishna, and the Christians for Christ.

Co-mus-tom-hó is the name given to this sage by the various tribes living along the Colorado River from the State of Colorado to the Gulf of California.

No one knew how or where Co-mus-tom-hó came from, but he came and lived among those tribes, taught them many things which were not known to them after his death. When Co-mus-tom-hó had taught the Indians all things that were necessary for them to know he became sick. He was carried to various places which were and are yet said to have spirits within them who are able to cure the sick. It is the spirits in these mountains that the present-day medicine men claim to have received his power to cure certain diseases.

In spite of all the efforts to cure Co-mus-tom-hó, he passed into the beyond after being moved to different mountains, namely: Avee-quai-ner (Love Mountain), Qua-u-sa-wen (Fountain of Life), Avee-quai-lul (Mountain Peak), and Mo-ave (place to cure by burnt roots). It was at the latter mountain that he died and was buried the day after his death.

Before he died, however, Co-mus-tom-hó called together all the tribes and told them that they must love one another; that they must think of him as their father and teacher sent to them by the Great Spirit, whose home he was about to return, not in flesh, but in spirit. He then taught them the four seasons of the year and the signs to tell them that such a season is at hand. The speech he made describing summer is considered the most beautiful of all and is often repeated by the wise old Indians at Cur-ook, which, by the way, is a cry; but this speech has never been and perhaps never will be translated into English by the so-called interpreters, as the language in which the speech is made is a dead language and therefore it is understood by a few.

After they had cremated the body of Co-mus-tom-hó according to his teachings, and covered his ashes with earth so as to conceal the place, all the tribes and all living animals journeyed for many days until they arrived at Fort Mohave, where they high mountain, the top of which was as level as a table. Here the Indians held their first Cur-ook, which lasted four days and four nights. Three days and three nights were spent in making preparations. They did all the necessary articles, such as animal skins, paint and corn, so that they had to spend the time in collecting those things. On the fourth and fifth days everything being ready, they proceeded to the place of the Cur-ook, with prayers and offerings to the Spirit. The rattler used by the singer of the Cur-ook time, which is usually made from the hooves of a deer, was then made from sea shells and pebbles. The rattler was turned into deer hooves by the medicine men. The rattler was ever ready to perform his part in case of an emergency. On the fourth and last night the Cur-ook song was sung. This song contains the whole story of the creation of the world from the time that the earth was in a liquid state to the time of the death of Co-mus-tom-hó.

At dawn the temple, as they call the place where ceremonies are held, together with everything in it, was burned. The ashes of the temple, being considered sacred like Co-mus-tom-hó's bones and ashes, were also concealed by carefully covering the place with earth.

The next morning the different tribes began to move from each other, leaving the Yumas, Cocopahs, Pimas and Dieguenos, who took a southerly course, in the direction of the Colorado River until finally they parted, leaving the Yumas where they are found today.

This is one of the great events in Indian history. Ever since that time this form of worship has been every year to worship the Almighty through the Cur-ook. Though now it is used as a sort of prayer for the Creator for the dead, and some people would believe that they are feasts held in honor of the dead, which is wrong. They are one of the many ways of worshipping the Almighty.

PATRICK M.

A LIFE'S LESSON.

"Punctuality," said the octogenarian, "is the most important man all my life, I believe I wasted quite twelve years waiting for people."

March 3, 1907.]

Historic San Fernando.

RESTORATION OF THE OLD MISSION
TO ITS FORMER PURPOSE.

By a Special Contributor.

FOR many, many years, that old historic building, the San Fernando Mission, has been a relic of the secularization of the missions by the Mexican government, and this, with others, soon fell into ruin. Now, this interesting relic is to be restored, possible, and will be occupied by a community, and will again become a religious center. The days of old. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Connelley, bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, states that the necessary arrangements have been made for the priests, who will have the special care of the work among the Mexicans of this diocese for their parochial work. The community is "The Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," under the supervision of the Rev. B. Marini, by two other priests. Father Marini is the cathedral of that order at San Antonio. The fathers will take charge in a few weeks, when restoration will begin. The piles of debris removed from the courtyard, weeds will be pulled, and the interior of the building will be more like a sacred edifice than for the mission which it has been put during the many years of neglect. For a long time it was used as a warehouse for a locomotive or the cigarette factory would have destroyed the building. Then, as a kitchen for ranchers, and there many of the old played cards, and drank turpentine whiskey. The shaved-head cook in his blue blouse presided over the kitchen formerly held service, and the bell for the dead or summoned the faithful to church, was changed for ranchers to come for their pork.

For a number of years the mission has been a ground for tourists, many of whom were a spirit of vandalism to chip off relics, deface and even cut their ignoble names upon the walls of the tiles, even, were carried away by the tourists to whom nothing is sacred.

A few years ago the Landmarks Club undertook the noble work of the preservation of the mission buildings, and considerable work was done on the building. The monastery was roofed with tiles of 21,000 feet, or nearly half an acre. The breaches in the adobe walls were closed, other windows and rains would have finally completed the destruction. In addition to the tiling an area of the roof has been re-roofed with shakes, and upon the tiles will be laid. The shakes are of Oregon and will last at least a century. However, it is necessary, and the new community will contribute to the timely done by the Landmarks Club.

San Fernando Mission is picturesquely situated in a charming valley between two slopes of the Sierra Nevada range, and down the narrow valley winds the great city of the "Queen of the Mountains," twenty miles distant. The mountains serve as a barrier against the hot winds of the Mojave Desert, and the breeze blows in from the ocean. This is one of the charming spots in Southern California, and it is to know that this peaceful valley will again be the old mission bell as in the days of the mission.

Services will be held every Sunday and on feast days, the community having parochial rights. This community is of Spanish origin, and was founded by Archbishop Anthony Clare, who has since been elevated to the rank of cardinal. The mission was founded by the church. The general quarters are at Aranda de Duro, near Burgos. The headquarters for this continent is in the city of Mexico, and was established there about two years ago. There are nine houses of the order in the United States. The first establishment of the order in the United States was made at San Antonio, Tex., about four years ago. There is another at San Marcos, Tex., and the third at San Fernando. There are about 2000 priests and brothers belonging to the order, the object of which is to promote missions and retreats.

Mission San Fernando Rey de España, or "San Fernando," as it is locally known, was founded in 1797. Friars Lausen and Dumetz came to the ceremonies in the presence of a number of citizens and soldiers, and the aborigines who were the Indians. The place was originally occupied by the Indians and was known as "Acho Comihari." The mission was founded, however, Francisco de Alcala of that district, had located in this valley, and the place now known as San Fernando. "Rancho Reyes." Reyes and the Indians objected to the surrender of their lands to the mission. It seems their objections prevailed not.

A building of wood and grasses was put up, and after Ferdinand III, the then reigning king of Spain, the name being selected by the king of Spain. The near-by mission establishments and their mite in vestments, ornaments, cattle, etc., to give the new establishment a start. There were ten baptisms on the first day of the marriage a few weeks later. Within three years the number of converts had increased. In the latter part of 1806 an adobe church building with a tiled roof, was finished. The tiles were made in Spain. The Indian converts had now nearly 1000, and the worldly affairs of the mission were also prosperous.

One of the most notable events in the history of the building was the earthquake on Sunday, Dec.

Historic San Fernando.

RESTORATION OF THE OLD MISSION
TO ITS FORMER PURPOSE.

By a Special Contributor.

FOR many, many years, that old historic landmark, the San Fernando Mission building, has been closed to the religious world. Its flock dispersed after the secularization of the missions by the Mexican government, and this, with others, soon fell into decay. But now, this interesting ruin is to be restored, as far as possible, and will be occupied by a community of priests, and will again become a religious center, as it was in the days of old. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, states that the necessary arrangements have been made for the coming of the priests, who will have the special care of mission-work among the Mexicans of this diocese, in addition to their parochial work. The community is known as "the sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," and will be under the supervision of the Rev. B. Marinas, assisted by two other priests. Father Marinas is the superior of the cathedral of that order at San Antonio, Tex. The fathers will take charge in a few weeks, when the work of restoration will begin. The piles of debris will be removed from the courtyard, weeds will be uprooted, the walls, and the interior of the building made to look more like a sacred edifice than for the many uses to which it has been put during the many years of its history. For a long time it was used as a hay barn. A track from a locomotive or the cigarette of a tramp would have destroyed the building. Then, it was used as a kitchen for ranchers, and there many of them slept, drank, and drank turpentine whisky. A Celestial head-and-neck in his blue blouse presided where the meat formerly held service, and the bell which tolled for the dead or summoned the faithful to service, now rang for ranchers to come for their pork and beans. For a number of years the mission has been a stamping ground for tourists, many of whom were moved by a spirit of vandalism to chip off relics, deface the walls, and even on their ignoble names upon the altar. Many of the tiles, even, were carried away by these vandals, and nothing is spared.

A few years ago the Landmarks Club undertook the work of the preservation of the mission church, and considerable work was done on this one. The monastery was roofed with tiles—a roof of 12,000 feet, or nearly half an acre. The immense adobe walls were closed, otherwise the rain and sun would have finally completed their destruction. In addition to the tiling an area of about 7000 feet has been re-roofed with shakes, and upon this roof-tiles will be laid. The shakes are of Oregon pine, and will last at least a century. However, more work is necessary, and the new community will complete that which was done by the Landmarks Club.

The San Fernando Mission is picturesquely situated in a valley between two slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and down the narrow valley winds a broad river, the great city of the "Queen of the Angels," and the mountains serve as a barrier to the hot winds of the Mojave Desert, and a mild breeze from the ocean. This is one of the most beautiful spots in Southern California, and it is delightful to know that this peaceful valley will again echo the old mission bell as in the days of the neophytes. The mission will be held every Sunday and on feast days, and will have parochial rights. This religious community is of Spanish origin, and was founded in 1849 by Father Anthony Claret, who has since been declared venerable by the church. The general headquarters are at Aranda de Duero, near Burgos, Spain. The missionaries for the continent is in the City of San Antonio, Tex., about four years ago. There are also houses of the order there. The establishment of the order in the United States was at San Antonio, Tex., about four years ago. The mission of San Marcos, Tex., and the one just founded at San Fernando is the third in the United States. There are about 2000 priests and brothers belonging to the order, the object of which is to give missions to the Indians.

The San Fernando Rey de España, or "San Fernando," is locally known, was founded on September 18, 1812. Fathers Lasso and Dumetz conducted the mission in the presence of a number of Mexican soldiers, and the aborigines who lived in the place were originally occupied by a tribe known as "Acho Comihavit." Before the mission was founded, however, Francisco Reyes, who had been a soldier, had located in this peaceful place now known as San Fernando was "San Fernando." Reyes and the Indians both agreed to the surrender of their lands to the friars, and their objections prevailed not. A small mission was put up, and it was named after Ferdinand III, the then reigning monarch, the name being selected by the Viceroy. The year-by-mission establishments contributed to the mission in vestments, ornaments, cattle, horses, and so on. The new establishment a start in the mission was ten baptisms on the first day, and a few weeks later. Within three months the number of converts had increased to 350. In the year 1816 an adobe church building, which was finished. The tiles were brought from the Indian converts had now increased to 350, and the worldly affairs of the establishment were prosperous.

One of the most notable events in the history of this mission was the earthquake on Sunday, December

21, 1812. The walls were considerably weakened by the shock, and it was necessary to strengthen them with thirty beams. The shock occurred at the hour of services, and the Indians stampeded, believing that the Great Father was angry and that the end of the world was near. A few years later, a tiled corridor extending to the right of the building was added; also, a pretty fountain and a basin of masonry were placed in the courtyard. This fountain was removed a few years ago, amid a storm of protests.

During the period of the mission's existence 2839 persons were baptized, about half being Indian adults, and the remainder were Indian children, with the exception of about fifty Mexicans. At the height of its prosperity it owned 13,000 head of cattle, 8000 sheep, 1000 goats, and other animals in proportion. The yield of wheat was 115,000 bushels; barley, 5000 bushels; corn, 30,000; and beans 4000.

The Indian population had increased to 1100, and a chapel was added in 1819. The mission had now reached its highest state of prosperity. The pueblo of Los Angeles bought about \$5000 worth of supplies yearly from the mission. At this time, the lands of the mission extended east and west for ten leagues, and five leagues north and south. From this period the decline of the mission began. There was a movement on foot, a few years later, to establish an ex-neophyte town near the church, but it failed.

The mission was secularized in 1834, and in October of that year Antonio del Valle was placed in charge of the vast estate as "comisionado." All of the property was confiscated to the government, except about 200 acres of land and the church buildings. San Fernando Mission was reduced to a parish of the second class, allowing the priest a salary of \$1000 a year. The inventory included \$20,000 worth of hides, and \$5000 in money, 32,000 vines, valued at \$16,000; buildings, \$15,000; 1600 fruit trees, valued at \$2400; 6000 head of cattle; 3000 head of sheep; 5000 bushels of grain; but the horses and mules had decreased in number to about 500. The Indian population had begun to decrease in 1830; and at the time of the secularization numbered only 792. The church building was 180 by 120 feet tile-roofed, and had a board ceiling, brick floor, and the adobe walls were three feet in thickness.

In 1843 the mission was restored to the Catholic community, and Friar Blas Ordaz was placed in charge. There were then only about 300 Indians in and around the mission. At the time of the secularization, applications were made for the confiscated lands, and the church was practically shorn of its resources. In December, 1845, Gov. Pio Pico leased the establishment to his brother Andres Pico and Juan Manso. Finally, on June 17, 1846, he sold the mission to Eulogio Celis for \$14,000, stipulating that Celis should support the missionary and give the Indians the use of the land they occupied during their lifetime. The friar remained until the following May, when he retired—the last regular minister at that place. There was some doubt as to the legal right of the Governor to sell the mission, but the sale was subsequently confirmed by the Land Commission.

Two amusing incidents occurred at this historic mission in 1808, and have been handed down to history in "foot notes." An Indian from the Tulare region appeared with a "strange flag," and it was considered as a declaration of war against California. The Indian bore a British flag, and he wanted to know how many "pale faces" there were in the country. Britain was spying out the land, with a view of possible conquest. The Indian spy was told to take a long walk.

When Napoleon upset the Spanish throne, and placed his brother Joseph in the seat contested by Carlos IV and his son, Ferdinand VII, the people of San Fernando refused to recognize the "French usurper." The half-dozen soldiers were drawn up in line, reinforced by the Indian neophytes, and amid the salvos of blunderbuses, the dethroned Carlo VII was recognized as King of Spain and of California.

The old church has a "war record," as well as one of peace and good will. It was the camping ground of Mexican armies during their periodical revolutions, and in this building the unscarred and bloodless generals discussed terms of peace, and settled the matter of the Governorship of California—until the next revolution. Here, also, camped "Gen." Flores, who led the revolt against the Americans after the conquest of California; and, a few days later, a battalion under the command of Fremont arrived, and completed the destruction of the interior of the buildings.

The first time that the mission was converted into a military headquarters was in 1831. Gov. Victoria came down from Monterey to quell a revolution which had been hatched by Portilla and Pacheco. He marched his army from the mission to the "plains of Cahuenga," where his corps of 100 cholos met the revolutionists. The battle was confined to Pacheco on one side and Avila and the Governor on the other. Pacheco and Avila were killed, Victoria was wounded with a lance thrust. He resigned, and was sent out of the country. Figueroa became Governor.

In the next year the mission became the headquarters of Gov. Alvarado, whose grand army consisted of 110 cholos and two small cannon. A revolution had been organized by José Sepulveda, who wanted to reign in his stead. Castro and Carlos Carillo also wanted to be Governor, but a compromise was made by giving Carillo an island to govern (Santa Rosa) after the manner of Don Quixote's compromise with Sancho Panza. Alvarado held on to his office.

In the San Fernando Valley, near the mission building, gold was first discovered in 1842, antedating the discovery of Marshall by six years. Francisco Lopez had gone out to search for his employer's mules, and while digging for onions as an appetizer for his dinner, found a few grains of gold. There was a "rush" to the valley from the pueblo of Los Angeles, and a number of claims were located. About \$10,000 was taken out during the

season, and, as every one had enough, the mines were abandoned. Saul went out in search of his father's asses and found a kingdom; but Lopez contented himself with a few nuggets of gold, and died in poverty.

Another noted incident in the military-religious history of the mission dates with that of the great battle of "Cahuenga Plains," or the "Alamo." Gov. Michelto-reña dated his dispatches from the mission under the caption of "Campo Fernando," and according to them his dispositions were as great as those of Napoleon at Campo Ferno. Gen. José Castro and Pio and Andres Pico had "pronounced" against the Governor, and marched from Los Angeles with an "army" of 400 men, some of them tried, if not true. The army marched up the winding Los Angeles River to the plains of Cahuenga, and there sent a herald to the Governor. The Governor had a force of about the same size and equally as eager for blood. Each side had two small, smooth-bore cannon. After hurling his anathema at the enemy from mission headquarters, the Governor marched out to the field. Cannonading continued at long range during that fateful Sunday, February 22, 1845. When the smoke of battle lifted, it was found that the guns of the Governor had beheaded a mule belonging to the "patriots," and that a cannon shot from their side had taken a wheel off one of the guns of the Governor. The Governor ran up a white flag; the treaty of "eternal peace" was signed at the mission, and Pio Pico became Governor.

During the latter part of December, 1847, and the first part of the following month, about 500 revolutionists under Gen. Flores were stationed at the mission on the lookout for a battalion under Fremont which was reported to be coming from Monterey. The Mexicans had "pronounced" against the American occupation. The rapid march of Commodore Stockton's marines on Los Angeles compelled the revolutionists to change their base, and they moved down through Cahuenga Pass toward Los Angeles. At the San Gabriel River crossing, they met the advancing Americans and a skirmish followed. They were driven back to the mesa, and Los Angeles was occupied by the Americans on January 8, and the revolution was ended. Fremont and his battalion arrived at San Fernando on January 9, the day after, and camped there for several days. It was here that arrangements were made for a surrender of the scattered revolutionists. Jesus Pico acted as scout and persuaded the leaders that Fremont would give easier terms than Commodore Stockton would. A pardon was granted to all except Flores and a few other leaders. Strictly, under military regulations, Fremont had not the authority to receive a surrender, as he was not on the battlefield at the time of the engagement, and, besides, his superior officer and the commander of the forces was present. This action led to much unfavorable comment, and Fremont was censured for his conduct.

J. M. SCANLAND.

LIFE AS A COAL PASSER.

ONE OF THE LAST CONTRIBUTIONS OF A LAMENTED AUTHOR.

[Josiah Flynt, in Success Magazine.] The call to go up the ladders was the sweetest sound I heard throughout the trip. First, the men to relieve us would come clattering down, and soon after we were free to go back again to daylight and fresh air. There was generally a shout of gladness on such occasions, the firemen being quite as happy as the inexperienced trimmers. My little Italian friend used to sing "Santa Lucia" on nearly every climb bathwards and bunkwards. A wash-down awaited all of us at the top, and soon after a sumptuous meal, in quantity and wholesomeness certainly as good as anything given the saloon passengers. The head fireman insisted on our eating all we could. He wanted able-bodied, well-nourished trimmers on his staff, and I, at least, often had to eat more than I wanted or really needed.

One day I decided to try to escape a watch. The night before I hardly slept at all; my eyes were painfully sore from cinders getting into them, and I was generally pretty well used up. Other men had been relieved of duty at different times, and it seemed to me that my turn was due. I went to the doctor.

"Well?" he said in English. I dwelt mainly on my sore eyes, telling him how the heat inflamed them.

"Let me see them," and he threw back the lids in turn, washing out each eye as if it had been a marble-top table.

"How about 'em now?" he questioned, after throwing away the blackened cloth. It would have paid to tell him that they were better if only to keep him from going at them again.

"Oh, but my lame back!" I replied, glad to shift the doctor's attention in that direction. The worst he could do to my back was to put a plaster on it, I reasoned, and this would almost certainly relieve me of one watch at least.

"Don't stoop so much," was all he would recommend. "What else?"

"Well, doctor," I pursued, "I'm sick, sick all over. I need at least one watch to rest up in."

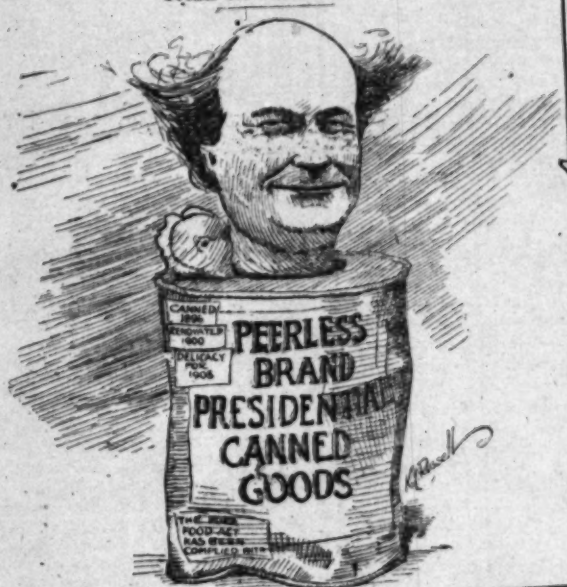
The good man became facetious.

"Why, we're all sick," he laughed. "The captain, the first officer, the cook and what not. We're terribly short-handed. If you don't keep your watches, the ship simply won't go, and heaven knows when we'll see Bremerhaven."

I smiled a very sickly smile and retired. If the old Elbe was so hard up for propulsion power that my weak services were unequivocally necessary, then, of course, I must do my utmost to save the lives, perhaps, of the precious freight in the cabin—but, oh! how I wished I had remained in Hoboken, had done anything but become a coal passer.

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day

STILL ON THE MARKET



[WASHINGTON POST]

SLOT MACHINES FOR COURT BUILDINGS.



[CHICAGO NEWS]

TEDDY'S LATEST MASTERPIECE



This picture Artist Teddy paints
is, though he did it quick,
A masterpiece, as all agree.
Done with his good Big Stick.

[BALTIMORE AMERICAN]

'LET THERE BE LIGHT'



J. D. Rockefeller Donates \$32,000,000 to the Board of General Education.

[SPRINGFIELD REVIEW]

"PORK" BARREL OPENING AT WASHINGTON



"TIGHT GRIP ON THE HANDLE, UCCLE JOE, PLEASE!"

[SABINIAN EVENING NEWS]



"HOW ABOUT ME?"

[DENVER POST]

Ezzie Wygelia.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A SUBSISTIVE SPIRIT.

By a Special Contributor.

"M Y Ezzie Wygelia don't," declared Mrs. Buck in a tone of polite triumph. "She's well-known to answer me back. But Ezzie Wygelia is the best girl that ever trod a down dale, if I do say it myself."

Mrs. Buck cleared her throat.

"Well, I do know," she said at last, deliberately answerin' back in so terrible. As I was just a valette does answer back. She's so smart to help it. She's always got an answer just in her mouth, a-waitin' to come oupt, her pa says. Somebody's skim-milk. I tell you," added Mrs. Buck proudly, "she steps high."

There was silence for a few moments. The back said: "I hear Ezzie Wygelia's young man comin' up from Tacoma for over Sunday."

"Yes, he is," replied Mrs. Ladd. She laid her hand on her lap. Her mouth fell into more cordial lines.

"That'll be nice. We none o' us ever see him."

"Mrs. Ladd looked out the window. It had been that a cloud passed over the sun, but it was brightly."

"He's a real fine young man," she said, not wanting to see how he ever took a notion to Ezzie Wygelia.

"He likes his fun—an' he so quiet an' gentle. I like her underclo's made," she added suddenly, with a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Buck's eyes twinkled suddenly with enjoyment. "I wouldn't be a speck surprised," she declared, "if a valette'd take a notion to get Ezzie Wygelia's beau away from her! Not a speck."

"She'd be terrible seekin' if she did," said Mrs. Ladd. She spoke calmly, but her lips trembled and grew white.

Mrs. Ladd rolled the lambrequin around the neck of the chair and stood up. "I'll have to be goin'," she said.

Twenty young people were decorating the church for a social service. Lavalette Buck was up on a ladder, draping twin-flower vine around the chancel.

She was a beautiful girl, with reddish-gold hair, and dark, stary eyes and saucy scarlet lips.

A young man held the ladder, and watched her as she worked.

"I wish Ezzie Wygelia'd come," she said, glancing down at the door. "Her beau's coming with her. What's his name, Fred?"

"Clarence Bunnell."

"Oh, yes, Bunnell. I knew it was Clarence. No wonder that a pretty name. Wonder if it'll ever be Ezzie's?"

"Looks that way, don't it?"

"Looks are cheap— Tch! Tch! Here they come!"

"I did you ever? She's bringing him right in!"

"I'm upon this stepladder!"

"He scrambled down, laughing and blushing and revealing a very pretty ankle."

"Miss Buck," said Ezzie Wygelia, with a polite bow, "was fairly stiff with happy embarrassment."

"Bunnell."

"The two looked at each other as they acknowledged the introduction. The young man was very good-looking."

"He had a free manner and an air of perfect confidence."

"Ezzie Wygelia's eyes dwelt upon him with shy pride."

"I'm happy to meet you, Miss Buck," he said, with a firm and rigid handshake.

"Lavalette sank upon a low step of the ladder, her head at the waist. She put the backs of both hands to her sides of her waist, as she had seen the ladies do on the war vessels when the officers were entering."

"Her full dark eyes met and challenged the young man."

"You're thinking I'm a sight," she said, saucily.

"A sight to look at all night," he returned promptly.

"That's a white fib!" The crimson was deeper in her cheeks, the scarlet in her lips.

"It's the truth. I'll prove it."

"His eyes dwelt upon her steadily, with bold address."

"She turned her head from side to side, with a harassed air."

"Stop looking at me so!" she commanded, through her dimples.

"I'll give me something easy."

"You mind me now. My face just burns. You can't match on it."

"Ezzie Wygelia!" called one of the girls from the side of the church. "Come and hang wreaths."

"Hang wreaths!" mimicked Lavalette. "That's all right. Hang wreaths, and hang everything. I'll hang up and finish this chandelier. Oh, Mr. Bunnell, have to hold the ladder for me; Fred's gone."

"Ezzie Wygelia had been looking and listening in amazement. Her head whirled a little with the effort to understand."

"I'd like to take Clarence with me and introduce him to you," she said, timidly.

"Well, take him, then," Lavalette sat down and waited till he came back."

"When Mr. Bunnell had bestowed his bow and a handshake upon all the girls, he said: 'Well, come back and help Miss Buck.'"

"Ezzie Wygelia's eyes followed him wistfully."

"She was sweet and brown-haired and good-looking. She was not pretty. She could not help seeing how graceful Lavalette looked on the ladder."

"Which would you rather do," said Lavalette.

Ezzie Wygella.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A SUBMISSIVE SPIRIT.

By a Special Contributor.

"Ezzie Wygella don't," declared Mrs. Ladd, in a tone of polite triumph. "She was never known to answer me back. But then my daughter is the best girl that ever trod up hill or down hill, if I do say it myself."

"She don't answer me back."

"I don't know," she said at last, deliberately, "as far as I know, she is so terrible. As I was just a-sayin' to you, she don't answer me back. She's so smart she can't be made to come out, her pa says. She ain't no more than a milk. I tell you," added Mrs. Buck, "she don't answer me back."

"She don't answer me back for a few moments. Then Mrs. Ladd said: 'I hear Ezzie Wygella's young man bean is out of town Tacoma for over Sunday.'

"He is," replied Mrs. Ladd. She laid her work down, her mouth fell into more cordial lines.

"I don't know. We none o' us ever see him. Lavalette said he was out of town Tacoma for over Sunday."

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her mouth full of pins, "decorate churches for Sunday, or dance?"

"Dance," Mr. Bunnell replied, briefly.

"So would I. There's going to be a dance Tuesday night."

His face lighted, but fell at once. "Much good it'll do me!"

"Why don't you dance?"

"Yes, but—" he glanced in the direction of his betrothed, "she don't."

"Well, my goodness!" Lavalette put her hands on her waist and looked down at him scornfully. "Are you tied to her apron strings already?"

"No—but I guess her mother'd make a row."

"Oh, well, let her. You can't miss this dance. It's out on the warship. It's for the Episcopal Church, so everybody can go and dance for a dollar."

"Oh, say! Jolly me, but I'd like to take that in."

"You'll have to. It's beautiful. Lanterns hung all over, and good music. I'll dance a two-step with you."

"One two-step?"

"No, that would be a three-step."

"You're too clever! If I go, you'll dance three two-steps."

"Oh, oh! That would be a six-step."

"And four waltzes—every waltz on the programme. I bet you can waltz!"

"I bet I can, too," returned Lavalette, giving him a delicious smile.

Her companion was not a bad young man; he was only weak and easily flattered. When a charming woman flatters a weak man he is done for. She can work her will on him. Clarence Bunnell had no intention of being untrue to his sweetheart; he was simply unable to resist the fascinations of a coquette.

The dark waters of Puget Sound stretched away to meet the darker forest on all sides. A mile out from the wharf the warship lay glittering. Bulwarks, decks, masts, halyards, all were outlined with electric lights.

Large boats and small boats were carrying the people out to the ship. The invited guests of the officers were taken in launches and dinghys.

Mr. Bunnell had persuaded Ezzie Wygella to go. "Just to look on!" he pleaded, until at last she consented.

Lavalette joined them at the wharf. "Oh!" she cried, joyfully. "Now papa can go home. He was just suffering. You'll let me go with you, won't you, Ezzie Wygella?"

"Why yes, do," said Ezzie Wygella.

"Well," said Lavalette, whose spirits rose as soon as she heard the music. "This deck is fine for dancing, and the music is great, isn't it?"

"It's just great," responded Mr. Bunnell, with the air of a critic.

"They're playing a two-step," cried Lavalette.

"So they are. We're wasting time. Ezzie Wygella, you sit here, and Miss Buck and I'll do a turn."

It was a long turn, Ezzie Wygella thought; and it was followed by waltzes and more two-steps. She sat alone most of the time, and she did a great deal of thinking. She got firmly fixed in her mind a picture of two figures moving around and around so continuously that the woman's soft white arm seemed to encircle the man. She knew it didn't, but it seemed to; and she found it hurting her throat.

It was midnight when they stopped dancing. "Why, it's late!" cried Lavalette, breathing hard.

"It is so."

"Who'd have thought it? Why, it seemed early."

"It seemed late to me," said Ezzie Wygella, simply.

Then they went home. Ezzie Wygella kept thinking all the way home. She had never thought so hard in all her life.

Ezzie Wygella, her mother and Mr. Bunnell were all in the sitting-room the following afternoon, when Mrs. Ladd, sitting by the window, saw Lavalette coming up the path.

"Here comes Lavalette," she announced grimly. In her heart she added: "Oh, if Ezzie Wygella'd only rise up, I'd give my soul an' all! Lavalette'd rise up in a hurry if the shoe was on the other foot."

She opened the door. "Oh, you?" she said, briefly. "You come in?"

Ezzie Wygella sat still. Her fingers trembled together in her lap. She looked steadily at Lavalette.

"I found a bunch of star flowers," said that young lady, advancing cheerfully. "I'll give them to Mr. Bunnell for his buttonhole."

Ezzie Wygella rose and took them swiftly out of Lavalette's hand. "I'll put them in water," she said; it seemed to her that her voice shook against her teeth.

"When he wants to wear flowers in his buttonhole I'll give them to him. You set down?"

"Why, the very idea!" cried Lavalette, turning red.

"Has he got apron strings on him? Can't I give him a flower for his buttonhole? That's a pretty note!"

"When he wants a flower for his buttonhole I'll give it to him," repeated Ezzie Wygella. She was very pale.

There was a look about her mouth her mother had never seen there before. It gave her mingled joy and terror.

Mr. Bunnell moved his feet about uneasily.

"It's real cool today," said Lavalette, sitting down.

"How comes you're out?" asked Ezzie Wygella. "Do you want anything a-special?"

"Why, no; I just run over—"

"You never do run over when we're alone. I'd laugh to see myself run over to your house when you had company."

Lavalette had regained her composure. She threw her hand over her face, and looked at Mr. Bunnell through her fingers.

"You're a naughty boy," she said. "You're on the dance block. Shame on you! I can see your apron strings!"

The young man turned white. She had gone too far. She had made him ridiculous in his own eyes. But at

once he became aware that Ezzie Wygella had crossed the room and stood before him.

"You want her or me?" she asked briefly and quietly. "How? What?"

"You want her or me? I've got enough foolishness. You make up your mind, and answer up."

"This is a pretty note!" cried Lavalette, fluttering and red. "It's a pity if I can't—"

"You hush up. I'm talking. I'm engaged to marry this young man, but if he wants you he can have you. He's just got to say. That's all. You answer up now—"

"I came after Kansas starter!" exclaimed Lavalette, fluttering and red. "Ma's all out. 'I can't stay.'"

"You want her or me?"

"I want you. I always did want you. If I hadn't I wouldn't have asked you."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

Ezzie Wygella turned to Lavalette. There was no triumph on her face. "We're all out of Kansas starter, too," she said pleasantly. "It's too bad you ran all the way over here, and all for nothing, too," she added, slowly. "And when you're in such a hurry so, I'm sorry you have to go right away."

She still stood in a temporary attitude. Lavalette rose slowly. "Maybe Mrs. Rynearson'll have some. I'll go over and see."

She bowed distantly to Mr. Bunnell and to Mrs. Ladd, Ezzie Wygella opened the door for her.

"I'm sorry you're in such a hurry so," she said. "You only come once in a coon's age. I expect it'll be a full year before you come here again. I expect," she spoke slowly and deliberately, "you won't set foot in the house again till after I'm married. Maybe not then; you're so secluded."

She closed the door after the departing and crestfallen Lavalette. "It looks like rain," she said, pleasantly, to Mr. Bunnell. "There's a chinook wind blowing."

ELLA HIGGINSON.

[Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.]

FARM COLLEGE ON WHEELS.

MORRIS K. JESUP'S UNIQUE METHOD OF INSTRUCTING NEGRO FARMERS.

[New York Tribune:] This year Morris K. Jesup set on foot an expedition about which little has been heard. It is not an expedition to discover the North Pole or an enterprise to study the habits of the peoples in the neighborhood of Bering Strait. On the contrary, its field is the area of agricultural ignorance to be found in the Black Belt. It carries no sledges, no coal, no piles of sleeping bags, no ice-breaking machines. Instead of a ship the vehicle is a wagon. Instead of supplies of concentrated food it carries samples of choice vegetables. In the place of machinery for repairing breakdowns it carries plows, planters, a cultivator, a cotton chopper, a variety of seeds, samples of fertilizers, a revolving churn, a butter mold, a cream separator and a milk tester. No maritime charts are part of the equipment of this expedition. Their places are taken by charts of cows with udders of five gallons' capacity at the very least and charts showing by comparison the difference between plants grown from seeds sown upon unfertilized and stony ground and those springing from seeds strewn upon good ground properly prepared. Instead of engines the motive power of this vehicle is a pair of homely mules. In fact, this expedition is an agricultural college on wheels, going about Macon county, Ala., under the auspices of the Tuskegee Institute. It is a missionary enterprise intended to reach the parents who are too much occupied in supporting the present and future students in Tuskegee themselves to have an opportunity to take advantage of their institute's courses. It carries to these the gospel of more profitable methods of working their patches of ground.

On some fine morning an odd-looking wagon draws up in front of a plantation. Over the canvas side appears the legend, "The Jesup Agricultural Wagon." Seated in it are a couple of neatly dressed negroes. In the field is a negro in overalls, undershirt and ragged straw hat. As he shouts at the mules and jerks on the plow handles his face grows shiny with moisture. The toiling negro stops when he gets around near the wagon to discover what it is. He watches with interest, mopping his face the while, as a modern, labor-saving plow is lifted out and carried into the field.

"What do you alls gwine do?" he inquires.

The plow deposited in the field, the perspiring negro is invited to hitch his mule to it and use it.

"This may be a good plow for some," he says, "but for me, give me the old 'scutter'."

He is persuaded to use it, however, for a few minutes. Then he is asked to compare the amount of work done and the character of the furrow with that done and turned by his own implement. He can hardly be separated from the new plow after the convincing test.

At another time the wagon draws up in front of a plantation where the corn is being laboriously plowed over. When the possibilities of a cultivator that will make seven furrows while one is being turned by the old-styled implement, and using only one animal, have been demonstrated, there is the same difficulty in parting from the farmer. In substance, he utters the language of the testimonial writer: "If I could not secure another I would not part with this one for five times its cost." He resolves to own one himself, and in course of time he is the pleased possessor of a labor-saving device. Thus is the lesson of improved machinery taught.

A HOPE.

The condor kills its prey with its bill. It is to be hoped that the fashionable milliners, as Easter approaches, will not attempt to emulate the cruel bird in this.

Our Consular Service.

IT IS ABOUT TO BE PUT UPON AN ENTIRELY NEW BASIS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Americanization of the consular service has already been begun, and it will be carried out in a thorough manner. Incidentally there will be a complete upset of the present system, and foreigners will no longer be employed as clerks of agents. At present one-half of all the minor places in connection with our consulates abroad are filled by foreigners—a plan the absurdity of which is sufficiently obvious, inasmuch as they care nothing for promoting the trade of the United States. As for interpreters in oriental countries, those we employ are all natives; but specially-trained Americans are to be substituted as soon as possible.

The reason for employing foreigners as consular clerks and consular agents hitherto has been that

pretty thorough course of preliminary study. A good acquaintance with at least one foreign language counts high, but not less important is some degree of familiarity with trade conditions in various countries. Having passed the examination, the candidate cannot become a full consul right away, but is eligible only to appointment as consular clerk or consular agent—the two lowest grades.

The places in question are purposely made desirable for young men, the pay to start with being in no case less than \$1000 per year. As an additional incentive, the prospect of reasonably rapid promotion offers itself—the man who proves himself capable passing from a consular clerkship to a consular agency, thence to a vice-consulship, and finally to a full consulship. He may even look forward to becoming eventually a consul-general, if his merit warrants.

This is the keynote—merit. Hitherto politics have governed the consular service almost exclusively, and Congressmen have customarily obtained the places for persons of their own choice. Indeed, this is one reason why the business of the United States has been so poorly attended to abroad. But a radical change has been made,

general at London, Liverpool and Paris receiving \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year. Peculiarly speaking, these jobs, the fattest in the gift of the President, have become more desirable than ambassadorships, which pay only \$17,500.

Then there is the matter of permanent homes for consulates abroad. We ought, of course, to own a sort of premises for such purposes at every important seaport. It would not cost very much, and would add enormously to our prestige.

A very important feature of the new plan is the establishment of schools for interpreters at Peking and Tientsin. To these schools young Americans are being sent, the idea being that they shall go through a course of study for two years, at the end of which they are expected to know enough of the Chinese, or of the Japanese language to get along nicely. They are then to be assigned to the various consulates at the seaports of China and Japan, taking the places of the native interpreters who have hitherto been utilized. Inasmuch as such natives are usually not reliable, and not infrequently are the change is one of obvious desirableness.

The Carlyle House

OLD CHELSEA A SHRINE SOUGHT BY HERO WORSHIPERS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE is no district in all London, or any other land, richer in memories than Old Chelsea. The shrine more eagerly sought by hero worshippers from all lands, than the home where Jane Carlyle lived for half a century.

The house was opened to visitors as a shrine in 1895, and a large percentage of visitors are Americans. This country took a keen interest in the purchase of this home, and was one of the tributors to the cause of so doing.

It is a neighborhood where many great men lived, but the Carlyle home stands paramount, and if you would know the others, find it seems to be the premise from which the others are logically reckoned, and is the only one with the exception of that of Leigh Hunt.

The house is a classical old one, built about 1750, on Cheyne Walk, a wide street in Old Chelsea, bordered with large trees to the Thames. It is even now in a good state of preservation that would put to shame many modern buildings built within the last twenty-five or fifty years. Minor changes only have taken place in all the red tile roof has been replaced by one of old cornice had disappeared, and the front had been modernized, unfortunately. But in the of the small panes of old still prevail.

The caretaker called our attention to the fact that on one of the panes in Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom, Harriet Knowles cleaned all the windows in the house and painted part in the year 18 of age, March 18, before Thomas Carlyle was born. The aristocratic door of heavy oak is the same that opened to many years ago when he paid his first visit to the house; then, and on subsequent visits, the



The Garden

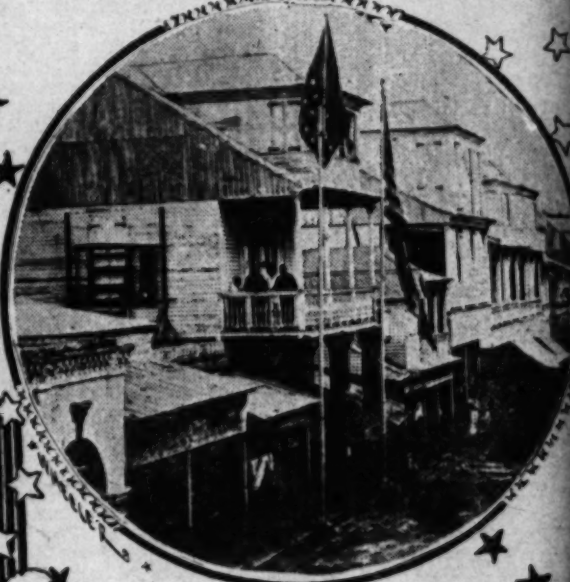
pressed him most favorably. His own description of the home at the time he leased it at £35 a year—a house he paid throughout his lifetime—is of interest. The house itself is eminent, antique wainscoted to the ceiling, and has been all new painted and redecorated with massive balustrade (in the style); corniced and as thick as one's thigh; so solid as a rock. "And then as to the rooms. Three stories beside the sunk story, in every one three apartments in depth, something like forty all—a front dining-room (marble chimney piece then a back dining-room or breakfast-room, a little lower by reason of the kitchen stairs; then, out and narrower still (to allow a back window to be added), a china-room or pantry, or I know not what shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole. Such is the ground area, which of course contains the top, and furnishes every bedroom with a dressing room or second bedroom; on the whole a most roomy, sufficient old house with places, for example, hang, say three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as crevices and queer old presses and shelved close light and new painted in their way) as would gratify most covetous Goody—rent, thirty-five pounds!" was certainly cheap for a house so worthy in every respect the great master and his many distinguished guests—Charles Dickens, Smollett, Emerson, Henry Tennyson, Huxley, Tyndall, Harriet Martineau, and many more. Today the caretaker, an intelligent woman, will show you their letters, written at various epochs to both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, which are given by glass cases throughout the rooms of the house.

A good deal of the furniture has been removed, there are still a few fine pieces in almost every room. There are, too, a goodly number of pictures, several pieces of old silver—Sheffield candlesticks. An attempt has been made to keep the house as much as possible as it was in the days of the Carlyles. "The sunk kitchen," where Jane Carlyle's soul was so in the making of bread, is one of the most interesting rooms in the house. This is almost always true of

RENE B.



U.S. Consulate at Chingking



U.S. Consulate at Jerusalem



American representatives at Tientsin



U.S. Consulate at Tientsin, China

Americans could not be found who would accept the places for the niggardly pay allowed. Thus it comes about that at the present time our government is represented all over the world, and especially at seaports in the Orient, by aliens, who take the jobs because a certain amount of prestige attaches to them. When a port is not important enough to be provided with a full-fledged consul, a vice-consul or consular agent is appointed, who performs the duties—often incidentally to the running of a store of some sort.

Our consular service has been rendered in this way ridiculous. For it should be remembered that the consuls of the United States are the business representatives of this country abroad, and the most important feature of their work is the pushing of our trade interests. Now, however, this absurd system is to be put aside, and the foreigners who hold the offices in question will be gently extruded therefrom, to make room for Americans. It will be necessary, of course, to raise the pay in order to invite capable men into the service.

The reorganization of the consular service is already going on, under an order recently issued by President Roosevelt. Under this order no applicant is admitted without passing a rigid examination, which requires a

and henceforward nobody will be appointed, or promoted, except by reason of capacity shown and satisfaction rendered. The service is to be as free from politics as the army and navy.

Poor pay, it is true, has militated greatly against the efficiency of the service. First-rate men being unobtainable from choice offered, incompetents naturally secured the jobs. This, again, is to be altered. According to the plan contemplated, full consuls are in no case to receive less in future than \$2500 per annum, and from that salary they will be graded up, according to the importance of their posts, to consul-generalships, at \$8000 or \$10,000. When this has been brought about, our business representatives abroad will no longer be obliged to live in poverty—as has happened in many an instance under the old plan.

In fact, it has frequently happened that our consuls have been compelled to live under literally poverty-stricken circumstances, being forced to depend for their income largely upon precarious fees. This, again, is to be done away with. There are to be no more fees—or, more accurately speaking, all moneys thus received will be turned over to the government. One disadvantage of the fee system is that it has made the remuneration of a few officers in the service absurdly large, the consuls-

The management of the personnel of the consular service is to be altogether different in future—its being moved about at will from post to post, according to the wisdom of the Department of State. As things now, a man cannot be transferred from one consulate to another without the sending in of a new appointment by the President and its confirmation by the Senate. This is a manifest absurdity, giving rise to much unnecessary trouble, and rendering the force as a whole less efficient. It is intended, too, by the way, to reward good men by promoting men from less to more desirable posts where the pay is better and the work more agreeable.

It is intended, incidentally, to take away from consular officers in oriental countries certain extraordinary powers which they have hitherto possessed. They have been empowered to try all cases at Chinese law, for example, in which, whether civil or criminal, Americans were involved. Nothing more absurd, of course, and President Roosevelt has recommended that a regular circuit court be established in the Middle Kingdom, with one or more United States judges, which could shift about from one seaport to another and act upon all matters requiring judicial decision.

The Carlyle House Today.

OLD CHELSEA A SHRINE SOUGHT BY HERO WORSHIPERS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE is no district in all London, or even in England, richer in memories than Old Chelsea, and no shrine more eagerly sought by hero worshipers, from all lands, than the home where Thomas and Jane Carlyle lived for half a century.

The house was opened to visitors as a memorial, in 1895, and a large percentage of visitors since have been Americans. This country took a keen interest in the purchase of this home, and was one of the liberal contributors to the cause of so doing.

It is a neighborhood where many great people have lived, but the Carlyle home stands paramount in interest, and if you would know the others, find this first, as it seems to be the premise from which the situations of the others are logically reckoned, and is the only one, with the exception of that of Leigh Hunt, bearing a tablet.

The house is a classical old one, built at least 200 years ago on Cheyne Walk, a wide street and streets go to Old Chelsea, bordered with large trees, and leading to the Thames. It is even now in a good state of preservation that would put to shame many modern dwellings built within the last twenty-five or fifty years. A few minor changes only have taken place in all these years. The red tile roof has been replaced by one of slate, the old cornice had disappeared, and the front windows have been modernized, unfortunately. But in the rear, many of the small panes of old still prevail.

The caretaker called our attention to this scratched on one of the panes in Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom: "John Harbet Knowles cleaned all the windows in this house and painted part in the year 18 of age, March 7, 1794"—before Thomas Carlyle was born. The aristocratic front door of heavy oak is the same that opened to Carlyle so many years ago when he paid his first visit to Cheyne Row; then, and on subsequent visits, the house im-

lish kitchens. It is wainscoted with wood painted gray, and there is the splendid old fireplace in front of which Carlyle and Tennyson smoked a whole evening, exchanging a word, and then, getting up and shaking hands, remarked on the fine evening that they had enjoyed. Here is an old-fashioned dresser filled with blue china, a few pictures and some old brass. On the floor are hand-made rugs, and the chairs look as if they had done service for many a score of years—the very ones in which Carlyle and Tennyson sat.

From the basement to the attic is a long way, but the latter room is the one that the ubiquitous tourist most frequently prattles to see—the padded room where "Frederick the Great" was written. As every one knows, this room was constructed by Carlyle's direction, for the purpose of quiet, but it was not a success. The light comes entirely from the top, of which of course made it very hot in summer, and at that season of the year Carlyle was obliged to abandon it altogether and repair to the garden. Not only was the room hot, but noises penetrated, coming by a longer route to be sure, but reaching him nevertheless. On the street side of the room, as well as that of the stairway, an extra partition runs the length of the room, making really two outside hallways, in each of which is a window, so that by leaving a door open in either instance, air and noise were easily admitted to the room. This room, unlike any of the others in the house, is papered with a quaint, old-fashioned striped paper. And here, too, are pictures, furniture and a few books.

The drawing-room is on the second floor, a style that prevails in all old English houses. The room as Carlyle described it, is panelled, and though the ivory paint has now turned almost yellow with age, there is yet a classic beauty about it, with the well-designed mantelpiece, good furniture and interesting pictures.

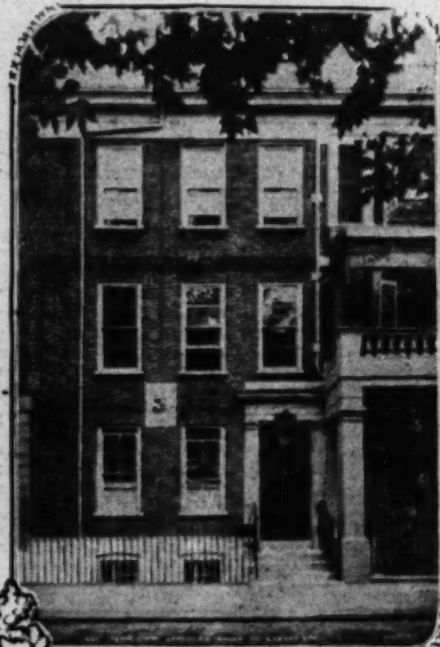
The dining-room, on the first floor, is quite like the

MARVELOUS MEDIUM.

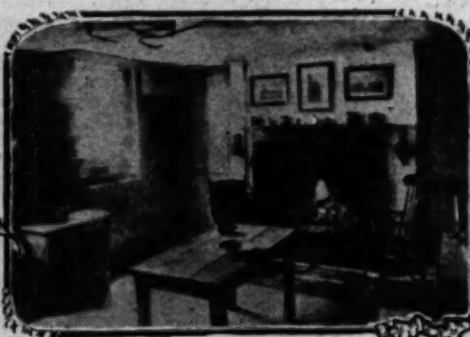
SPIRITUALISM REVIVED IN ITALY BY REMARKABLE WORK OF A WOMAN.

[Rome Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger:] The question of spiritualism has been revived in Italy, and is being much discussed by the press. Eusebia Paladino, a Neapolitan woman of the lowest class, uneducated, even illiterate, has presented herself as a new medium and has achieved unexpected success. She raises tables from the floor with invisible power, moves chairs from one side of the room to another without touching them, and causes mysterious fires to descend from the ceiling, while her auditors feel the impressions of invisible hands laid on their shoulders, hands and faces, as well as other mysterious phenomena apparently of a supernatural character.

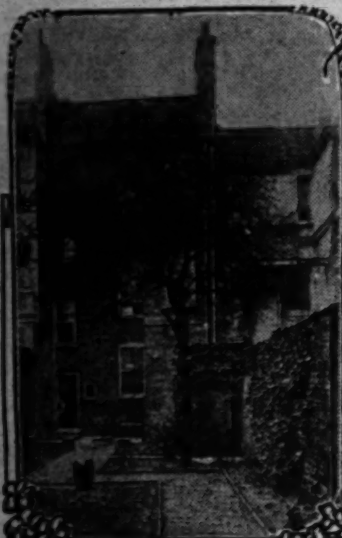
The excitement among all classes of people became so great that some skeptical journalists and scientists determined to submit the medium to a test. They in-



The Carlyle House



The Kitchen



The Garden



The Dining room



The Padded room

pressed him most favorably. His own description of the home at the time he leased it at £35 a year—a sum that he paid throughout his lifetime—is of interest. "The house itself is eminent, antique wainscoted to the very ceiling, and has been all new painted and repaired; broadish stairs with massive balustrade (in the old style); corniced and as thick as one's thigh; floors thick as a rock." "And then as to the rooms, Goody! Three stories beside the sunk story, in every one of them three apartments in depth, something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room (marble chimney piece, etc.) then a back dining-room or breakfast-room, a little narrower by reason of the kitchen stairs; then, out of this and narrower still (to allow a back window you consider), a china-room or pantry, or I know not what, all shined and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Such is the ground area, which of course continues to the top, and furnishes every bedroom with a dressing-room or second bedroom; on the whole a most massive, roomy, sufficient old house with places, for example, to hang say three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many ovens and queer old presses and shelved closets (all light and new painted in their way) as would gratify the most covetous Goody—rent, thirty-five pounds!" which was certainly cheap for a house so worthy in every respect the great master and his many distinguished guests—Charles Dickens, Smollett, Emerson, Ruskin, Tennyson, Huxley, Tyndall, Harriet Martineau and many more. Today the caretaker, an intelligent, kindly woman, will show you their letters, written at various epochs to both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, which are guarded by glass cases throughout the rooms of the Carlyle house.

A good deal of the furniture has been removed, but there are still a few fine pieces in almost every room, monuments to Jane Carlyle's excellent taste and discretion. There are, too, a goodly number of pictures and several pieces of old silver—Sheffield candlesticks, etc. An attempt has been made to keep the house as nearly as possible as it was in the days of the Carlyles. The "milk kitchen," where Jane Carlyle's soul was so tried in the making of bread, is one of the most interesting rooms in the house. This is almost always true of Eng-

lish dining-rooms, only that the mantelpiece is smaller; for English dining-rooms have more the general air of the whole house than ours in America, and less of the appearance of a place in which to get one's teeth pulled, as William Morris put it.

The bedrooms are small, but cheerful, panelled, too, and there is now to be seen the four-poster in Jane Carlyle's room, the one in which she was born, and which she brought from Scotland with her when she moved to Chelsea. Off from each bedroom is a small dressing-room—powdering-rooms they were called in the days when the house was new. Above is Mr. Carlyle's bedroom, in which stands the carved four-poster in which he did not sleep. The windows of this room look into the little back garden to which he had recourse during so many sleepless nights.

The garden is so intimately associated with the life of the Carlyles that we felt we must tread very lightly here. The caretaker apologized for the appearance of her flower beds—"The cats have ruined them," she said. And so there are cats still in Cheyne Row! Visitors are shown the spot where Nero lies—the dog which Mrs. Carlyle so loved and mourned—the tree under which both the Carlyles wrote a great deal. It is a small garden, which you may enter through the hall from the front door, encompassed by a high back wall. As we were about to leave it, the caretaker picked us a sprig of ivy from the wall; it had three large leaves—presenting it, she said, as we were going, "There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O. Moore," which no doubt is true, since the ivy today thrives in our California garden.

UNA NIXSON HOPKINS.

THE SANITARY BIBLE.

"A sanitary Bible," said the dealer. "You see, it is bound in celluloid, and can be readily washed and disinfected."

"It is for use," he went on, "in such antiquated law courts as still require their witnesses to 'kiss the book.' Book kissing has often caused serious disease. But with our sanitary Bible, which may be disinfected after each kissing, the witness's health is absolutely safeguarded."

visited her to a room selected by themselves, making sure that no fraud was possible. When the audience had gathered, the "chain" was formed around a small, round table, the medium sitting between a journalist and Prof. Lombroso. Each took a firm hold of her hands, so she could in no way move her arms or feet. The room was not perfectly dark, as a feeble reflection of a lamp placed in the next room permitted the experimenters to watch all movements of the medium. To the amazement and consternation of the skeptics, while the medium was practically in an unmovable condition and was closely watched, the usual phenomena took place. The journalist felt some one punching him on one side, Prof. Lombroso felt a hand caressing his shoulder, the table was elevated by a mysterious power several feet above the floor and slowly descended to the floor, a violin placed on a chair in the corner of the room and far from the reach of the hands of the medium, should she attempt to use them, was transported through mid-air and placed on the table.

After these experiments had been repeated under conditions that excluded all possibility of fraud on the part of the medium and the connivance of any confederate, the result was given to the public and the discussion began in the newspapers, and it is still going on.

GRASSHOPPERS AS A CROP.

Grasshoppers are generally looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance, but James Ludgate, a farmer, of Lee, Me., thinks he can turn them into a source of handsome profit. He collected last summer 75,000 of them to be sold to sportsmen as bait for trout next season when the finny tribe are plentiful and the 'hoppers scarce. As fast as the insects were captured they were placed in a corn crib, which had been made air-tight by pasting paper over the cracks. The crib was then filled with hay and banked with leaves to keep it warm within. Thus far this winter the grasshoppers have stood the cold, and Mr. Ludgate sees no reason why he should lose more than 10 per cent. by spring. If he can get 2 cents each for the 'hoppers he will make about \$1,200.—[New York Tribune.]

The Mycro Mystery.

AND HOW THE CULTURE MICROBE
INFECTED SANITATION.

By Bert Leston Taylor,

Author of "The Well in the Wood," etc.

"I AM positive, William, that the man is a counterfeiter, or something just as bad," declared Mrs. Mogg, with an air of finality.

"What reason have you to think that?" asked William mildly, from behind his evening paper.

"Why does he live all alone in that out-of-the-way Hutchinson house, and shun human society?"

"Possibly he enjoys minding his own business. Such a thing, my dear, is conceivable."

"Why does he turn night into day?"

"I didn't know that he did."

"Of course not; because it doesn't happen to be in your eternal newspaper. Mr. Sherlock, the milkman, says the milk bottle is never taken in before noon."

"Huh!" said William, pretending seriousness. "That does look suspicious."

"Mr. Sherlock says there is always a smell of chemicals about the place; and this morning"—Mrs. Mogg lowered her voice to a key more suited to the revelation—"when Mr. Sherlock was going by, a window was suddenly thrown open, and a great cloud of smoke rolled out. What do you say to that?"

"Well, my dear," said William, returning to his newspaper. "If the man tries to pass any of his bad money on you, let me know, and I'll have the law on him."

Joyous Pleasance was a suburb—you might conjecture that; and betwixt 8:43 a.m., when the last commuter departed cityward, and 5:37 p.m., when the first arrival, Joyous Pleasance was an Adamless Eden. We may except such impersonal creatures as the butcher, the grocer, and the milkman—and the mysterious occupant of the "Hutchinson house."

Joyous Pleasance lay on Suburbia's farthest rim, and took only a commercial interest in the great city to its south. It had a Sewing Circle, but no Art Study Class; a Ladies' Bowling Club, but no Bernard Shaw Club; a Singing School, but no Amateur Musical Society. Not to dwell on its deficiencies, Joyous Pleasance was a thoroughly commonplace suburb, inhabited by amiable people who took a lively interest in their own and their neighbors' small affairs, and whose conversation could not, by any stretching of the term, be characterized as "intellectual." The man who named the place, who may have hoped other if not worthier things for it, was dead.

To this emotionless village had come, a few weeks before the recorded conversation between the Moggses, the individual who occupied the Hutchinson house. Externally there was nothing about the man to wake suspicion. He was tall and spare, and walked with a stoop. He was negligent in his dress, and he shaved himself infrequently. From behind steel-bowed, heavy-lensed spectacles looked forth a pair of faded blue eyes. He went by the name of Mr. Mycro.

Two or three times a week this Mr. Mycro (undoubtedly an assumed name, the Ladies' Bowling Club decided) might be seen going to market, basket on arm, to purchase his small supplies. Sometimes, when the weather was fine, he walked in the woodland that skirted the town. But spring was backward, and there were few pleasant days, and Mr. Mycro for the most part kept his poor lodgings. He did not "commute," hence he could have no business—that is, no honest business.

Perhaps he was a counterfeiter, as the Sewing Circle was pretty well assured. The next question was, did he manufacture spurious coins or greenbacks? Was he, as Mr. Mogg slangily expressed it, a "blacksmith" or a "paper hanger?"

II

"I tipped off your counterfeiter to Macbeth today," remarked Mr. Mogg, when little Veronica Mogg had fetched his slippers.

"Who is Macbeth?" asked Mrs. Mogg.

"Newspaper man—Chronicle," replied Mr. Mogg. "He's a great sleuth; and if your Mr. Mycro is manufacturing queer currency, Macbeth will have him jailed within a week."

"Good!" cried Mrs. Mogg. "This is bowling night, and I will have something to tell the club."

"You will tell them nothing, my dear," said William. "I know how hard it is for a woman to keep a secret, and I should not have mentioned it if I had not invited Macbeth to stop with us while he is running Mycro to earth. Not a word, my love, to anybody."

"Very well, William," said Mrs. Mogg, with a sigh. "When is Mr. Macbeth coming?"

"Sometime tomorrow, he said."

And the following noon brought Macbeth, a pleasant person, bright-eyed and thin-featured, as a sleuth should be. Like his distinguished namesake, he murdered sleep; but it was on the slumbers of the criminal he preyed. To his credit stood at least three big cases, problems before which the police had owned themselves "baffled"; and he rarely applied his signal powers to a crime proposition in which the obvious predominated. He expected little from the Mycro mystery; he took it up because at the time nothing of greater moment claimed his attention, and to oblige Mr. Mogg, with whom he had a café acquaintance. "I am tired hearing about Mycro," Mr. Mogg told him. "Get him off my wife's mind and you can draw on me for a new hat or a box of cigars." Thus it was that Macbeth came to Joyous Pleasance.

During luncheon Mrs. Mogg acquainted him with all she knew, which required a full minute, and with a great deal she did not know, which demanded much more time.

"I'll walk around and take a look at the place," said Macbeth.

He lighted his bulldog pipe, and sauntered past the Hutchinson house, his keen eyes noting swiftly all that was to be learned from outside observation. As he passed the house on his return, Mr. Mycro came out, locking the door behind him. He was decently dressed, and shaven; he wore a tall hat of uncertain date, and he carried an old black satchel. From surface indications he intended a visit to the city, and the newspaper sleuth debated whether to follow him or remain and force the house. He decided to follow.

On the way to the city Macbeth had ample opportunity to study his man, but the result was not especially illuminating. "I'd like a look at the inside of that black satchel," he thought. "If he's a counterfeiter he carries his die with him."

Arrived in the city, Mr. Mycro pondered a bit, tapped his forehead, "consulted his watch," and, seemingly instructed by it, headed south. Macbeth trailed him to the Beaux Arts Building, and accompanied him to the fifteenth floor, where a stream of women was flowing into the rooms of the Culture and Anarchy Club. Mr. Mycro purchased a ticket of a young woman who sat at a table near the entrance; Macbeth, being of the press, did nothing of the sort.

A very large audience had gathered to hear a famous lecturer from Boston, but seats were still to be had. Mr. Mycro, however, stood in the rear of the lecture-room, placing his satchel on the floor behind him.

Presently a tall, lank gentleman, with long reddish hair and pale intellectual face, came out upon the platform and began a discourse on "The Poetic Possibilities of the Banshee in the Celtic Renaissance."

Mr. Mycro looked furtively about him, and assured that he was unobserved, reached for his satchel and stealthily took something from it; this something he placed on a window ledge above his head. Macbeth watched him with the tail of his eye.

In about ten minutes Mr. Mycro took down the something from the window ledge, screwed a cover on it, and put the whole back in his satchel. Then he clapped on his hat and left the room. Macbeth followed suit. And to this day neither of them apprehends the poetic possibilities of the banshee in the Celtic Renaissance.

From the Beaux Arts Building they went to the Art Temple, close at hand. There was a new exhibition on, and the galleries were well filled. Ascending the marble staircase, Mr. Mycro made his way to what was known as the "Old Masters' Room." This contained many of the best canvases in the temple; nevertheless a great many people were admiring them. In the middle of the room was a settle with a very high back, and on top of this Mr. Mycro placed another (or it might be the same) something from his satchel.

"I must have a look at that," thought Macbeth; but he was intercepted by Miss Legion, a young woman of his acquaintance.

"How do you do, Mr. Macbeth!" she cried vivaciously. "Aren't you awfully fond of the Dutch school?"

"All schools look alike to me," Macbeth replied frankly.

"I wish my tastes were as catholic," said Miss Legion, fetching a sigh; "but there are some schools I simply cannot get interested in. That Whistler nocturne in the next room means nothing whatever to me."

"I don't think much of night schools myself," said Macbeth.

"The Dutch are so different," said Miss Legion. "Isn't that a lovely Franz Hals on the south wall? I perfectly adore Franz Hals; don't you?"

"Indeed I do," Macbeth replied. "Unless I can see a Franz Hals every so often I am positively unhappy."

"Oh, there's a new Corot in the Barbizon room!" cried Miss Legion. "You must come and see it."

"Delighted, I am sure," murmured Macbeth. "I am very keen for Corots."

As the Barbizon room neighbored the Old Masters', he hoped to keep an eye on Mr. Mycro. But Miss Legion was so instructed by his criticism of the new Corot that she insisted he pass judgment on another which hung in the north wing. And when at last they returned to the Old Masters' room Mr. Mycro was gone.

Excusing himself, Macbeth hurried through the galleries on both floors of the temple; but the man with the old black satchel had vanished.

III

On the following forenoon the Chronicle's sleuth revisited Joyous Pleasance, determined to "get" Mr. Mycro off Mrs. Mogg's mind without further waste of time.

As he drew toward the Hutchinson house, smoke was wreathing from the chimney, and Mr. Mycro was taking in his milk bottle. These facts advised Macbeth, marvelously swift at deduction, that the owner of the old black satchel was preparing his initial meal.

Some fifty feet from the house, across the road, grew an evergreen tree. Other trees were nearer, but they were deciduous, and had not yet put on their leaves. Macbeth established himself among the branches of the evergreen, and fired up his bulldog pipe.

It was a warmish spring day, and the upper windows of Mr. Mycro's residence were open. The front room was large, with windows on three sides; and by the ample light thus let in Macbeth discerned a rather bare interior. He noted a table, littered with bottles, which stood by the window facing him, a chair or two, and a few shelves of books. It might be the laboratory of a chemist, the studio of an amateur photographer, the "den" of a counterfeiter.

Macbeth, being a newspaper sleuth of experience, did not expect to find the counterfeiting plant that one sees on the stage—a furnace large enough to awaken the fire department to activity, to say nothing of the United States Secret Service; a smoking kettle of molten metal; a work table covered with dies and engraving tools; and a group of scowling men with pipes, who whispered a hoarse "Aha!" and "Curses on them!" Macbeth knew the ways of counterfeiter. The man that makes the die and the man that pours the metal may be separated by a thousand miles; and the habitation of neither would disclose suspicious objects to a casual glance.

Mr. Mycro drew a chair to the table by the window and set to work, with what might be an engraving tool, upon what might be a die. The tool he dipped frequently in one or another of what seemed a row of vials, sometimes holding the tip a moment in the flame of a candle end.

"I wish I had an opera glass," muttered the sleuth at the evergreen tree. "A man in my business ought to carry one constantly."

Mr. Mycro worked for about an hour. Then he shut the windows, and partly drew the shades.

"I'll have to search the house," thought Macbeth. "But in order to do that I must wait till Mycro goes out. Meantime, to sample another of Mrs. Mogg's excellent luncheons."

The Mogg house was not far away, on the same street. As Macbeth turned in the gate he remarked that the wind had shifted to the east, and was beginning to blow a gale.

"I wish you would tell my husband," said Mrs. Mogg, when they had finished luncheon and repaired to the sitting-room, "that during all the time you were here I never once mentioned the name Mycro. He terrifies me dreadfully about not being able to keep a secret."

"There's little secret to keep thus far," said Macbeth. "Hello! there goes my man now, with his old black satchel."

"His hat has blown off, and he's running after it," cried Mrs. Mogg.

Macbeth reached for his own hat, and darted from the house, almost capsizing Veronica Mogg, aged four, who was playing near the gate.

As he expected to find, both front and back doors of the Hutchinson house were locked, but he easily effected an entrance through the kitchen window, which was unfastened. Burglary was unknown and unfearful in Joyous Pleasance.

Meanwhile—what is this that Veronica has found in the road before her home? We shall see presently, for Veronica has all a child's delight in exploring bundles.

Hello! Glass tubes, half a dozen of them, partly filled with a thickish, greasy liquid and neatly corked with cotton. Veronica sits down, and proceeds to pull the corks.

And here comes Mr. Mycro back again, his old black satchel gaped. It must have opened when he made his first wild plunge after his hat, which he is now brushing with his coat sleeve. He seems much disturbed about something. His eyes are bent down, and he is searching every foot of the road.

Ah! he sees Veronica. He notes the destruction she has wrought. His face takes on an expression of dismay, which quickly changes to one of horror. He advances toward the child, as if to snatch her from some dreadful fate; but suddenly he clutches his forehead, and with a low cry skurries down the street.

"Veronica!" calls Mrs. Mogg. "What are you playing with? Come into the house, child; the wind will blow you away. Where did you get those glass tubes? Mercy! you've got the stuff all over your hands and dress. It may be poison. Faugh!" Mrs. Mogg flings the tubes into the road, and marches Veronica into the house.

When William Mogg reached his office on the morning following, he found a brief report from Macbeth.

"Your 'counterfeiter,'" wrote the sleuth, "is only a buggy old scientist, who wouldn't know a 'phony' currency layout if he saw one. I rummaged his house thoroughly, and found nothing contraband. He is writing a book on 'The Microbe: Its Past, Present and Future.' While I was reading that title on a pile of manuscript the old chap returned, and—exit Macbeth left upper window. Shall draw on you today for a box of cigars."

IV

"William," said Mrs. Mogg, "I wish you would get tickets for the symphony concert this week."

William dropped his newspaper and gazed at his spouse in amazement.

"What put that idea into your head?" he inquired.

"Why—I don't know," replied Mrs. Mogg, with a confidential air. "I simply feel an irresistible desire to go, that's all."

"But you wouldn't enjoy it, or understand it, would you?"

"I guess I'm just as intelligent as Mrs. Atwood, as she never misses a concert."

"Mrs. Atwood goes in for culture and—all that," said William vaguely. "Do I understand that you too are going in for culture?"

"You can understand all you've a mind for," replied Mrs. Mogg, with unnecessary severity.

"Very well," said William meekly. "We'll go if we really wish to."

"I do," said Mrs. Mogg.

Which settled it.

And that was the beginning of the famous "Joyous Pleasance Culture Epidemic," a mushroom growth without parallel in the natural history of the American intellect.

By the third week the railway people had to put on an extra coach to accommodate Joyous Pleasance patrons of the symphony concerts; and of all the coaches this was the most popular. People from other suburbs crowded in and stood in the aisle; for during the forty-five minutes' run to the city it housed a Program Study Class, for which the compositions to be played by the orchestra were analyzed and "explained." Mrs. Anna Tate, who prepared the programme notes for the orchestra association, conducted the class; and, as Mrs. Mogg remarked, "she made Strass and Brahms and Humptydink just as clear as Sousa."

Bowling languished, and the Ladies' Bowling Club became the Ibsen Society. The Sewing Circle gave up stitching for the foreign heathen, and took up the study of "The One Hundred Masterpieces of the World's Artists." The Singing School disbanded, to reorganize as the Amateur Musical Society.

Lecture talent was imported as fast as contracts could be signed. On Monday evening, for example, Mr. H.

March 3, 1907.

Locks (with whom we made scant acquaintance at the Culture and Anarchy Club) delivered a discourse on "The Poetic Possibilities of the Banshee in the Celtic Renaissance." On Tuesday Mr. Dowdle, the fashionable portrait painter, gave a lecture on "How to Tell a Water Color from a Watercolor." On Wednesday evening Herr Alsosprach, Aspects of Friedrich Nietzsche. Part I. On Thursday evening Mr. Boston, interpreted "Pelléas et Mélisande." Mrs. Mogg persisted in calling "Pelléas" though personally, she said, she preferred "Maggie." On Friday evening Dr. Cris the famous Straussologist, gave his lecture on "Richard Strauss; Should He Have Been an Astronomer?" On Saturday evening went to the symphony concert.

Sunday was observed as a day of rest. In the old times the name Joyous Pleasance or never appeared in the newspapers; almost daily, and on almost any page, to Joyous Pleasance in search of a person moved away.

"I always thought that Mrs. Atwood to care for culture," remarked Mrs. M. Mrs. Atwood's opinion unfortunately

V

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table by the window, he took an engraving that seemed a few of moment in the flames. Muttered the sleuth in his business coat to the hour. Then he rose, the shades. "I thought Macbeth," he said, "till Mycro goes out. Mrs. Mogg's excellent. On the same street, he remarked that the was beginning to blow. "said Mrs. Mogg, and repaired to the time you were here. Mycro. He teased to keep a secret." "hus far," said Mac now, with his old a running after it!" and darted from the Mogg, aged four, who ont and back doors icked, but he easily tchen window, which nown and unfeared ronica has found in all see presently, for n exploring bundles. of them, partly filled neatly corked with proceeds to pull the again, his old black ed when he made which he is now e seems much disare beat down, and d. the destruction she expression of disof horror. He ad atch her from some ches his forehead, e street. What are you play-ild; the wind will those glass tubes? er your hands and Mrs. Mogg flings s Veronica into the office on the morn-ort from Macbeth. sleuth, "is only a now a 'phony' cur-maged his house aband. He is writ-Past, Present and ttle on a pile of and—exit Macbeth you today for a ish you would get e week." and gazed at his ad?" he inquired. Mrs. Mogg, with a irresistible desire terstand it, would Mrs. Atwood, and and—all that," said that you too are mind for," replied "We'll go if you e famous "Joyous mushroom growth y of the American pie had to put on Pleasance pa- of all the coaches rom other suburbs during the forty-ed a Programme us to be played by "explained." "Mis-ume notes for the lass; and, as Mrs. and Brama and s' Bowling Club Circle gave up took up the study e the World's Ar- to reorganize as as contracts could ample, Mr. Rufus

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In the old times the name Joyous Pleasance seldom or never appeared in the newspapers; now it was seen almost daily, and on almost any page. People flocked to Joyous Pleasance in search of homes. Only one person moved away. "I always thought that Mrs. Atwood simply pretended to care for culture," remarked Mrs. Mogg. Mrs. Atwood's opinion unfortunately is unrecorded. V Macbeth was ranging the City Hall on a "story," when he came face to face with Mr. Mycro, who was emerging from the laboratory of the city bacteriologist. "How are you?" exclaimed the sleuth, forgetting for the moment that the acquaintance was one-sided. Mr. Mycro returned a blank look. "Pardon me," said he, "I do not seem to recall you." "No more you do," said Macbeth, smiling. "Nevertheless, I spent a couple of days, here and in Joyous Pleasance, following you about in the hope there was a story in you." "A story in me?" replied Mr. Mycro perplexedly. "A newspaper expression," Macbeth explained. "You see, the gossips of Joyous Pleasance were quite sure you were a dangerous character, and I—investigated you." "I see." A grim smile settled around Mr. Mycro's mouth. "And you decided I was not a dangerous character." "I sized you up for a harmless scientist," replied Macbeth. "But I am, or rather I was, a dangerous character," he said. Then he suddenly bethought him that he spoke to the press, and with a curt bow he offered to go on his way. "Wait a bit," interposed Macbeth. "If the joke is on me I should like the details. If there is a story in you, pray let the Chronicle have it." Mr. Mycro hesitated, then laid his hand on the knob of the laboratory door. "Come back here," he said. Macbeth followed him to a quiet corner. "Tell me," said Mr. Mycro, "have you noticed the remarkable outbreak of culture in Joyous Pleasance?" "Culturine, I call it," replied Macbeth. Mr. Mycro smiled. "For a number of years," he said, "I have studied, in a semi-scientific spirit, these sudden eruptions of culture in naive communities in various parts of our land, more particularly in the Middle West. I have known women, and occasionally a man, to be stricken as suddenly as by the plague, and seemingly without referable cause. Being a bacteriologist, accustomed when in doubt to refer to the microbe, it suddenly flashed upon me one day that there must be a bacillus of culture." "Ah!" exclaimed Macbeth, beginning to see a light. "I might say," continued Mr. Mycro, "that I had but recently located in Joyous Pleasance, which I chose for its quiet and its undistracting atmosphere, as I was engaged upon a scientific monograph and laboratory experiments, and desired to be wholly free of interruptions! But my new discovery, if discovery it was to prove, put a stop to my literary labors for the time, and I went in quest of the hitherto uncatalogued bacillus. "I visited the city, and exposed four culture plates—" "The term in this case having a double meaning," put in Macbeth. Mr. Mycro nodded. "I exposed one plate in the rooms of the Culture and Anarchy Club, a veritable hotbed of culturine, as you call it; another plate in the Art Temple; a third in the rooms of the Amateur Musical Society; a fourth at the symphony concert. Then I returned to Joyous Pleasance. "In the morning I examined my plates, and was disposed to cry 'Eureka!' For among the hundreds of germ colonies I discovered a bacillus new to me. Whether it was the bacillus of culture remained to be seen. Like the bacillus of typhoid, it occurred singly; it was thicker than any other bacillus I knew; and it occurred on every plate. Not to be tedious in technical detail, I isolated the strange bacilli in a broth medium, in half a dozen culture tubes—" "Oh, that was what you were doing," Macbeth interrupted. "I was watching you. But pray go on." "Instantly began the marvelously rapid work of reproduction," continued Mr. Mycro. "In an hour I had enough bacilli in any one tube to infect an entire community. I started for the city again, to consult with my friend the city bacteriologist, but in some way lost the culture tubes in the road near my house. Judge of my dismay when, returning in search of them, I discovered them in the hands of a child, who had pulled out the cotton stoppers and scattered the bacilli to the distributing winds." "The little Mogg girl," said Macbeth. "The culture craze started in the Mogg household, and still rages there like a pestilence." "Just so," said Mr. Mycro, wiping his spectacles. "You see, my dear sir, there was a story in me, such as it is; but I doubt very much whether the world will believe it." "Trust me for that," Macbeth replied, with easy confidence.

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The Awakening.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WITH A TEMPERAMENT.

By Helen Ada Smith.

PENSION SAN SOUCI, Paris.—My Dear John: Three easy little words to write, but the rest is not so easy, although I can be immensely bold upon paper and in a pen-and-ink duel a woman should well hold her own. This is not a duel, you say, but merely an attempt at a better understanding. As though men and women were ever intended to understand each other; to know too much is ruination to our illusions. You never listened when I tried to explain why we should not marry. Now you cannot escape me, for in your painstaking way you will read every word that I write. Remember my French father, my Irish mother, and my grandmother, who insisted, at the indiscreet age of 16, upon marrying the bravest and most reckless soldier who ever flung away his life in a lost cause. What am I but a bit of incongruous patchwork without an atom of set pattern? Look at yourself, of purest British make—English to the backbone—stolid—determined. Aye, your determination scared me who have none, and I saw the wisdom of running away. Not that I love you, but it is difficult to keep on saying "No" to a person who never listens. But picture an English squire's wife called Natalie—imagine a Natalie married to a John—why, it is frivolous and unsuitable! I love life so dearly that I have no patience with its gray interludes; the light must always be high, the music never silent. I am given to laughter, Bohemian disorder, and if I married you I should die of method in a year. Now you have the blindest truth and should be convinced—yet you are not; I can see your attentive frown and unyielding mouth. Do not misunderstand me; it is only the lover I would put out of countenance, for I miss my friend in a thousand ways as he warned me I should. Naturally I get into difficulties, for under my bold exterior is hidden a coward's heart—you reckon upon this—you expect me to run home like a frightened child to be comforted—and coerced. It was delightful to get back to my beautiful, glittering Paris; it is so charming and free. I have returned to the old atelier, which contains new faces; but we chatter the same nonsense, come to grief in the same way, and are many of us hungry just as we used to be three years ago. Today I was working with the others when the master came up. To know he is watching you is to feel a sudden tingling shame; your hand grows unsteady so that you must pause and listen to words that draw blood: "Your lines are good and bold, mademoiselle; but you only paint dolls. Have you not feeling enough to breathe a little life into them? Your creations are without souls." Adieu for the present; you may love or hate me—I care not which, so long as you do not forget me. To be utterly indifferent to a woman is to her an almost unpardonable offense. Faithfully yours, NATALIE LESTRELLE. Beau Séjour, Brussels.—My Dear John: Perhaps you will wonder why I erratically changed my abode? I cannot tell precisely save that I wearied of painting dolls. Possibly it is a whim—or inspiration; things you do not believe in, for your movements are rigidly regulated by the season of hunting and shooting. I have a girl friend here called Marie St. Claire; she would suit you, being so meek, so good, so gentle. Having a vocation, she is vowed to heaven, and she is giving herself up with scarcely one natural regret. Her face is serenely beautiful—tragically pathetic in its unconsciousness. This lamb is very fond of me. She even prays that I, too, may find a vocation. Two days ago her brother—whom I had not seen—took her to mass, and I was there to shake off my worldly dust. The bright, devotional service impressed me, and the chastened sun looking through jeweled windows flung down rich colors upon the altar—flung them prodigally here and there among the kneeling congregation. I noticed a blood-red cross upon the bosom of Marie's white dress and she bowed her head like a wounded dove. Next her was an amber haze, yellow as wheat, through which a man's eyes met mine. He was a stranger to me, yet we smiled afterward at Marie's unnecessary introduction. Is it not true that you have known some people always, even when you touch their hands for the first time? It is not needful that I describe this new actor in my comedy; he is good-looking in a bright, clever way, and he paints—not idly as I do—it is his living. He is also an enthusiast. How I used to writhe under your common sense descending like rain upon snow and turning my glittering fields into desolation. He is very quick of apprehension; before I can speak my thought he has caught and tossed it back again sparkling with his own. On one subject we always quarrel, and that is about Marie's entering a convent. I have begged him to persuade her to at least postpone the step, but I cannot influence him. "She is good; she has a vocation," is all his answer, and the last time he said it I blazed into wrath: "What about me, then? Am I not good?" "You are better; you are charming!" By the way, do you remember cautioning me against a certain investment on which my heart was set? If rumor speaks truly the time has come for sackcloth and

ashes. In the evening papers I shall probably know the extent of my losses and will put them in a postscript. We are just going to the Bois de la Cambre, so unmanly anxiety stays at home. Yes, the money has gone, and some one is the gainer for my loss, yet I feel they are less happy than I am. But, my friend, I am grieved even in my happiness, for out of my joy a sorrow is born to you. Forgive me that I ventured to make sport of what I did not understand; today has seen my awakening, and the world is even more beautiful than I had dreamed. Do you see whither I would lead you with gentlest hand, or must I say more? Can you not see us sitting in the solitude of that scented wood—confessing all by our silence and too happy for needless words? Our hands were joined, and dazzled by happy tears, I could not distinguish heaven from earth. Good-by, most true and faithful friend. Perhaps some day my sorrow may mean another's joy, but I pray not yet—not yet! Remember me a little, always, but not regretfully, for there must be some one waiting to make you as happy as I am. Votre amie, NATALIE. 19 Rue Marcelle, Troisième Etage, Paris.—My Dear John: The tables are turned with a vengeance, and it is for you to laugh me to scorn; I pray you do it if merely to sting my pride wholesomely. Deal out contempt—anything you will, save pity. Folly needs some sharp corrective and sympathy is only harmful. My comedy is in two acts; you have seen the one, but not the other. The day after that foolish scene in the woods Paul came to see me and slip on my finger the betrothal ring. He apologized for its simplicity, and I upbraided him for his extravagance and explained my humble circumstances. While speaking I looked in the glass, thinking how becoming happiness is, and then I caught sight of his face full of the blindest disappointment, and I saw that although he loved me after his fashion, he loved my money better—I read that even love itself is not welcome with empty hands. Pretending to see nothing amiss—to be still basking in our mutual happiness, I made him promise to take me to the concert in the park that evening, and dismissed him gaily, for indeed I was mistress of the situation, once understanding it. I dressed myself in the prettiest things belonging to me, sparing neither time nor pains with my toilet. The park was wonderfully brilliant that evening—thronged with people, glittering with illuminations that made my eyes ache. Reckless enjoyment belonged to the hour, yet, methinks, had I been in some quiet garden with only peaceful stars in heaven I could have cried my eyes blind. But I was firm of purpose. It hurt my feminine pride to part with Paul until I had effaced from his memory all but our love—until I had rekindled in his eyes the light that was my triumph. By and by, when we were standing by one of the fountains, I told him I had a little joke to play if he would let me go and stand opposite to him on the other side. He laughed, telling me that he could not spare me, even for a few moments from his side, but, as I persisted, he let me go. Alone I pursued my plan until our eyes met across the strip of garish, glittering water. Holding his look, I drew off the worthless little ring which he had given me and tendered it to him. I am sure the action was gracefully performed, for it hurt so much, and the loud military music was crashed out deafeningly. Paul mistook me for a moment. "Don't throw it, cherie; you might lose it." But I did not throw it; I simply let it fall, and as it touched the water a second little mockery of a ring sprang up to meet it and they both vanished together. As I bowed in farewell I saw Paul's angry lips shaken by a curse—I told you he was always so quick to understand—as he started to rejoin me. I turned sharply into the thickest of the throng, taking no pains to avoid him, for I knew—as one does know these things—that we should not meet again. Have you enjoyed my little comedy? Laugh then heartily to reward my trouble, for these things cost dearly and I am bankrupt in more than money. Once more I bid you farewell. NATALIE LESTRELLE. 19 Rue Marcelle.—My Dear John: After leaving me for months to find my right mind, you announce in your lordly way that you are coming to fetch me. What for? You see how charmingly ignorant a woman can seem of the thing she knows quite well. You will come and take possession in your strong, silent way before I have time to measure swords with you. Without hearing the fall of the bolt I shall find the door fast upon me and escape impossible. In a quiet way it has amused me to see how carefully you have doled out to me what is still mine, to prevent my committing the extravagance of running away from you. You say it is too late for words of mine to stay you and that all responsibility rests with you? So be it, then, for I am tired of trying to govern my own life, and if you can teach me to do better and more worthily, I will be more grateful than you can picture me. In your great house there are many rooms; set me one apart, because I can paint men and women now, and if you look through their eyes you shall see—souls. How am I to sign myself this time? I am anxious not to please you too much or myself too little, and yet I do feel that your faithfulness deserves an answering generosity. Like kind people who send blank checks to be filled in by the recipient, I will let you fill in the blank to please yourself. I will not dishonor your terms whatever they may be. NATALIE. [Copyright, 1907, by Joseph E. Thomas.]

The Armistice.

A BIT OF ROMANCE FROM THE BOER BATTLEFIELD.

By a Special Contributor.

PERHAPS one of the most curious incidents of the Boer War was an informal armistice that took place in February, 1900.

The peculiar interest of it lay in the unique position of the belligerents, the time of its happening, and the opportunity it afforded for the opposing forces to become temporarily acquainted.

Ever since the nightmare of Colenso, December 15, the "Red Bull," as the Boers called Sir Redvers Buller, with an army of 30,000 men, had been groping along the natural parapet that guarded the banks of the Tugela River, seeking vainly to break through the formidable cordon of Dutchmen and geological strata that barred his advance to Ladysmith.

It was not until February of the following year, when he swooped down on Russian Hill—which he had once occupied, and abandoned—that the cordon was broken. Then followed the fourteen days' fight which ended only in the taking of Pieter's Hill and the relief of the beleaguered city.

It was in the midst of these daily occurring battles that the armistice I have alluded to occurred. It had been arranged for the burial of the English dead.

At the break of day, on Sunday, February 25, under a cloudless opal sky, a little party of British officers and privates, carrying aloft a white flag of truce, marched silently along in military order across a stony veldt encumbered with many dead. They halted only when they came to the debatable ground—the no-man's-land between the two armies. Here they waited events. There was apparently nothing in front of them but the stony plateau strewn with its frightful carnage, when suddenly, in the rising sunlight, outlined sharply against the clear green of Grobler's Kloof—a vast, hummocky, grass-clad mountain—arose strange figures. They were a motley group of men of all ages, clad in the strangest of costumes—old men whose white beards were stained with tobacco juice, middle-aged men with dark beards disfigured by sun and sweat, clean-shaven young men displaying the heavy features of their race, and tall striplings in clothes they had outgrown.

Some were arrayed in homespun, some in tweed, others in velvet and corduroy—and the variety of texture was only equalled by its misfit and difference of hue.

The only decently-clad man was their leader, an extraordinarily handsome, golden-haired, golden-bearded giant, six feet four inches in height, and of a symmetry equal to that of Achilles of old.

He was evidently a gentleman and a dandy, for he walked with the careless grace of the former, and the superabundance of silver buttons on his neatly-fitting khaki suit proclaimed him the latter; but alas! the condition of his foot and headgear ill-accorded with the rest of him; and so conscious was he of this, that, advancing toward the English with a casual glance at the trimness of their attire, he opened the conference with an apology for the incongruity of his own appearance.

"I lost my boots, hat and hair brush at the battle of Monte Christo the other day," he said, with a genial laugh and in perfect English, "when we fled in such disorder before your army. 'Mount of Christ,' that is what the hill is called, but by heaven! you made it hell that day."

Then, without waiting for an answer, he launched into the details on which he would accord the armistice, and from thence diverged into an expostulation concerning the use of dum-dum bullets by the English.

The British colonel, who had heard him so far without speaking, pointed significantly to the dead who encumbered the ground, riddled through and through with the said bullets; on which the Boer speedily changed his tactics, and with another good-humored laugh, added: "We are debouching on politics; let us desist, lest we mar the harmony of the present meeting."

So saying, he withdrew, and dramatically folding his arms across his breast, continued to watch the army of stretcher bearers at their gruesome work.

His withdrawal left his men face to face with their British foes, and the situation at first was exceedingly awkward, for these ignorant back-country farmers were fired up from generation to generation in intense hatred of the British intruders, of whom they were told the most absurd lies, all of which they believed.

They now stood in studied insolence of attitude, gazing with lowering countenances at the little group before them.

"How they hate us!" whispered one private to another, as he gazed at them over the shoulders of his officers.

The tension of the meeting was suddenly broken by the happy thought of an officer, who, advancing to the sourest-faced Boer of them all, tobacco in hand, remarked: "Can't we be friends, even for five minutes?"

The man's face cleared on the instant, for he was longing for a smoke.

"Certainly, most certainly," he cried in broken English, "mit tobacco!" The rest of the English contingent now proffered their pouches, and at once the Boers became friendly, and soon intermixed groups of Boers and British were walking up and down in a sociable promenade.

However, the commandant still stood aloof in his Napoleonic attitude, and the grim placidity of his handsome features formed an effective mask to the working of his mind.

The English colonel, furtively watching him, wondered what was the current of his thoughts. Was he harassed with doubts as to the wisdom of the struggle

for freedom in which his countrymen were engaged, or was he filled with the fatuous belief in their ultimate success, assisted thereto by the German Kaiser, who had lately sent such a friendly message to President Kruger? It was impossible to tell, and the colonel, tiring of gazing at the inscrutable Boer, turned his attention to something else.

When he next looked for him, behold, he had disappeared! He was in another part of the field, with his hand on the shoulder of a British subaltern, saying to him: "Is it possible, Tommy Chambers, you have forgotten me!"

"It is not possible, sir," answered the youth, straightening up from the dejected attitude in which he had been walking to and fro, and gazing affectionately up at his tall interlocutor, "but considering our relative positions today, I waited for you to speak first."

"Tut, tut," growled the giant, "it was only by the merest chance I caught a glimpse of you, and now have you nothing to say to me?"

"I would like to know how the folks are?" stammered the youth, blushing.

For answer the commandant dived into one of the breast pockets of his uniform, and producing two pictures, handed them to the lad.

"Don't they look well?" he inquired, with pardonable pride, for in spite of the glaring coloring and atrocious art of the photographs, the pictures indicated two very beautiful women.

The subaltern bent low over them to conceal two tears that stole down his cheeks; then, unaware that his tall friend was watching him with an amused smile, he deftly placed the picture of the elder lady beneath that of the younger, and continued to gaze persistently upon the latter.

After an interval, the commandant stretched out his hand for the return of the photographs. The subaltern, however, only tendered him one, and placing the other impressively upon his heart, murmured imploringly: "May I?"

"No!" thundered the Boer. "I give not Eleeza's picture or herself to an enemy of her country!"

With a sigh the subaltern gave back the picture, and with a military salute was turning away, when again the heavy hand of the golden-haired giant descended on his shoulder.

"Come," he muttered, drawing him to where a lieutenant was amusing himself by taking snapshots of a crowd of Boer lads, who stood in uncouth attitudes for their portraits and filled the air with their raucous laughter.

On the approach of their commandant, they immediately withdrew, leaving him alone with the Englishmen.

"Will you please," said the Boer leader to the amateur artist, "take a picture of my young friend here, and when it is finished—if it ever is—give it to him? He will know what to do with it." Then, stooping down, he whispered a few words in the subaltern's ear; they were only four—just these: "It is for Eleeza," but they were music sweeter than the song of the nightingale to the ear that heard them. The youth appeared to become a different being; from the picture of dejection he had been before, he was now as alert and happy-looking as any one could wish a young man to be. The artist, with a surprised look at Boer and Briton, after a moment of suspense, with a bow of acquiescence, began to readjust his apparatus, whereupon the commandant withdrew, and not till the click of the kodak announced the taking of the picture did he again advance; then, with a friendly nod to the lieutenant and a gruff and enigmatical, "So long!" to the subaltern, he left them.

For a few moments the artist watched the retreating figure, and then cried out impatiently: "They are all as insolent as they are crazy, these Boers, from the highest to the lowest. The demand of these back-country farmers for pictures they will never see, is all of a piece with their imposing this useless war on us."

But the subaltern answered, as his eyes followed those of his comrade: "That is not a back-country farmer, but a respectable lawyer of Cape Town, who saved me once from putting a bullet through my foolish brain, by rescuing me out of the clutches of a thievish usurer. I had borrowed money from him to pay a racing debt, and had repaid it, but like the greenhorn that I was, neglected to demand a return of my promissory note, so he sued me for a second payment with compound interest. Mr. Honorius not only rescued me, but after kindly advising me to abandon the turf, in order to save me from backsliding under the influence of bad companions, introduced me to his family, and I was ever afterward a welcome guest in his home circle till the opening of the war."

On hearing these words, a smile enlightened the countenance of the artist, and slowly he shut one eye, and with the other gazed steadfastly at his friend. "Now I begin to see daylight!" he cried. "So, then, the picture is not for the Boer demigod, but for—?" But with a hot blush the subaltern strode away.

Until 6 o'clock that Sunday evening the army of stretcher bearers continued their work; then, with a sigh of relief, the white-surplised chaplain closed his prayer-book over the last of a series of long, low mounds. He had been monotonously repeating the burial service from early morn to dewy eve, and he was wearied and overcome.

No sooner was his book closed than with a stiff military salute, and in strict marching order, the little group of Englishmen retreated, and the Boer contingent, directed by a wave of their commandant's arm and a hoarse cry from him that resembled the voice of a bird of prey more than anything else, shambled back to their trenches.

The sun that had been shining all day now slid gloriously down below the horizon, leaving behind it a red light that illuminated alike kopje and plateau, and gradually "the moonlight steeped in silence" enveloped the plain.

At 10 p.m. a single rifle shot from the Boer trenches proclaimed the reawakening of the war, and from that

moment the din of battle never ceased till the culmination of artillery and musketry fire on February 27.

It was a story of ninety-five heavy guns thundering lyddite and shrapnel into crowded trenches, of the rattle of 30,000 rifles and thirty Maxim guns, of brave Boers who stood up under an infernal hail of bullets; of brave Britons who rushed, and cheered, and slew, and spared, as their fathers had done before them, of terrified men on ponies flying from pursuit; and, finally of silence after a joyous shout: "The job is done; Ladysmith is saved!"

But what about the three men around whom the tale of an armistice is woven?

The artist, alas! never completed his pictures, for he lay down his life on Pieter's Hill; and the Boer commandant and British subaltern never met again, for that cruel war was over.

Then, one day, a tall Boer general, crippled and stood before two kneeling figures. He had one hand on the brown head of a young and distinguished British officer, and the other on the golden hair of a beautiful Boer maiden; and he lifted up great blue eyes to heaven, eyes formerly filled with the fire of battle, but now softened and subdued by the holiness of peace, as he murmured: "May the God of Boer and Briton bless my children!" JANE P. ROWE.

THE PROSPECTOR.

Beneath the silent stars he lay.

Far from the haunts of men,

Where the deadly rattler seeks its prey,

Near the mountain lion's den.

His camping outfit, worn and old

Around him careless spread,

His pillow was a canvas fold,

The desert sand his bed.

His dreams were of his wife and child,

Of owning wealth untold,

When he no more need tread the wild.

In toilsome search for gold,

He sailed upon a silver bay

Begirt with golden sand.

He dreamed his little boy, in play,

Placed ice upon his hand.

We little heed, when winds are still,

The dangers of the deep.

We little reck of coming ill,

As silent Fate doth creep.

Say! What was that, that made him start?

What caused that sudden pang?

What else could be that piercing dart,

Than the rattler's venomous fang?

He leaps afoot, he grasps his flask,

He drains it, in alarm;

Then tremblingly performs the task

Of binding tight his arm.

With hasty step, he seeks the trail,

He has no time to spare,

But all too soon, his muscles fail,

He sinks in grim despair.

A wild delirium floods his brain,

The stars begin to swim,

The sky seems mingled with the plain,

His eyes are growing dim.

"Oh God!" he cried, "to end like this!

No human being near—

No wife my dying lips to kiss!

No child to shed a tear!

Cursed be the desert, evil clings

To him who seeks its store.

Cursed be the gold, for which man flings—

He could not utter more.

The morrow's sun rose calm and bright,

It warmed the chilly air,

It flooded all the plain with light,

It found him lying there.

His auburn locks, the zephyr stirred.

A lizard darted near.

And thither hopped a desert bird.

Without a thought of fear

His hand, his faithful burro lips,

And o'er an outstretched limb

A little chipmunk nimbly skips:

They cannot waken him.

What now to him the wealth and fame,

That wait a lucky strike?

His wife, his child, his missing claim,

Unheeded all alike.

But when the distance seemed a lake,

When far advanced the morn,

He woke, and found that rattlesnake

Was but a cactus thorn.

And what he'd deemed his latest breath,

As on the ground he'd sunk,

Was not the near approach of death,

But just a common drunk.

LOUIS DE BURY.

EASTER STATISTICS.

Easter, falling on so early a date this year, makes some Easter statistics interesting.

The earliest date on which Easter can fall is March 21, and that must be a Saturday. Such a combination of circumstances is extremely rare. Easter Sunday has fallen early as March 22 in 1093, in 1761 and in 1817, and will fall on March 22 again in 1990, 2076, and 2144.

The latest date on which Easter can fall is April 25. That happened in 1666, in 1734 and in 1886. It will happen again in 1943.

March 3, 1907.

Good Short Stories

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Slum One.

DURING a Lenten lecture on the slums, the author of "How the Other Half Lives," said: "The slums of New York, when I know them as a police reporter, were diseased. To clean them seemed as hopeless as Augean stable. It was like the case of a man I heard about the other day."

"Jackie," said this boy's mother, "your clean, but how did you get such dirty hands? Washin' me face," said the boy."

Leads to Confusion.

THE late A. J. Cassatt, at a dinner at the Country Club, was once asked his opinion of women riding horseback astride.

"I don't altogether favor this fashion," said, smiling. "I think it leads to confusion. I was driving one afternoon on the L. when a rider was thrown violently from a horse. Luckily the accident happened in a pharmacy."

"The pharmacist ran forth with his clerk, up the head of the unconscious rider, and, cigarette case lying in the road, he took it to the address 'P. S. Browne, 1817 Walnut street.' 'Jack,' the pharmacist shouted to his telephone to Mrs. Browne, 1817 Walnut, the band has—"

"But just then a tiny gold hand mirror—der-puff attachment fell from the rider's trousers and the pharmacist called:

"I mean, Jack, to telephone to Mr. Browne has fallen—"

"But at this point the clerk, who had been feather under the rider's nose, tickled her and she smiled and murmured: 'Jim.'"

"And then the pharmacist shouted:

"Telephone Mr. and Mrs. Browne that M. has fallen off her horse."

The Business Spirit.

M. SAINT-SAENS, the French composer, visited to Chicago, made a brief address at a dinner party.

"The American business spirit," he said in of this address, "is an excellent thing. To be edly, America's unexampled prosperity is due to this spirit is sometimes carried too far."

"For instance, in a hotel barber shop you asked the barber if he had ever heard a celebrated pianist."

"No, sir," he replied emphatically. "I never patronize me, and so I never patronize."

Ethel Barrymore's Criticism.

"MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE," said a comely the Players' Club, "is continually being painted. Her beauty makes her a desirable her fame, too, makes her desirable; altogether no one more sought after for sittings than Miss Barrymore. And she is so gracious that sometimes to indifferent artists. This happened in Philadelphia last year. A young Philadelphia impressionist rather ghastly yellow and green portrait of Miss Barrymore. When it was done, he asked her to sign write something or other—some little sentiment her signature. Miss Barrymore smiled as she looked at the wretched portrait, and she wrote:

"Be not afraid; it is I. ETHEL BARRYMORE."

Borrowed Plumes.

CLYDE FITCH, in a kindly letter to a young known playwright, said:

"I liked your play; I thought it promising; but first act you imitated Ibsen; in the second you imitated Pinero, and in the third and fourth you imitated This will never do. Imitation, in art, is always suggests the shabby man who, as he sipped a beer, looked in the mirror behind the bar and mused to himself:

"Here I am wearing a railroad president's shirt-trousers of a Senator, the hat of a millionaire, the vest of a Newport society leader, and an ambassador's coat, and yet in spite of all I look like a trans-

To Make Him Serious.

"SPEAKING of Lent," said N. C. Goodwin, comedian, at the Players' Club, "I overheard a young woman say to another yesterday:

"I don't know what to do with Jack, my fiancé is so gay and frivolous for Lent. I wish I could der in him somehow a suitable seriousness."

"I'll tell you how to make him serious enough the other young lady. 'Go down and let him see without your false teeth tonight.'"

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SENATOR TILLMAN was discussing a recent quarrel among financiers.

"Those men threw a good deal of mud at each other," he said, smiling, "and most of the mud stuck. It was an interesting squabble. It reminded me of an incident at Southern jail. There were two prisoners in this

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One was in for stealing a cow. The other was in for stealing a watch. Exercising in the courtyard one morning, the first prisoner said tauntingly to the other:

"What time is it?"

"Milking time," was the retort."

Ladies and Sheep.

SOME of the members of the British Legation were talking about the late Shah of Persia.

"When the Shah was in London," said a young man, "he amused himself at a dinner party at a ducal residence in Park Lane by appraising the beauty of the ladies present in terms of sheep. Thus for a blonde countess he said he would give 1200 sheep; for a tall, slim baroness he said he would give 2000 sheep; for a peeress of middle age he said he would give 250 sheep, and so on."

"Finally, the Shah came to the beautiful Mrs. Willie James. Everybody waited in anxious silence to hear the old heathen state her value in sheep, for she is thought to be the most beautiful woman in London."

"The Shah looked at Mrs. James tenderly. He shook his head and sighed."

"This lady," he said, "is out of the question. Neither I nor any other man in the world owns as many sheep as she is worth."

The Unquiet Stairs.

IN a recent suit in a Cincinnati court a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now, my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

The German looked dazed for a moment. "How do they run?" he repeated.

"Yes; how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, "ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."—[Harper's Weekly.]

Experience.

A CERTAIN member of the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort.

When he recently appeared before the uncle with his fourth request, the latter said:

"You must learn to lean on yourself. I can't carry you all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe me a great deal as the result of your last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay off those debts. When you've done that, I'll give you a check for what they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"How did you manage it, Howard?" he asked, after an expression of congratulation.

"I borrowed the money," replied Howard.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Didn't Quite Understand.

CYRIL SCOTT, now in the second year of "The Prince Chap," lives at Bayside, Long Island, when he is playing near New York. He tells this story on a Bayside friend.

"Having arranged with his wife to make a long-promised call, a faithful husband arrived home in the afternoon only to find his better half out and no message left to explain her absence."

"Finally the husband inquired of their trusted handy man."

"Oh, Billy," he said, "can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Billy respectfully, "but I suppose they're in the wash."—[Young's Magazine.]

Not Layers.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON tells a story about a bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia who went into the town store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens, and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment and said:

"No, sir, they are roosters."—[Young's Magazine.]

Not the Student Type.

UPTON SINCLAIR, during a recent reunion of Columbia men, said that he thought athletics too often exerted a harmful influence on undergraduates.

"When I was in Chicago," Mr. Sinclair said, "making notes for 'The Jungle,' I knew an old lodging-house-keeper, and one night the old man said to me suspiciously:

"Do you know, I don't believe that there student, who has taken my fourth floor back is a student at all."

"Why not?" said I.

"He studies too much," said the old man."

Not Very Plausible.

J. G. PHELPS STOKES has withdrawn his support from the Young Men's Christian Association because in some of its classes business methods of a very worldly description are taught.

"The association," said Mr. Phelps Stokes recently, "attempts to give good reasons for teaching the tactics of Wall street. It attempts to reconcile such teachings

with its Christian character. On the whole it fails in this."

"It fails like the huckster who attempted to account for the miserable condition of his horse."

"Why," said a woman to the man, "your horse is a living skeleton. Don't you ever feed him?"

"Feed him?" said the huckster. "Well, that's a good one, that is. Why, he's got two bushels of oats and a ton of hay at home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em."

A Wounded Shakespeare.

A. DALY, whose charming book of verse, "Canzonet," has set him in the front rank of American poets, was congratulated the other day on his book's remarkable success.

"Well," said Mr. Daly, smiling, "I hope that this success won't make me as conceited as most young poets are. There is, for instance, a young poet at the Franklin Inn, and the day after I had visited the Franklin Inn a friend of this young man's said to me:

"I'm afraid you hurt Rimes's feelings last night, Tom."

"What did I say?" I asked.

"You said there was only one Shakespeare."

Presence of Mind.

GEN. FUNSTON, at a dinner in San Francisco, cited an example of great presence of mind.

"In the height of the disorder here," he said, "a mob was looting a big grocery when a band of soldiers arrived on the scene. One thief had seized two hams, and was about to make off with one under each arm, when he ran plump into an officer. Placing the hams in the officer's arms, he said peremptorily:

"Take care of these, my man, or the first thing you know, they will be stolen."

It Was Juicy.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, at a Lenten dinner in New York, said

"I heard of a striking simile the other day. A lady was doing some Lenten marketing—buying eggs, fish, fruit."

"Pausing before a fruit stand, she examined a heap of pears."

"Are these juicy?" she asked.

"Juicy?" said the dealer warmly. "Why, ma'am, they're as juicy as my old pipe."

Lacked Initiative.

STUYVESANT FISH, seated in his Broadway office, was describing to a well-known financial editor the character of a western financier.

"The man's success amazes me," said Mr. Fish, "for he is altogether lacking in courage and initiative. In short, he is like that husband who, after answering the letter carrier's ring, returned and said timidly to his wife:

"A letter for me, dear. May I open it?"

A Pure Food Expert.

DR. H. W. WILEY, the famous chemist, was reminded by the pure-food law of a story.

"A country grocer," he said, "was talking to a throng of customers about the wonderful sense of touch that the blind have."

"Here comes old blind Henry Perkins now," said the grocer. "We'll test him."

"And he took a scoopful of sugar and extended it to the old man."

"Feel this, Henry," he said, "and tell us what it is."

"The blind man put his hand in the scoop, passed its contents through his fingers, and said, in a firm, confident tone:

"Sand."

The Druggist's Rebuke.

MELTON C. WEEKS, the millionaire quinine manufacturer, in the course of an address in Denver on the new pure-drug law, told a drug story.

"Dear knows," said Mr. Weeks, "we ought to give the people pure drugs—we charge enough for them. Sometimes I think we drug dealers would get along better if we didn't show ourselves so greedy in our charges."

"We are too much like a druggist I used to know in Santa Fé. A miner rode in to Santa Fé with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to my druggist friend to be made up."

"Well, how much?" said the miner, when the prescription was finished.

"Let's see," said the druggist. "It's a dollar ten for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes—"

"He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently:

"Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork, and let us know the worst."

Misinterpreted.

THE story is told of a young Oregon girl, a favorite in society, but who was poor and had to take care not to get her evening gowns soiled, as her number was limited. At a dance not long ago a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man came in and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at the well-meaning but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said, with a warning smile:

"Of course I will dance with you, but if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose. —[Home Magazine.]

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

PALMS FOR CALIFORNIA.

SOMETHING ABOUT A NEW CANDIDATE FOR POPULAR FAVOR.

By Ernest Brauntton.

MOST garden owners who are dissatisfied with the rate of growth made by their palms will find the trouble attributable to a deficiency of water. In the light of present experience (and investigation) it seems quite certain that all palms should be heavily watered, providing, of course, that they are in vigorous health and therefore in a receptive condition, and the soil has proper drainage. It has been observed that whether growing in the desiccative air of the desert or the saturated atmosphere of the tropics, all palms naturally have a plentiful supply of moisture at the roots.

In California it is especially desirable to keep them well watered, not only locally, but for some distance from the tree, for nearly all those we grow are natives of more humid climes. Even our native fan palm "burns" during our dry summers, and the fact that those growing in lawns have a better color and growth than when under opposing conditions goes far to prove the claim that this species originally grew upon the shores of an inland sea, or arm of the Pacific.

Many garden owners in this State, more especially in the southern portion, pride themselves on their extensive collections of palms, and every new candidate for public favor is quickly secured by palm fanciers. Our

they make it unhealthful. Too often the dwelling and the more desirable features in the yard are obscured by such planting, and outbuildings and less pleasing objects, are left unmasked. A little forethought when planting will obviate the necessity of the after-destruction of trees in themselves valuable. Very few will chop down or dig out trees of mature growth, even though they are in places undesirable.

Spineless Succulents.

The Kleinias grow among the rocks on the sandy shores of the Canary Islands. But one species is native elsewhere—in Asia. Kleinia articulata has thick, fleshy stems, and is often called "candle plant." Leaves are on long petioles, and lobed at the base. Kleinia spiculosa is a tall growing species, about eighteen inches high, and not fleshy. Leaves are terete in shape, resembling those of Othonna, only larger, and two or more inches long. The whole plant is of a bluish color.

There are a number of other species, and all of easy cultivation. A sandy soil and heat seems to suit them; with care in watering, cuttings are easily rooted in loam or sand. They are winter bloomers, with yellow flowers somewhat resembling the dandelion, and belong to the same order, the composite family. Rochea falcata, with a thick, odd-shaped leaf, is a native of South Africa. Plant grayish green in color and bears scarlet flowers. Easy to grow, leaves root readily in sands.

Cotyledon arborescens is a fine plant, and grows to be a miniature tree two feet high with a trunk two inches in diameter. Leaves are almost round, thick and fleshy.



A NEW PALM (ERYTHEA BRANDEGEI)

latest applicant for a place in the palm ranks, apparently perfectly hardy, is Erythea Brandegei, from the southern part of Lower California. So much interest was awakened by the discovery of this palm that Miss K. O. Sessions of San Diego made a trip into the wilds of its native heath to procure photographs, seeds, plants, etc. She reports that, as usual, this palm grows in a light, well-drained soil, with an abundant water supply. This species differs from E. edulis, the Guadalupe palm, in the leaf being smaller and thinner, of a lighter green on the upper surface, while beneath it is decidedly glaucous, though not so bluish as in E. armata, the Blue palm, but more soft and pliable. It is much more slender than either of the species mentioned, and the trunk is harder and stronger than that of any other North American palm. The natives use these trunks for roof timbers and some in use for 100 years are seemingly as good as ever. The extreme slenderness of this palm is shown by measurements taken from specimens nearly 100 feet high which are less than a foot in diameter at the base. Judging from the growth of this palm in its native habitat and from the young ones in cultivation, it will present, with age, the most graceful and artistic appearance of any of the fan-leaved section.

Too Many Trees.

Many well-intentioned planters in ornamenting their home grounds, do not take into consideration the ultimate size to which the trees will grow. Such conditions are often cause for deep regret, and exceedingly difficult to overcome after the trees have attained considerable size. When they are set out as small plants, it is scarcely realized the rapid growth they make in our climate, and how soon they become a barrier to desirable views. Not only do they shut out one's vision of the landscape, but by too closely surrounding or overshadowing the house,

Stem has quite a thick bark upon it, and is wrinkled around the stem instead of lengthwise. The flowers are small, white, and in clusters. Cotyledon portulacoides grows somewhat similar. Leaves round and bluish in color. Cuttings of these root readily with the same general treatment as Cacti. Kalanchoe marmorata is another African native, eighteen inches high, with opposite, thick leaves, four inches long, and two and one-half inches wide, of a glaucous green color, with purple blotches on the under side.

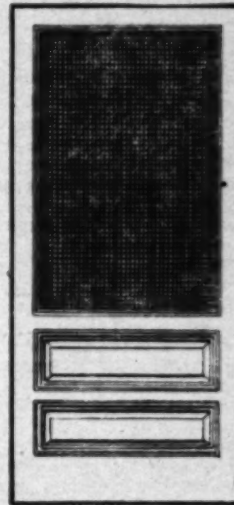
Understanding Nature.

Two young women, says a recent publication, were looking across the landscape. "Don't you love nature?" asked one of them turning with clasped hands. "Oh, yes, indeed," answered her friend, "it adds so much!"

We have all known people like these who gushed over flowers and birds and sunsets, and who never in their lives tried to raise a flower or a turnip, and probably couldn't have done it if they had. How different is their appreciation of "nature" from that of the men and women who have really lived in close touch with all the life about them.

There are women—men, too, for that matter—whose touch seems to have in it something of magic to which flowers respond. Every reader has known some such person, one of those tranquil, cheerful creatures who always have something in bloom; and whose plants seem to grow and thrive under almost any condition. These fortunate folk are never afraid to give way their flowers, for they know others will bloom for them; and their cuttings and "slips" spring up like the proverbial bay tree.

The door between us and heaven cannot be open while that between us and our fellow-men is shut.



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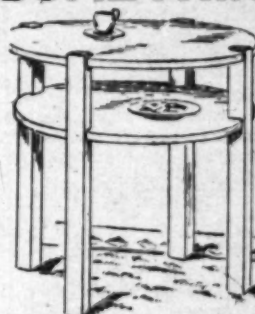
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March 3, 1907.]

The City B

ARROYO SECO PA THE TIME IS RIPE FOR A MOVEMENT.

WHEN the call for the last Arbor went forth we were given to understand that the holding of the meeting in Sycamore was decided upon because of the importance to the city's holdings at that point, and the prosecution of a well-started, healthy movement toward the acquisition of the whole arroyo. It was Pasadena already has seen of it. It was claimed that the forces of civilization were so organized that attention to the scheme, to interest the public was alone needed. The actual work had all that was necessary was to give notice of the intended move. Residents of the city have been waiting for something to be done.

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that the spasmodic Arbor Day efforts are seldom permanent good. In some of the lesser instances the day is spent in planting a library plat, or public square along well practical lines, but these instances are few. Too often physical efforts (aside from the air) are confined to planting trees for a purpose, in places where none are wanted. These are placed by some organization



of Ambling Apes, Dissipated Dodos, and other bodies who each year set out a tree in a straightway forget it. If the planting is done where permanent park force is kept the tree, though when, why and by whom planted is not cared. The honorable gentleman who did not have in mind the aggregation of individuals or organizations, but looked for results, which in many instances are really satisfactory to all. In the late few weeks ago, those people and organizations have done the most and best work toward the acquisition of the Arroyo Seco were not consulted to take any part in the celebration or the actual work to be subsequently carried out. It is to be more than a mere mockery.

Many men of means, owning homes or lands along the arroyo have signified their willingness either money or desired territory so movement is on a practical basis. Why not efforts on acquiring Mineral Park, the most valuable parcel of land between Los Angeles and Pasadena? Start a subscription list and most thorough manner satisfactory to all. If this fine tract required as a nucleus, then a right of way might be secured from Sycamore Grove Park adjoining Pasadena. A reservation of arroyo of any width would be all that is needed to be forty feet only, 'tis enough for traffic; it would allow of the preservation of nature on each side the roadway. If other tracts were secured it would provide breathing spots other than those above named.

Such a move, as outlined would be certain and secure to the public for all time a rustic retreat throughout the only natural oasis between the city and the wilds. It precipitates the gift, sale, or refusal of any desired for park purposes. Some sordid citizens along the arroyo have said they could help

The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

ARROYO SECO PARK.

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR A PRACTICAL MOVEMENT.

WHEN the call for the last Arbor Day celebration went forth we were given to understand that the holding of the meeting in Sycamore Grove Park was decided upon because of the importance of adding to the city's holdings at that point, and incidentally for the prosecution of a well-started, healthful movement toward the acquisition of the whole arroyo from that part to where Pasadena already has secured a portion of it. It was claimed that the forces back of the celebration were so organized that attention to the practicability of the scheme, to interest the public in general, was alone needed. The actual work had been done and all that was necessary was to give notice to the public of the intended move. Residents of contiguous territory have been waiting for something to drop, but no thud has been heard.

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that these sporadic Arbor Day efforts are seldom productive of permanent good. In some of the lesser centers of population the day is spent in planting a school grounds, library plat, or public square along well conceived and practical lines, but these instances are marked exceptions. Too often physical efforts (aside from sawing the air) are confined to planting trees unfitted to the purpose, in places where none are wanted or needed. These are placed by some organization as the Society

ment, but could not work to that end "unless there's something in it." These people should be avoided in all negotiations, but the best talent for starting the movement aright should be secured and if they cannot afford to donate their time, let us pay them for it. Unless something is done in the matter while interest is alive as the result of the past six months agitation, and done quickly, the Arroyo Seco will be lost to the public for all time. Much of it has already reached prohibitive prices. One man offered the choicest eighty acres in the whole chasm for \$40,000 a few months ago. He has since sold off enough to demonstrate that the entire tract will net him \$200,000. Shall we let this matter rest until purchase has passed a practical possibility?

Civic Improvement.

While we deplore the fact that the offering of prizes is necessary to awaken interest in civic beautifying and get desirable results, inasmuch as we are confronted with such facts, the question arises as to what best to offer prizes for. The successful work carried out in Topeka, Kan., owes its beginning to the publication of the following prize list by the Civic Improvement Association:

- (1) For the greatest improvement in back yards in each precinct: First prize, \$3; second prize, \$1.
- (2) For the greatest improvement in premises in each ward, to include alley, parking, gutters, outhouses, barns, fences and trees: First prize, \$5; second prize, \$3.
- (3) For each of the public schools showing marked improvement and good condition: Prize, a picture, cast



BEAUTIFYING A PUBLIC ZANJA.

of Ambling Apes, Dissipated Dodoes, and various other bodies who each year set out a tree in a new place and straightway forget it. If the planting is done in a city where permanent park force is kept the trees live, though when, why and by whom planted nobody knows or cares. The honorable gentleman who first instituted Arbor Day did not have in mind the aggrandizement of individuals or organizations, but looked for practical results, which in many instances are realized, and in a manner satisfactory to all. In the late agitation of a few weeks ago, those people and organizations who have done the most and best work toward securing lands in the Arroyo Seco were not consulted or invited to take any part in the celebration or the more practical work to be subsequently carried out if Arbor Day is to be more than a mere mockery.

Many men of means, owning homes or lands in and along the arroyo have signified their willingness to donate either money or desired territory so soon as the movement is on a practical base. Why not center all efforts on acquiring Mineral Park, the most desirable parcel of land between Los Angeles and Pasadena? Start a subscription list and most thoroughly canvass for a purchase fund. If this fine tract could be acquired as a nucleus, then a right of way for a road might be secured from Sycamore Grove to Mineral Park adjoining Pasadena. A reservation through the arroyo of any width would be all that is necessary; if it be forty feet only, 'tis enough for traffic; if two hundred it would allow of the preservation of natural beauty on each side the roadway. If other tracts could be secured it would provide breathing spots other than the three above named.

Such a move, as outlined would be certain of success and secure to the public for all time a rural roadway and rustic retreat throughout the only natural pass remaining between the city and the wilds. It would also precipitate the gift, sale, or refusal of any and all lands desired for park purposes. Some sordid citizens residing along the arroyo have said they could help the move-

or something appropriate for the school.

- (4) For the best improvement on vacant grounds in the ward, not less than one lot: First prize, \$5; second prize, \$3.

- (5) For the best improved premises in rented homes, the improvements to be made by tenant. Prizes by awards: First prize, \$3; second prize, \$2.

- (6) For the best collection in each precinct of hardy herbaceous perennials planted in the fall of 1902; for the best general display of bulbs planted in the fall of 1902; for the best collection of native Kansas plants; for the best display of climbers or vines and for the best display of shrubs planted in the fall of 1902, suitable prizes will be given.

- (7) For the best essay on "How to Improve the Back Yard," by any undergraduate of the public schools, the competitor exhibiting a yard of his or her own planting, a special prize of \$10.

The School Garden Idea.

It is not necessary to go very far afield to find an excuse for the garden idea for children. Tendency has been too often shown to make the movement too pedagogical; too cut and dried. Do not kill the enthusiasm of the young gardener by making him feel that his garden work is for the sake of helping his arithmetic, his language, or his nature study. It is well to correlate, but do it indirectly or it will react unfavorably if we continually try to defend the school garden by illustrating how it may be used for the sake of numbers, language, science, etc. If the idea of children's gardens has not sufficient merit and value to stand upon its own feet it had better fall before it climbs any higher.

WITH THE STORMERS.

Comedian: You should have heard Rowland Rant bellow "My kingdom for a horse."
Sweet Singer: What happened?
Comedian: Why, the audience gave him the horse laugh and a bag of horse chestnuts.—[Chicago News.]

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECEMBER 5 TO 14, INCLUSIVE. Nineteenth Annual Poultry and Pigeon Show of the Los Angeles County Poultry Association. D. C. Johnson, Secretary, Whittier, Cal.
 SAN JOSE, CAL., NOVEMBER 11 TO 16, INCLUSIVE. Annual Exhibition of the Santa Clara Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Charles R. Harker, Secretary, San Jose, Cal.
 OAKLAND, CAL., DECEMBER 2 TO 8, INCLUSIVE. Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Alameda County Poultry Association. C. G. Hinds, Secretary, Alameda, Cal.
 FRESNO, CAL., DECEMBER 11 TO 14, INCLUSIVE. Tenth Annual Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Exhibition of the Fresno Association. George R. Andrews, Secretary, Fresno, Cal.

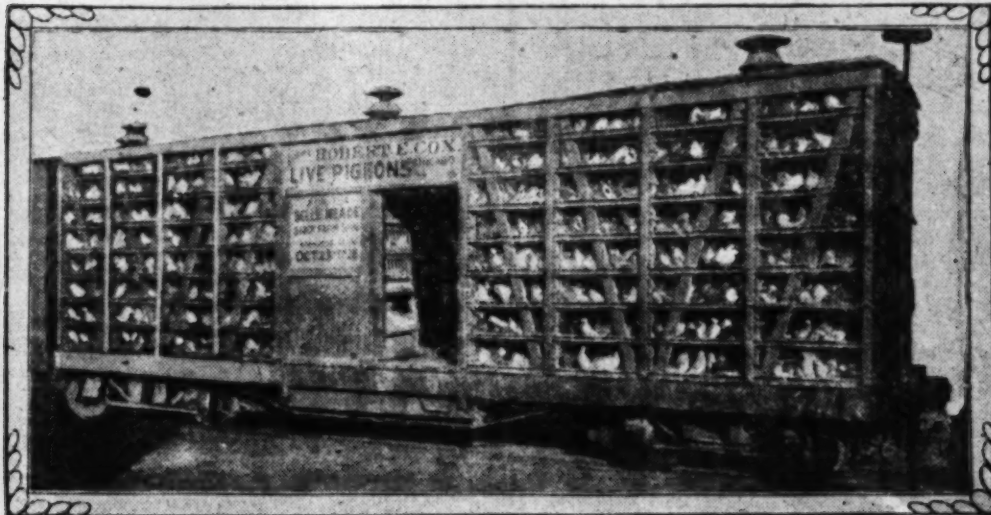
THE HEN EN ROUTE.

SHIPPING OF LIVE POULTRY IN SPECIAL CARS.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experience with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

THE source of the greatest production of eggs and poultry is in the midwest—Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, etc. Indeed, so rapid has been its development along broad-gauge lines, that something like 500 special cars are now in constant use for the transportation of chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys on the hoof from interior points to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Atlantic Coast markets. These cars are of special design with a capacity of from 3000 to 5000 head, much depending on the breeds and kind of fowl carried. Specifically a car for chickens contains 128 coops of sufficient capacity to accommodate 384 dozen or 4608 individual specimens. The follow brief description and illustration is from The Reliable Poultry Journal for February:



SPECIAL CAR FOR SHIPPING LIVE POULTRY.

"The cars are 36 feet long, 9½ feet wide, inside measurement, and higher than the ordinary freight car. The coops are built right into the car and are eight decks high. An aisle 27 inches extends the entire length of the coach, for the use of the attendant in feeding the birds, and in the middle of the car is a stateroom 8 by 9½ feet where the man in charge of the shipment makes his headquarters. At the side of each row of coops is a water and feed trough, of metal, which is pulled out into the aisle to receive the feed and then shoved back out of sight like a drawer in a desk. In the top of each car is a water tank holding 327 gallons—enough to last the fowls for any ordinary trip. From this tank runs a hose which reached all the coops in the car. Under the coach is a grain bin 8 feet square and about 2 feet deep. Each coop contains about 14 square feet of floor space, giving 1564 feet for the birds in the coach. The arrangement is such that the fowls can be watered and fed as conveniently when the car is going fifty miles an hour—as fast freight trains often do—as they can when the car is standing still. Above the stateroom is a large ventilator of grating, which carries off all noxious odors, and also increases the light. In case of rain, a trap door closes the ventilator."

Allowing for the fact that at every Thanksgiving and the following holidays quantities of chickens and turkeys find their way into Southern California, it is more than probable that these special cars will be a factor in the poultry business of this section within the near future.

The Columbian or Light Brahma Rocks?

To the making of new breeds, like the making of books, there is no end, and in some respects, no excuse. Scarcely has the Columbian Wyandotte become recognized, and, presto, change! we are to have the Columbian Plymouth Rock—"Light Rocks" is what their originator has christened them. The only material difference between this breed and the Columbian Wyandottes is that the former has a single comb and the latter a rose comb. The amalgamation of bloods that is represented in the Light Rocks is the Barred Rock, Light Brahma and Co-

lumbian Wyandotte. Briefly, they may be described as follows:

Color of plumage same as the Light Brahma, except that shanks must be absolutely free from feathering; all other points to conform to the standard qualifications for Barred Rocks. Beyond the mere matter of plumage, the Light Rocks possess no marked distinctions over the White or Barred.

As already indicated on more than one occasion in these columns, new breeds are to be avoided, especially by the beginner or novice in poultry culture.

At best they do not always breed true to color and type, and besides, to eliminate objectionable features and emphasize desirable characteristics presents difficulties calculated to tax the best efforts of experienced breeders which are hardly attainable on the part of beginners.

The American Hen in Japan.

If we are to believe reports there is quite an export business now going on between this country and Japan in first-class stock. Not long since a fine shipment went forth from Pasadena to that country consisting of single-comb Rhode Island Reds, and another from San Jacinto of White Leghorns. While in San Francisco the writer noted a number of shipments from eastern breeders, which were being recreated for the long sea voyage. And this reminds us that Japan is not new to the poultry business. One authority says there are three plants there producing over 15,000 head of chickens per year each, all of which have passed the experimental stage and are now said to be paying handsomely. The oldest one of the three has been running for something like twenty years. The average yard room per head in Japan is about three square feet, which would give about twenty-five birds to a 10x30-foot pen, or say 3500 head to the acre.

The White Wyandotte as the Business Hen.

F. A. Mason contributes the following, in reference to

Standard-bred Poultry.

A breeder of standard-bred poultry is amazed if by an intelligent person what is meant by standard-bred poultry. He is so absorbed in his studies and he forgets that many people know very little about poultry, supposing that it just grows. There are fowls that do "just grow." Fowls will grow, if left to themselves in good environment, and they are a happen-so lot. It is possible to pick out a model fowl in a happen-so lot, but the model will breed back to happen-so's. If a Dorking sire be put into a mongrel flock of hens, he will throw hens that look pure-bred, and when they are they are liable to throw a White Leghorn. It is impossible to tell about a fowl by the looks of it, and one buying fowls would generally like to know what he is buying. In order to state what he is selling, a breeder



LIGHT BRAHMA PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

to breed pure-bred fowls—fowls from hens bred to the like back many years, the longer the better. The breeds that have been kept pure breed nearer to self than the new breeds.

When one gets to breeding pure-bred fowls, he is not quite like his neighbors. One thinks his better, and another thinks the other fellow's better. A buyer wants to buy the better fowls, and which is they? Who shall say? The business man with much say and sure he is right, the clearer fellow consider cautiously, and is skeptical about the quiet fellow who really may have the better. Among the breeders of pure-bred poultry, years ago there had to be a standard of perfection agreed upon. Breeders' associations could not award prizes at shows with no recognized standards. Quality in one part of the country was

PACIFIC INCUBATORS

Best on the Coast—best anywhere. Made right—prices right. Guaranteed. Catalogue free. Also great COMBINATION BROODER. It is great—indoors and out. When the chicks are hatched, feed them the celebrated

WEST COAST CHICK FEED

A rightly balanced ration for the little ones.

Manufactured by

WEST COAST STOCK FOOD CO.

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CHANTICLEER HALL

Barred Plymouth Rocks and Bronze Turkeys. Win once again at the great Los Angeles Poultry Association Show, 1907. For full account of winning for choice stock and eggs, and the square deal with L. DOWNING HADLEY, San Gabriel, Cal.

WHITE WYANDOTTE FARM

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA. Won all first premiums at 1907 Los Angeles Poultry Association Show. Cocks 1, 2, 4. Cockerels 1, 2. Hens 1, 2. Pairs 1, 2. Silver cups. White Wyandotte Club Cup for best pen. Assn. Cup for best Male. H. Hooper Cup for best display. Now booking orders for eggs. Send 2-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue to Anna L. Pinkerton, box M., Inglewood, Cal. Tel. Home 230.

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK FEMALES OF HIGH QUALITY answering to standard requirements, from \$2.00 and up. Birds won more honors and specials at the L. A. Pan-American than those of any other two exhibitors. First come, first served to choice. Write me your wants. ARTHUR J. LITTLE, Inglewood, Cal. Tel. Home 230.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. BURBANK BEAUTY (EARLY) per 1000 and Brandywine (mid-summer, \$2 per 1000). With lush berries of early spring till winter. \$2 per 1000. discount on orders from 15,000 and over. FAIRVIEW FARM, SHELBY, Route No. 2, Box 54, Burbank, Cal.

THE LIVE STOCK TRIBUNE TELLS ALL ABOUT POULTRY, pigeons, and general live stock under Pacific Coast conditions. Thirty-two to fifty-six pages each month; 75c per year, two per year in advance, \$1.00; sample free. THE LIVE STOCK TRIBUNE, 8, Los Angeles street, Los Angeles.

M. E. DILLINGHAM, SAN GABRIEL, CAL. WYANDOTTES. Specialists—White, Buff and Columbian—Humpty-Dumpty—Eggs \$2.00 and \$3.00 for fifteen, \$30 for one hundred. Mail order mile north of Masonic Home. Take San Gabriel Electric car.

PURE BRED STOCK. WHITE LEGHORN EGGS. Large eggs. Great layers. Eggs for hatching, only \$1.50 per 100 eggs. RICHARD POWERS, Anaheim, Cal.

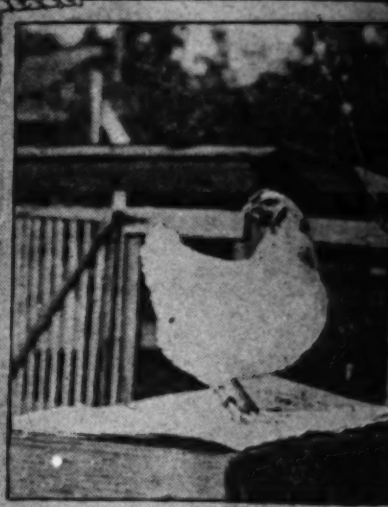
March 3, 1907.]

quality in another. The American Poultry Association was formed in February, 1873, by a body of breeders and fanciers from different parts of the country assembled at Buffalo, N. Y. They formulated their constitution and bylaws, and agreed upon a standard, the first edition of the "Standard" for the poultry, 1874. Breeders immediately began to breed to its ideals. It has been found practicable to "standard" in a few instances only, and new breeds well established. In February, 1907, the American Poultry Association adopted a new standard, and it has been published.

Everybody interested in poultry should own this book, and breed his poultry up to it. In many pounds the cock should weigh. If you are under it, you should work for size. If you are not up to standard weight, breed from the having best quality. One who has not a standard cannot hope to meet its demands. Unless he started with standard-bred fowls, a fowl and add weight does not really meet weight. Muscle weight is wanted, and that required only in the newly-bred with fowls reached maturity. If the standard says the certain fowl must be black, the presence of other in the black is bad, and it is expensive pretty; if you find yourself liking something and says is wrong, conclude at once that it is deplorable, and by cultivating a taste for it will soon become a part of you. Breed only which are well up to standard requirements. An ordinary person may judge his own poultrying it.

The Breeders' Busy Season.

There is no season of the year so favorable as the present. With the advent of spring skies over verdure, the domesticated fowl yields crops of hen fruit larger in value and



WHITE WYANDOTTE PULLET. SCORE 95 AND OWNED BY F. A. MASON.

quality than for the remainder of the year. Eggs are more apt to be fertile, the germ more active, and the chicks hatched more vigorous than usual. Being true, it is the part of wisdom to do the nation of the year's hatches right now; to get on youngsters possible; and when once out, to keep growing vigorously and without relapse to maturity. Incubators should be in full operation just at this time, and no effort spared to bring on the pullets for their layers, and the breeding specimens that maintain the flocks for the following season. Who contemplate buying eggs for hatching (daily incubator lots) should engage them ahead of time. This year seems to be in excess of supply, and are reported as laying freely this year, but in that many of our best breeders report orders booked and six weeks ahead.

The Importance of Grit.

People new to the raising of poultry are quite overlook the importance of ground shell and grit. Bird life is destitute of teeth, in consequence of which nature supplied the gizzard, situated between the glandular part and commencement of the intestines, the function of which is to grind and crush food. The chicken being by nature a seed and vegetable eating bird, must be supplied with some substance with which to masticate its food, or it will eventually succumb. Many birds are apt to suffer differently well only for the want of grit. It

[March 3, 1907]

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Everybody interested in poultry should own a copy of this book, and breed his poultry up to it. It states how many pounds the cock should weigh. If your male birds are under it, you should work for size. If the hens are not up to standard weight, breed from the largest hens having best quality. One who has not consulted the standard cannot hope to meet its demands at once, unless he started with standard-bred fowls. To fatten a fowl and add weight does not really meet the desired weight. Muscle weight is wanted, and that can be acquired only in the newly-bred with fowls that have reached maturity. If the standard says the breast of a certain fowl must be black, the presence of a white feather in the black is bad, and it is expensive to think it pretty; if you find yourself liking something the standard says is wrong, conclude at once that your taste is deplorable, and by cultivating a taste for the ideal, it will soon become a part of you. Breed only from fowls which are well up to standard requirements, and any ordinary person may judge his own poultry by studying it.

The Breeders' Busy Season.

There is no season of the year so favorable for chicken life as the present. With the advent of spring, of azure skies over verdure, the domesticated fowl luxuriates and yields crops of hen fruit larger in value and better in

range over a sandy, gravelly soil, they will naturally supply themselves with all the grinding material their systems may demand, but if kept on adobe or heavy clay soils, grit of some kind must be kept constantly before them. Small pieces of crushed stone, ground oyster shell, broken crockery are all suitable. Nearly all the supply houses now carry ground shell and crushed stone in stock for this purpose, varying in size to accommodate the young chicks as well as adult fowl. Are your birds well provided for in this respect?

Again the Pesticiferous Mite.

The other day a "new one" in the game came to the writer with a couple of Black Minorcas that certainly looked sick. Their combs were pale, they appeared weak and emaciated, but apparently ate well and seemed all right. Investigation soon revealed the cause. On turning up the feathers, lice and mites, the bane of fowl life in California, were discovered present in great numbers. A thorough dusting with insect powder, a careful spraying of the hen houses and roosts with liquid lice killers soon brought relief and the flock is now in fine condition. This only again illustrates the importance of fighting the insect foes of fowl life all the time. Many a flock is doing only indifferently well because suffering from parasites. Verily, you cannot grow poultry and bugs in the same environment and at the same time make money.

The Commonplace Cent.

THE MANUFACTURE OF OUR COPPER
LEGAL TENDER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE evolution of a copper penny is quite a romantic story. And yet this statement, as *concerning* to what is about to be written, is misleading, as it is a cent—the half of a real penny—that is under consideration, and the material of the coin is bronze.

The earliest cents issued by this government, near the end of the eighteenth century, were of pure copper—big "cartwheels," weighing 264 grains apiece. It was soon ascertained that their worth as crude metal was actually greater than their coined value, and so it was deemed necessary to reduce their weight. In 1793 this was done, and the weight of the coin brought down to 208 grains, and three years later the weight was again reduced to 168 grains. The present current cent weighs only 48 grains.

The fact is, that while the government loses money on its gold coinage, and gains more or less on the silver pieces it issues, it comes out away ahead on the cents and nickels. Into a gold eagle, for example, it puts exactly \$10 worth of the precious metal, besides ten per cent. of copper, added as a hardening alloy, and the cost of minting. A silver piece of any denomination is half profit, all expenses paid. But the profit on the manufacture of nickels and pennies is enormous. The blanks for these so-called minor coins—smooth disks of the proper size and weight—are furnished to the government on contract by a firm in Waterbury, Ct. Blanks for nickels cost 14 cents per hundred, and blanks for cents cost 7 3/10 cents per hundred. They are sent to the mint in Philadelphia, where all minor coins are made, and each one is struck with the design that gives it its commercial standing.

Obviously, the evolution of the cent begins in the copper mines. The metal comes from the wonderful deposits about Lake Michigan and from the neighborhood of Butte, Mont. The ordinary smelting processes are applied to the ore, and the impurities—iron, lead, silver and gold—separated out. The purified copper goes to agents who have dealers in all the big cities, and is bought from these agents at market rates, by the firm in Waterbury, for about 12 1/2 cents a pound avoirdupois.

At Waterbury the raw metal is mixed with an alloy, according to a recipe prescribed by the Treasury Department at Washington, which is 95 per cent. copper, 3 per cent. tin, and 2 per cent. zinc. Pure copper is too soft, but this alloy has been found, by long experiment, to be wholly satisfactory. It is malleable, not brittle, and excellently retains its original polish.

The copper, when purchased by the Waterbury concern, is in the shape of bricks. These are cut into slices and pressed out under a heavy roller into strips, the thickness of a cent. These strips are passed beneath punches that work rapidly up and down, stamping out, one by one, the little disks, which fall into a receptacle below. The disks, after being put into a chemical bath, are raked out and transferred to a revolving barrel full of sawdust, where they are turned about until friction with the sawdust rubs off their dull-hued unattractiveness and they become bright and shining.

In fact, a box full of cent blanks, newly manufactured, is a very pretty sight, the fresh copper disks looking like so much yellow gold. One might, indeed, say that they look more golden than the gold itself, inasmuch as copper, when bright and new, has a sheen more brilliant than that of gold.

Women with deft fingers feed the blanks to machines, which mint them at the rate of eighty a minute, stamping by dies both sides of the coin at once, and automatically disposing of one while receiving another. The completed pennies are dropped into boxes beneath, and all that remains to be done is the counting of the newly-made pieces, which is done with marvelous rapidity by a girl who thinks nothing of reckoning 3000 of them in thirty seconds. She uses a device, known as the counting board, which reckons 500 at a time. This is an inclined plane, with columns the exact width of a cent, separated by metal partitions, which in height exactly equals the thickness of the coin. The cents are spread

over this board, and dropped into the grooves prepared for them, all surplus pieces falling off.

One pound avoirdupois of the cent blanks makes \$1.40 worth of pennies when coined; in other words, there are 140 blanks to the pound. The blanks are shipped to the mint in strong wooden boxes. The stream of copper which flows out continually from Philadelphia has a history like that of many rivers in western deserts, which are finally lost in the sand. Nobody knows what becomes of the millions on millions of cents that are minted annually, the production varying from 25,000,000 to 90,000,000 per annum; they simply vanish from sight and are gone forever. The phenomenon seems strange and is not easily accounted for. People say: "What becomes of all the pins?" That is easily answered. Pins soon corrode, and thus are transformed into nothing that is recognizable. A copper cent, on the other hand, is indestructible, comparatively speaking. But the solution of the problem seems to be that cents are subject to more accidents than any other coins; they change hands ten times as often as dimes, for example, and, being of small value, they are not cared for.

Thus it is that the mint in Philadelphia is obliged to keep turning out pennies at an average rate of about 4,000,000 per month, in order to keep up the supply. The penny-in-the-slot machines have greatly increased the demand for cents. It is said that a single automatic machine company in New York City takes in half a million pennies a day. Inasmuch as there is hardly a crossroads village in the country that has not a chewing-gum, kinetoscope, music, or weighing machine, operated in this way, the number of coins required to keep them all going is enormous. The craze for 49-cent bargains makes a lot of work for pennies. The penny newspapers have also increased their demand.

From the treasury record of the cents and nickels now outstanding and unaccounted for, one gets an idea of the number of minor coins lost. Of course this account goes back to the beginning of the issue of the old-time copper cents, specimens of which are so rarely seen nowadays, and of which there are extant 118,405,000. The quantity of metal represented by these antiquated coins, nearly all of which seem to have been lost, is enormous. What has become of them? Nobody knows. The same remark applies to the old copper half-cent, of which 3,903,600 are missing. None of these half cents are in circulation now. Grown men today remember the copper-nickel cents which were marked with a flying eagle, but nobody ever sees one now. There are millions of them somewhere, but no one knows where. Long ago the coinage of the bronze 2-cent pieces was discontinued, and yet today there are extant somewhere 57,578,400 of them.

As fast as these old coins have come into the treasury, they have been converted into those of the new style; but this has nothing to do with the millions of pieces above referred to as still outstanding. The old coppers, with the addition of the requisite alloy of tin and zinc, have been used for minting new cents. The same thing has been done with the half cents. The copper-nickel cents with the flying eagle have been melted down and made into nickels and pennies; they were 88 per cent. copper and 12 per cent. nickel. The bronze 2-cent pieces have been made into ordinary cents, the alloy being the same; while the nickel 3-cent pieces have been utilized for making 5-cent nickels.

It is a curious fact that up to 1856 there was no limit on the cent as a legal tender. One might offer 10,000 cents in payment of a debt of \$100. Since then, however, the cent has been legal tender only up to 25 cents.

FRANK H. SWEET.

WINTER IN CALIFORNIA.

The day is dawning; with rosy light
The gates of the morn are tinged,
And folded up are the curtains of night,
While the silvery stars have faded from sight,
And the sun looks down from his lofty height,
On a lake with lilies fringed.

Not a mist to darken the sun's bright ray
This beautiful winter morn.
I think of the snow-covered East today,
As the gentle winds thro' the palm trees play,
And amid the grasses beside my way
Are peeping the flowers new-born.

Not a cloud above! there is naught amiss,
For Nature seems all in tune,
While the roses blush 'neath the zephyr's kiss,
And bend their heads in a rapturous bliss.
Was there ever a winter's morn like this—
Like a balmy day in June?

A winter's morn, what a glorious thing!
Was ever a day more fair?
And whatever the years to come may bring,
To this lovely land will my memory cling,
Where winter smiles like a radiant spring,
And the roses scent the air.

LLOYD LESLIE LUNSFORD.

IT IS SAID.

Finland has never had a thunder-storm.
A Mexican cargador, or porter, will carry a 400-pound load with ease.

The Australian drinks eight pounds of tea a year, the American only one pound.

In Dutch Guiana the family wealth is converted into jewelry that the wife wears.

Norwegians and Lapps, the world's tallest and shortest people, live side by side.

Mittenwald, in Bavaria, makes the world's violins. It produces 50,000 instruments a year.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each draining, at an annual cost of 25 cents an acre, 310 acres of ground.

South America produces the biggest leaf in the world—the Inaj palm leaf, 50 feet long, and 12 feet wide.



WHITE WYANDOTTE PULLET. SCORE 95%. BREED AND OWNED BY F. A. MASON.

quality than for the remainder of the year. Just now eggs are more apt to be fertile, the germ more robust, and the chicks hatched more vigorous than usual. That being true, it is the part of wisdom to do the major portion of the year's hatching right now; to get out all the youngsters possible; and when once out, to keep them growing vigorously and without relapse to maturity. Incubators should be in full operation just at this time, and no effort spared to bring on the pullets for next season's layers, and the breeding specimens that are to maintain the flocks for the following season. Breeders who contemplate buying eggs for hatching (and especially incubator lots) should engage them ahead, as the demand this year seems to be in excess of supply. Hens are reported as laying freely this year, but in spite of that many of our best breeders report orders booked four and six weeks ahead.

This is the season for creative labor in the poultry yards, and if you want to be in the running next fall and winter, keep the incubator and brooder busy and the old hen in business as of yore at the old stand.

Poultry hatched this time of year proves the most profitable in every way. By the time the trees bloom eggs are getting to come fast and can be depended on for fertility. The season is early this year, but the trees are in bloom, and the instinct which prompted them prompted all things in unison. The hens are in fine condition, laying lots of eggs, have been laying long enough to be in regular habits, upon which one can depend. Eggs from the East and winter environment are not as strong as they will be later on. The early hatched pullets lay the winter eggs, and the cockerels are the bigger and best for meat.

The Importance of Grit.

People new to the raising of poultry are quite apt to overlook the importance of ground shell and grit in the daily ration. Bird life is destitute of teeth, in the absence of which nature supplied the gizzard, situated between the glandular part and commencement of the intestine, the function of which is to grind and crush the food. The chicken being by nature a seed and vegetable-eating bird, must be supplied with some sharp substances with which to masticate its food, or it will sicken and eventually succumb. Many birds are apt to do indifferently well only for the want of grit. If given

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K FEED

the little ones.

K FOOD CO.

HELES, CALIFORNIA

HALL

Bronze Turkeys
Angloes Poultry
Account of winning
square deal write
NING HADLEY,
San Gabriel, Cal.

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ORNIA.

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2 Home & 2 Poultry
Vandotte Club Cap for
Hogee Cap for best
Good 2-cent stamp
but 25 Ingwood

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First come, first served
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12 per 1000.) Will
winter. 25 per 1000.
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Pacific Coast continues
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STOCK TRIBUNE

CAL. WYANDOTTE
npty-Dumpty, strain
Buff, Cochins, Bantams
hundred. Hatch
Electric cap.

HN EGGS. LAR
ely H. 25 per 1000.

Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

Tomato Pollination.

A FARMER of the San Gabriel Valley, who has contracted with a cannery to plant 200 acres to tomatoes, is very anxious, of course, to avoid the wilt blight that has been so severe here for several years. I advised him to plant his tomato seed in nursery rows, away off on the ranch somewhere to avoid contamination from the bacteria that seems to gather about the center of activities on the farm. As this plan would require over two acres of land he seemed inclined to grow his plants in the usual way and take the chances of infection. He also asked about the unfruitfulness of the tomato, especially in the early part of the season. The causes of barrenness in this fruit are, first, lack of pollination, or imperfect pollination that may set only weak fruits; second, high temperature at blooming time; third, too rapid vegetative growth, usually due to excessive water in the soil and consequent rapid growth of the plants. Imperfect pollination may be due to absence of insects, and sometimes to excessive rains during the flowering period, but this is not generally experienced here. The best fruiting conditions for the tomato are steady, moderate growth, and not checked by heat or drought. If these requisites are possible through timely irrigation and cultivation the tomato grower will have done all he can in this line, at least, to make his plants fruitful. The tomato is especially sensitive to pollinating effects, and is somewhat liable to drop its flowers even under fair conditions.

Blackberry a Success.

I AM astonished at what you said about the Mammoth blackberry in a recent number of The Times," writes a Glendora grower. Yes, I said it, but did not have Glendora in mind when writing of the failures of this excellent fruit. There are not many cities situated as is this one, on a warm mesa with a good but not abundant humus-bearing soil. "It must be that you have never had the genuine (Mammoth) berry. If not, let me send you some of the plants, or berries, or please anything to make you take back the unpleasant things you have said about Mammoth blackberries." After I have received a crate of berries and a dozen pies, I expect to write to my friend to the effect that I did not say a word against the quality of this famous berry, but warned prospective growers against the failures of this fruit from the attack of mildew. While the Glendora soil is about as good as lies out of doors, I do not think it suitable for commercial blackberry growing. Yet what fruit is produced there will certainly be of the kind mother used for pies "back East."

Ideal blackberry land is of strong loam, retentive of moisture and tending toward clay, rather than sand. If too rich in humus the plants will go to vines instead of fruit. Rank growth of this vine will induce disease and not fruiting, and as the Mammoth is a very rank grower it should not be planted in soils with strong nitrogenous elements. It was of these soils I spoke in advising against this variety of blackberry. A cool, northern exposure is the situation for the blackberry, and that kind of a location would be hard to find on the southern side of a mountain range. One always finds the best wild berries in the East growing in the deepest, darkest woods, yet we must admit that the sands that will retain moisture here in Southern California are good for this fruit if not exposed too severely to the hot sun. The best blackberry region I know of lies under an abrupt mountain and on the north side of the range.

Money in Cucumbers.

RAISED on my farm 22 acres potatoes averaging 140 barrels per acre and sold them for an average of \$6 a barrel. My average cabbage yield is about 200 crates per acre. I frequently secure a larger yield, but always expect 200 crates. If I get less I consider that I have a poor crop. They sell from \$1 to \$2 a crate. Recently I had seven acres in cucumbers, on which I realized \$4000. The cost of cultivation and all other expenses were less than \$100 an acre, making my net profit on these seven acres over \$3000.

The lands here are characterized by a great variety of soil from sandy loam to clay loam and clay subsoil. They will produce two and three crops a season. Perhaps the most common rotation of crops in a season is lettuce, then cucumbers, and finally, a corn or forage crop. An early pea crop or early potato crop can be followed by corn or cotton, either of which will have plenty of time to come to maturity before frost. Then a late crop like melons can be, followed by corn and make a good crop. Trucking lands can be bought in this vicinity for \$10 to \$15 an acre for unimproved lands and from \$50 to \$200 an acre for cultivated lands, the price depends largely on the location.—(W. D., in Orange Judd Farmer.

Valuable Flowers.

WITH the exception of two other botanical families the orchids form the largest plant household and it is at the same time the one that contains more beautiful members than any other tribe of flowers. There is no doubt that more money in large lump sums have been spent on these flowers than any other class of plants ever known, not excepting the phenomenal prices paid for specimen tulips during the tulip mania in Holland, as told in the Gentlewoman's special bulb number last October.

At a recent orchid show in London one exhibitor valued his collection at more than \$75,000. During all

the time it was on exhibition its owner watched it constantly, giving up his place at night to a private detective who guarded his valuable collection from orchid thieves. Ingenious precautions were taken to baffle the ingenuity of persons who might be on the lookout to snatch up a small fortune in the shape of a flower or two. For instance, plants worth anything up to \$10,000 were placed in the company of commoner orchids which closely resembled them so far as the untutored eye could detect, but of little value compared with the rarer specimen; but in spite of all precautions it often happens at an orchid exhibit that after the description of a specially valuable specimen has been published the plant has been carefully picked out from the other varieties and carried away by some watchful thief.

In the case of a stolen orchid if the owner should come across it years afterward he could recognize it by certain points which it possesses apart from all other plants of its class, for no two orchids of the higher varieties are alike, the points of a flower belonging to it as exclusively as if it were a registered animal of the highest pedigree. Such an orchid was the one from the collection mentioned above, which sold for the sum of \$7000. It bore the long and high-sounding name of *Odontoglossum crispum* Fearnley Sander. There were only three flowers on the plant when sold, which at that rate would give each blossom a value of something over \$2000. This flower was calculated to be worth thirty times its weight in diamonds. Fancy using such a blossom for a buttonhole decoration. The flower petals are heavily barred and blotched with cinnamon brown, which in the sunlight becomes the hue of highly-burnished copper; each petal has a thin edge of pure white to set off this unique coloring. Collectors value their specimens of single varieties so highly that the story is told of a certain wealthy orchid fancier, who, finding a duplicate of one of the plants in his collection in another place, offered \$5000 for it. The sum was accepted and the new owner of the plant immediately destroyed it, in order that he could still say truthfully that his original plant was the only one of the kind in existence.

The orchids that bring fancy prices are those that have been produced by cross-fertilization. These wonderful hybrids are the result of patient labor and long waiting on the part of those who undertake their production. The orchid of the fancier is preeminently a greenhouse plant; they require for their successful propagation an imitation of the soil temperature and moisture of their native homes in the tropics. They are not suited to the collection of the window gardener. But delicate as they are in form and coloring the orchid is one of the most durable of flowers after it has been cut. Used in a vase or as a corsage decoration it does not wilt nor drop its petals. It is fresh after being worn during the evening and if placed in water, will keep its beauty for several weeks.—(Gentlewoman.

Fine Sweet Peas.

SATISFACTORY results with the sweet pea may be had by planting the seed at the earliest possible opportunity in the spring. The plants are quite hardy, and no injury will result if the soil should become slightly frozen after the seed is planted. It is the practice of the most successful growers to prepare the ground for the sweet pea rows in the fall. Then, as soon as the surface soil dries out in the spring, the furrows or drills are made about three inches deep, without digging or reploting the ground. This plan permits of a much earlier planting, as where the ground has to be dug or plowed it must dry out to a greater depth to be put into the proper condition for planting.

Arrange the rows to give the maximum of sunlight and fresh air. Where more than a single row is planted, have at least four feet of clear space between the rows. Do not plant the seeds too thickly, or the vines will be crowded and slender in growth. One ounce of seed to fifteen feet of row is sufficient under ordinary conditions.

The seed may be covered from two to four inches deep in planting, but for quick germination, I would advise making a drill two inches deep, and covering the seed with fine soil level with the surface, hilling up to a further depth of two to four inches with fine soil drawn up about the young vines as they become established in growth.

Provide support of brush, or a trellis of poultry netting, or of stakes and twine for the vines, and set this either when the seed is planted or at some time before the vines are more than four or five inches in height, for if the vines are allowed to fall on the soil, it is a very difficult matter to get them to attach themselves to the trellis, or brush, and to assume the desired erect position.

Varieties having pure paper-white flowers, and also some of the varieties with flowers of light shades of color, have white-skinned seeds in contrast to the black or dark brown skin of the seed of the darker colors. These light-colored seeds are more tender than the dark seeds, and are likely to rot in the ground if planted too early, while the soil is still cold and wet. This trouble is due to the tender character of the outer covering of the seed, and as it is not always desirable to wait until later in the season to plant the white-flowered sorts, it is best to follow the "Hutchins" method with these. This consists simply in placing the paper bag containing the seed two or three inches deep in the ground and covering it with earth. Treated in this way, the seed absorbs moisture and swells more gradually, and will be ready for planting in the regular manner in about a week's time.

For the warm South and the moderate winters of the Middle States, the plan of a late fall planting of sweet pea seed gives very satisfactory results, the seeds being sown in drills two inches deep in well-drained ground, late in the fall, to lie dormant in the ground through the winter. This fall planted seed germinates much earlier than the earliest spring planting that can be made, and comes in flower at least a month earlier, giving larger and better flowers. I have also found that a late spring planting, made about the last of May or early in June, will produce very good flowers, but not nearly as many of them, during the cool fall months.

In these late spring and fall plantings, I make the rows four feet apart, and have the plants stand six to twelve inches apart, allowing the vines to run at will over the ground. This plan seems to greatly prolong the life of the vines and gives a correspondingly longer period of bloom, over those grown on a trellis or bush in the ordinary manner.

In the late fall planting, I sow the seed quite thickly, an ounce to ten or fifteen feet of row, and ridge the earth slightly above the row when covering the seed. The germination is not as even as from the early spring planting, but this quantity of seed will give an ample stand for good results, as where the vines are left spreading on the soil they will branch much more freely than when grown on a trellis.—(Darlington, in Garden Magazine.

The California's Reminder.

THE gardens in every part of California need special attention in March, the soil must be well cultivated to enable it to retain moisture.

Roses will need attention, but the different sections of the family need different treatment. Tea roses will need a light pruning; cut out any weak growths that are crowding together in the center of the bush and remove all the hips (seed pods). Do not make a skeleton of the bushes if tea roses of the best quality are wanted. Hybrid teas, like La France, are best if not pruned much, as they are much weaker growers than the pure teas. They are much benefited by allowing the blind wood to remain until strong, healthy shoots are formed. Then a part of the blind wood may be cut away, but always keep enough wood to create a healthy root action.

Hybrid perpetuals are strong growers, but owing to their deciduous tendencies are best if severely pruned. As soon as the growths have ripened, cut them back, leaving only two or three eyes to a cane.

Climbing varieties will need a light pruning according to the variety. Such kinds as Lamarque, Réve d'Or, and the Banksias if circumstances permit, should never be pruned, while the climbing varieties of the bush kinds are best pruned more severely. Cut the growths that grow from the main shoots back to two eyes after the plants have produced their spring and winter crop of flowers.

Annuals: Where summer flowers are wanted, an assortment of these easily grown plants may be sown. There is no garden so small, but that a few of these can be grown. They should be sown this month (March) or not later than the second week in April.

Asters sown now will make a splendid showing in the early fall. If the flowers are wanted for cutting select the tall branching varieties, but all the varieties are beautiful.

Annual chrysanthemums, mignonette and such like are easily grown. Scatter a little seed where the plants are to grow, and rake it in. When the plants are two inches high, thin them to ten inches apart. If the weather is dry, a light mulch of worn-out manure spread evenly over the surface of the ground will help retain the moisture and be of great advantage to the plants. The improved varieties of cosmos are very useful for cut flowers. Sow the seed in a seed bed, and when the plants are six inches high, transplant them to where they are to flower.

Larkspurs (Delphinium) are very beautiful with their tall branching spikes of flowers. These are best sown where they are to flower, as they do much better than when transplanted.

Dahlias: Plant the tubers now. There are no flowers that pay so well for the small amount of care that is necessary to bring them to perfection as does the dahlia. All they need is a rich soil and plenty of water and their flowers regularly cut in order to make them produce more.

Gladiolus: Plant in full sunlight. Set them so that the top of the bulb is three inches beneath the surface of the soil and give plenty of water until the flowers have been perfected.—(W. H. Morse, in Garden Magazine.

Seasonable Suggestions.

THE increasing warmth will start every dormant plant into action, and spring, as far as vegetable growth is concerned, comes with a rush in California, and now is the time when you must hustle with your gardening.

Get rid of all rubbish, dead weeds, etc., so that when the spring crop of garden pests hatch, they will find less shelter. It is also true that such a cleaning up removes many insects in a dormant state, their eggs, and often both "bird and egg."

As there is always considerable doubt about the rain supply, see that the soil about your plants is so disposed as to catch the needed amount. In case it should fall. After each rain, and before the ground is too dry, hoe, and if possible, rake all your cultivated ground, to retain the moisture as long as possible.

Fertilizing of lawns may be done this month, as we seldom get weather cold enough after the latter part of February to check it, although March is equally as good.

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PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

Why Girls Go Wrong.

AN interesting article on this subject appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal for January, written by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the celebrated juvenile court, of Denver. He opens his article with the following paragraph:

"I once asked a little girl how it was that, when we had twenty bad boys in court, we only had one bad little girl. 'Well,' she replied, in the most innocent way, evidently wishing that the girls should not be outdone, 'one bad little girl is worse'n twenty bad little kids, any time.'"

Of course, every woman who reads these lines will indignantly resent the suggestion that such a statement might possibly apply to one of her own darlings. Yet how does she know? How many mothers, or fathers, have any real knowledge of the inner thoughts of their girls and boys? How many ever think of instructing them upon sex subjects, that are vital to their physical, mental and moral welfare?

Judge Lindsey tells of many instances where the children of highly respectable and moral parents had been conducting themselves in a manner that is usually associated with the slums. He tells of school copy books, containing "some of the most improper literature that the fiendish mind of man could invent," the books being the property of girls and boys, from good homes of the better class. Neither fathers, mothers, teachers nor preceptors had the slightest knowledge of this pollution of these young lives. One little child, who had written pages and pages of vile stuff, frankly told her mother that she had known of such facts since she was nine years old, and that such forbidden subjects had been part of the conversation of her companions since she was 11.

As Judge Lindsey truthfully says, parents should have known these things, if they had known their children. This is where the seat of the trouble lies. Parents don't know their children, nor have they the least idea of what their children know, and what these children talk about, and do, when away from them. Judge Lindsey declares that this whole question of sexual instruction among children, instead of being a question to be avoided, is by far the most important problem that concerns the preservation of the American home, and as such cannot be any longer dodged, but must be squarely met. As he says: "Beside this question, the mere matter of the boy or girl who steals or runs away is of small moment."

He declares his experience has shown clearly the fact that nine-tenths of our girls go wrong because of the carelessness and inattention of parents. He unhesitatingly says that the great majority of girls who enter into a life of sin, and are forced to the attention of the courts at 16 to 20, after the real mischief is done, began their wayward course as early as 11 and 12. He says: "Every father and mother may take it as an absolute fact that nine-tenths of the school boys and girls in the city and country are extremely curious regarding matters of sex, and I have no hesitation in stating that boys discuss it in a most improper and unfortunate way. I have been amazed to find that this same condition exists among girls, to a much greater extent than I ever dreamed."

As Judge Lindsey truthfully says, the matter of properly instructing young people in regard to the simple facts relating to sex is an important subject, that has been shamefully neglected in this country—and in most other civilized countries—owing to the false ideas that prevail in regard to what is true modesty, and the equally false idea that ignorance and innocence are synonymous. As Judge Lindsey concludes: "In too many instances the eyes of the parents have been opened too late, and the sad part of the matter is that the girl finds out too late what her parents might and should have told her in time."

To this the editor would add that it is, in his opinion, a wrong thing and conducive to immorality to mix the sexes in the public schools. This question is already beginning to receive attention in several American colleges, where the ill effects of such mixing have been noted. To hear some American parents talk you would think that their children are built upon a different physical plan from those of other countries, whereas the fact is that they are subject to exactly the same animal passions as other healthy young humans, and should therefore not be thrown into unnecessary temptation. It may be said that if a boy or girl is inclined that way, they will get there, anyhow, but the same plea would hold good in regard to the sale of liquors, or prostitution, or gambling, upon which practices checks are placed by the community. The State guards grown people from undue temptation. It should do the same for the young. The State, however, can do little, if parents are lax. Morality begins at home.

Also, as previously remarked, an outline of sexual physiology should be taught to the older children in school.

Following is an extract from an article on this subject, by F. A. Binney, of San Diego:

"What should we think of a factory owner who allowed a 12-year-old boy to run the engine; and yet the

human body is as complicated as any engine or watch, and every boy or girl of 16 is sent out into the world in sole charge of his body to do what he likes with organs that no one has taught him the use of.

"From a false sense of 'decency' the subject of the sex relations and the reproduction of the human species is entirely ignored. Even when books on physiology are used in schools this most vital part of the subject is omitted—a conspiracy of silence!

"As a consequence, thousands of boys and girls' lives are wrecked or their health ruined. It is impossible to go on the streets without seeing the marks of vice plainly written in the faces of young men and the newspapers trem with quack doctors' advertisements offering to cure them of 'errors of youth,' 'nervous debility,' etc., etc.

"Now, seeing that these young people are to be the parents of the next generation and that the sins of the parents will be visited on their offspring, surely it is the duty of educators to take this subject in hand and teach human physiology in all its branches.

"Surely, next to the 3 R's a thorough knowledge of his own body is more necessary to a boy or girl than anything else, and yet in the San Diego curriculum I have been unable to learn that it is taught at all. It comes under the head of zoölogy!

"This is a glaring defect in our educational system."

A Book on Diet.

EATING for Strength, or Food and Diet in Their Relation to Health and Work" by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, is the title of a new edition of a book that has been known for many years, having been first published in 1888.

This book of 256 pages contains a number of excellent suggestions on the subject of diet. In some cases, it is a little behind the times—or rather behind the results of recent investigations. Such, for instance, as the statements regarding the amount of food needed, which is given at a much higher figure than late investigations have shown to be necessary. The author is also "off" in regard to the use of table salt (chloride of sodium.) He had evidently not studied the mineral contents of foods very closely. It is indeed only within the past few years that the great importance of this subject has been recognized in America. Referring to salt, he says: "This, too, is found in the food, but apparently in quantities too small for the requirements of the system." This is incorrect. Chloride of sodium is not found, as such, in food, but chlorine and sodium are found abundantly, especially in fruits and vegetables. On another page the author says:

"On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many persons who have adopted a wise, nutritious vegetable diet, consisting largely of nuts, fruits and grains, either partially or with, perhaps, eggs and milk, abstain from salt, as they believe, to advantage, and it is pretty certain that a majority of people consume far too much of it more as a condiment than to meet physiological needs. Something yet has to be learned on this important subject."

On the other hand, as is well known, the editor, in common with almost all other hygienists who have carefully investigated the subject, believes that the inorganic salt, chloride of sodium, is not only absolutely unnecessary, but is highly injurious to the health, even when taken in small quantities. The reason why people crave table salt is because they starve their nerves by eliminating from their food a large proportion of the highly necessary organic salts, including chlorine and sodium.

A chapter is devoted to food in various diseases. Fifty pages are given to food recipes.

Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 24 East Twenty-street, Boston. Price \$1.

Diagnosis of Syphilitic Diseases.

THE editor recently received from Prof. O. von Rosenbach, the eminent German physician, author of "Physician vs. Bacteriologist," reviewed in this department some time ago, a copy of a pamphlet entitled: "Gegenue die Moderne Diagnose Syphilitischer Erkrankung wissenschaftlichen Forderungen?" (Does the modern diagnosis of syphilitic disease satisfy scientific demands?) The pamphlet is a reprint of an article by Dr. Rosenbach, published in the Berliner Klinischen Wochenschrift. He concludes that medical investigators are too often inclined to jump at conclusions, and to rest upon a reputation that they have not really earned.

Experiences and Ideas of a Physician.

"BUFF: A TALE FOR THE THOUGHTFUL" is an anonymous book, written by "A Physiopath." It is in the shape of a glance at the experiences of one who is evidently a physician of wide practice, and is probably written by that physician himself. The author, in his preface, shows that Americans have been too long trying to adapt their environment to their need, instead of adjusting themselves to their environment. He says he came into the world "a bundle of bones, nerves and organs, covered with skin." The doctor who officiated declared that he was not worth rearing. Like many others, however, who have been "given up by the physicians" by following the laws of health, he became a vigorous and useful man.

"Buff's" ideas in regard to health and disease are wholesome, and in many cases original. Telling of an experience with vaccination, he says after that he vac-



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March 3, 1907.]

Care of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM 25TH PAGE)

nated but one person, and on that person's milk, rather fresh from the cow" (cream)—on a father died from vaccination. It was "natural product," and he declared effective a protection as that used on children.

He devotes a chapter to the dangers such as ether and chloroform, unless with air.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., street, Boston. Price \$1.

A Pudding is Born.

IT seems that stenography—or at least stenography—is weak in defining stenographers will doubtless see the case of the terminal "ing" is a possibly be overlooked, or erroneously inserted the editor's stenographer—who happens daughter—frequently stumbles over that table.

The other day, in the course of an dictated, in his usual impressive manner, quotation: "A poet is born, not made." It appeared this way: "A pudding is born."

Now, after all, that isn't so absurd as maker of a good pudding is certainly Therefore, the pudding may be said to brain, before it is put in the pot.

Try some black-dog pudding. It's a recipe, as it is made by the editor's cupfuls of whole meal flour, one cup of (figs, washed, dried and chopped, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoon one egg, a heaping spoonful of butter, sour milk to make a stiff dough. Place steam.

It would be more wholesome without allspice, which may be omitted.

Rules for Eating.

FOLLOWING are a dozen rules for eating by the editor to a letter sent by him to Fisher, of Yale University, who, as recent is collecting a series of experiences in relation to fatigue. They are the result years' experience:

- (1) How much you eat is of much more than what you eat.
- (2) Eat only when you are hungry, and satisfy hunger.
- (3) Eat two meals a day, omitting breakfast.
- (4) Eat your food dry, taking no liquid an hour before a meal or within two hours after.
- (5) Chew everything you eat to a pulp before swallowing.
- (6) Be sure to obtain a sufficiency of organic salts, that are lacking in white flour are removed in cooking, when the water and are doubtless greatly changed, if not any method of cooking.
- (7) Eat as few varieties of food as possible.
- (8) Avoid foods at the same meal that with each other such as meat and milk, or sugar and starch.
- (9) Avoid fermented foods and drinks, fermented bread.
- (10) Avoid minerals in the inorganic form of chloride of sodium. They cannot be utilized, but act as an irritant, and are cast off at the expense of the vitality. Or, if the system is able to cast them forth, they accumulate, and cause disease.
- (11) Avoid cane sugar and condiments, use fruits, fresh and dried, which contain sugar.
- (12) The less meat you eat the better. Meat is meat, see that it is thoroughly cooked. A little green stuff with it, such as salad, canned meats, sausages and entrails.

Medicinal Herbs.

APERRIS correspondent sends a sprig of herb—"old man"—and asks the name and properties—what disease it is "good for" to prepare it. He says the Mexicans use it. The herb is thyme. It is plentiful on our mesa. The editor knows of no particular attaching to it. Nothing is "good for" anything living.

Shakespeare says: "I know a bank where thyme grows." Perhaps, however, he was not some accommodating bank on which you could thirty years' note at 2 per cent. The editor to admit that such a plant as this would be something.

Almost every herb that grows has been used, some time or another, in some part of this. This is better than the use of concentrated mineral drugs, but at the same time it is unnecessary. Nine-tenths of the apparent diseases are from the water in which the herb is although if hot that is injurious—and the other from imagination, or suggestion. Anything in the composition of the body is an intruder, cast forth. Get your medicine from food—fruits and vegetables. That is the only salad of lettuce and celery and tomatoes and dress will do you more good than all the "herb" land.

Many people, who have given up drugs, still herb "tens," because they can't quite get rid of that they must "take something" besides air, w-

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE.)

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

ated but one person, and on that person he used "matter fresh from the cow" (cream)—on a little girl whose father died from vaccination. It was, as he says, a "natural product," and he declares it proved just as effective a protection as that used on the other school children.

He devotes a chapter to the dangers of anesthetics, such as ether and chloroform, unless they are diluted with air.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington street, Boston. Price \$1.

A Pudding is Born.

It seems that stenography—or at least one system of stenography—is weak in defining certain syllables. Stenographers will doubtless see the point, which, in the case of the terminal "ing," is a point that may easily be overlooked, or erroneously inserted. Consequently the editor's stenographer—who happens, also, to be his daughter—frequently stumbles over that pestiferous syllable.

The other day, in the course of an article, the editor dictated, in his usual impressive manner, the well-known quotation: "A poet is born, not made." "After taking," it appeared this way: "A pudding is born, not made."

Now, after all, that isn't so absurd as it appears. The maker of a good pudding is certainly born, not made. Therefore, the pudding may be said to be born in her brain, before it is put in the pot.

Try some black-fig pudding. It's fine. Here's the recipe, as it is made by the editor's wife: Take two cups of whole meal flour, one cup of California black figs, washed, dried and chopped, half a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one egg, a heaping spoonful of butter, soda, and enough milk to make a stiff dough. Place in a mould and steam.

It would be more wholesome without the sugar and allspice, which may be omitted.

Rules for Eating.

FOLLOWING are a dozen rules for eating, appended by the editor to a letter sent by him to Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who, as recently mentioned, is collecting a series of experiences in regard to diet, in relation to fatigue. They are the result of over forty years' experience:

- (1) How much you eat is of much more importance than what you eat.
- (2) Eat only when you are hungry, and only enough to satisfy hunger.
- (3) Eat two meals a day, omitting breakfast.
- (4) Eat your food dry, taking no liquid within half an hour before a meal or within two hours after.
- (5) Chew everything you eat to a pulp before swallowing.
- (6) Be sure to obtain a sufficiency of the important organic salts, that are lacking in white flour and sugar, are removed in cooking, when the water is discarded, and are doubtless greatly changed, if not destroyed, by any method of cooking.
- (7) Eat as few varieties of food as possible at a meal.
- (8) Avoid foods at the same meal that do not agree with each other such as meat and milk, milk and sugar, or sugar and starch.
- (9) Avoid fermented foods and drinks, such as fermented bread.
- (10) Avoid minerals in the inorganic form, such as chloride of sodium. They cannot be utilized by the body, but act as an irritant, and are cast forth, at the expense of the vitality. Or, if the system is too enfeebled to cast them forth, they accumulate, and cause disease.
- (11) Avoid cane sugar and condiments. For sweets use fruits, fresh and dried, which contain grape sugar.
- (12) The less meat you eat the better. When you do eat meat, see that it is thoroughly cooked. Always eat a little green stuff with it, such as salad. Avoid all canned meats, sausages and entrails.

Medicinal Herbs.

A FERRIS correspondent sends a sprig of fragrant herb—"old man"—and asks the name and the medicinal properties—what disease it is "good for"—and how to prepare it. He says the Mexicans use it.

The herb is thyme. It is plentiful on our foothills and mesas. The editor knows of no particular virtues attaching to it. Nothing is "good for" anything, except right living.

Shakespeare says: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Perhaps, however, he was referring to some accommodating bank on which you could draw a thirty years' note at 2 per cent. The editor is willing to admit that such a plant as this would be "good for" something.

Almost every herb that grows has been used as medicine, some time or another, in some part of the world. This is better than the use of concentrated vegetable and mineral drugs, but at the same time it is foolish and unnecessary. Nine-tenths of the apparent benefits desired are from the water in which the herb is steeped—although if hot that is injurious—and the other tenth from imagination, or suggestion. Anything not found in the composition of the body is an intruder, and must be cast forth. Get your medicine from food—especially from fruits and vegetables. That is the only true way. A mind of lettuce and celery and tomatoes and water-cress will do you more good than all the "yarks" in the land.

Many people, who have given up drugs, still stick to herb "tea," because they can't quite get rid of the idea that they must "take something" besides air, water and

food. On this subject, Dr. R. T. Trall wrote as follows, in his "Hydropathic Encyclopedia":

"Almost every kind of herb that grows, except those which are really nutritious, or are violently poisonous to the stomach and bowels, preternaturally excites the action of the kidneys and urinary organs; or, to speak more physiologically, the kidneys are the excretory organs intended to throw off a great part of such foreign or waste material as is contained in infusion and decoctions of herbs. Very warm drinks are in themselves debilitating to the stomach, but the addition of the properties of the tea or other herb burdens the kidneys and urinary apparatus with an unnatural amount of labor continually. These organs, kept constantly overexerted, must become debilitated, and preternaturally irritable; and this condition of debility and irritability extends sympathetically to all the surrounding viscera. Finally, the abdominal muscles themselves become relaxed, and, with the general nervous exhaustion produced by the active nerve and narcotic properties of the tea throughout the system a foundation is laid for the whole train of maladies, displacements of organs, and disordered functions, which are so general among females of the present day."

A Victory for "Chiropractic."

FOLLOWING is from Health:

"A victory against 'medical trust' methods was gained in the Circuit Court, Aberdeen, S. D., recently. South Dakota, at the instigation of the 'regular' school of physicians, passed a most drastic measure regulating the practice of medicine in the State. So far-reaching was it in its provisions, that if strictly enforced, a parent would have been in danger of imprisonment for giving his child an aperient; and the citizen who should advise a friend what to do for a troublesome cold, would render himself liable to prosecution for practicing without a license. Under the provisions of this beneficent act, one, A. H. Brunning, 'chiropractor,' was hailed before the court by the secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners for violation of the law and found guilty. Being naturally dissatisfied with the verdict, Brunning appealed the case, and in the Circuit Court, before Judge J. H. McCoy, the verdict was set aside on the ground that this particular method of treating disease by physical manipulation did not constitute practicing medicine within the meaning of the act."

Oranges and Lemons.

A SAN DIEGO correspondent writes:

"Feeling rather constipated, the writer recently ate six oranges, after rising, the result of which was that he had to get up six times in the following night. For a thorough cleaning out of the system, oranges beat injections and pills, at least with me, and I shall use no other remedy in future. Few people realize the virtues of the orange."

This is true. On the other hand, a chemist of forty years standing calls the attention of the editor to the injury that may result to the teeth from undiluted lemon juice. Always dilute lemon juice even when used on salad, and regard it as a medicine. On the other hand, eat oranges freely, as a food.

The Fasting Cure.

A WOMAN correspondent, writing from Iowa, asks whether fasting would be of value to reduce a goitre, as well as tumors.

The editor is unable to say, for certain, whether a protracted fast would absorb a goitre, as Dr. Dewey claims it will absorb a malignant tumor. It would certainly do the patient good, otherwise, and could do no harm, which is more than can be said of ordinary medical or surgical treatment.

Another correspondent, writing from Phoenix, asks if fasting will cure catarrh of the head. He says he is sure there are hundreds of people who would fast forty days, if this terrible disease could be cured. Undoubtedly it can be, by a fast, followed by a correct mode of eating, for it is of only temporary benefit to cleanse the system by fasting, if you go back to the hog trough.

The Iowa correspondent asks, further, how such a fast should be undertaken. It is funny what peculiar ideas some people have about fasting. They seem to regard it as some mysterious, complicated process, or operation. Not long ago an old man came all the way from Ventura county to ask the editor "what he should eat when he was fasting." The way to fast is to stop eating. It is a much simpler operation than eating.

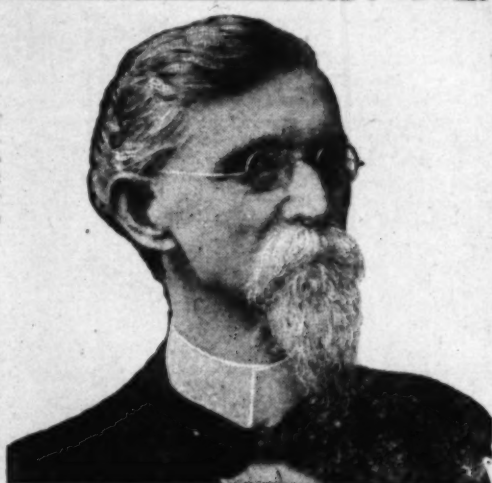
Dr. Dewey records fasts that lasted more than fifty days. Those who don't wish to undertake such a strenuous fast might fast for three weeks, and then adopt a "fruit fast" for three months, eating from two to three pounds of fresh fruit daily, and nothing else.

There is nothing that has anything like so powerful a cleansing and rejuvenating effect upon a person as a fast. The fasting cure alone is not popular with a majority of the doctors, any more than the fresh-air cure alone, and other simple practices. This for obvious reasons—they are too simple and inexpensive. It should, however, be said, to the credit of some liberal-minded and honest physicians, that they are warm indorsers of open air, "straight," as the only cure of consumption, in connection with plain non-stimulating diet, in moderation.

What Is Called Whisky.

D. R. WILEY of the Department of Agriculture and a party of officials have been inspecting distilleries. They examined the operations of two distilleries, one blending establishment and a gin still, with a view to ascertaining precisely how the liquors are made.

At the gin still only six barrels of the liquor are manufactured each day. It is pronounced pure by Dr. Wiley, but not a gallon of it is sold in the market. It is sold exclusively to blenders, who mix the pure gin



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(CONTINUED ON 30TH PAGE.)

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

with neutral spirits and some flavoring material, and that product is put on the market as gin. They also discovered that three-fourths of the straight whisky made in this country is sold to blenders, who use it in connection with spirits and flavoring and coloring matter to make their products.

As a consequence of the investigation, it is said to be quite probable Secretary Wilson will not recede from his decision that the so-called "blended whiskies," artificially colored and flavored, were "spurious imitations" of whisky and that "the mixture of such an imitation with a genuine article can not be regarded as a mixture of like substances within the letter and intent of the law."

It is pleasing to note that "It is quite probable Secretary Wilson will not recede from his decision," but it is displeasing to contemplate the fact that for many years this great and powerful government has been conniving at the making and marketing of so many million barrels of rot gut, that has caused a great majority of the crimes due to the consumption of alcohol, and to the death of inebriates.

Notwithstanding the above-mentioned "probability" it is claimed that the "blenders" have not been knocked out entirely, by the new law.

At the City Receiving Hospital.

Dr. G. W. Campbell was quoted in these columns as saying, in reference to the Los Angeles City Receiving Hospital: "During the last eight years I have not known a single instance where a patient operated on at the Receiving Hospital recovered."

This was a typographical error, the word "abdomenally" having been omitted. Even so, however, it is surely bad enough.

Lettuce and Celery.

A correspondent asks: "Are lettuce and celery good foods to make a meal of every day? And is celery such a great blood purifier as is claimed by many?"

Lettuce and celery are both valuable food plants. Lettuce, especially, abounds in the important organic salts that are found in the body. The late Dr. Traill wrote that "lettuce contains the narcotic principle of opium, and is injurious on that account." Dr. Traill was an eminent student of the laws of health. The editor believes, however, that the amount of narcotic substance found in lettuce is so infinitesimal as to be practically harmless, while the salts contained in it are of great value in purifying the blood. It is the narcotic principle that makes lettuce a good thing to eat of an evening, in case of insomnia.

While this is true of these vegetable foods, it is also true, to a greater or less extent, of all green food plants and fruits. They all contain valuable properties. Don't get it into your head that there is any particular "specific" in the line of food that is "good for" any particular ailment, to the extent that it alone will cure that ailment, any more than that there is any particular drug specific, that will cure a disease. All natural foods are good, and a diet that is good for consumption is also good for corns. A diet good for obesity is good for leanness.

Anti-Compulsory Vaccination.

THERE has been received a booklet entitled "A Partial List of Deaths and Injuries Resulting from Vaccination, in the State of Connecticut, during the years 1901 to 1906, inclusive." Thirty-five cases are cited. Compiled and published by the Connecticut Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, Bridgeport, Ct. Of this league, the president, first vice-president, second vice-president, and one of the executive committee are M. D.'s.

"Boys and Girls Together."

THE proposed solution of the San Francisco Japanese school question is so simple, so natural, that it might certainly have been settled in the beginning, if demagogues had not willed otherwise. Merely to keep grown scholars, of any nationality, apart from young children.

They might go further, and segregate the sexes. The present system leads to much gross immorality, as shown by Judge Lindsey, in the January Ladies' Home Journal, under the caption "Why Girls Go Wrong," commented upon in another column.

Euthanasia.

A NEW YORK girl is suspected of giving her mother poison, in reply to her cry for relief from the death throes of cancer. This will doubtless start, anew, the discussion as to whether, under such circumstances—when agonized and incurable—one may take one's own life, or another's. To the editor it seems that, as we come into this world without our consent, we should be allowed to shuffle off when we please. It would, however, be dangerous to leave to the "regulars" the decision as to who is incurable. A great majority of cases cured by the natural method had been declared "incurable" by the "regulars."

The Linen of the Bible.

IN regard to materials for underwear, the editor places them in the following order: Ramie, linen, cotton, silk and lastly wool, which should be discarded altogether. Ramie possesses many advantages over other materials, from a hygienic point of view, being a great absorber of moisture. It is cool in summer and warm in winter, and it is claimed to have antiseptic qualities. Few people are aware that, whenever "linen" is referred

to in the Bible, it means a fabric made of ramie, flax having been unknown in the Orient.

Undergarments made of ramie have been on the market for some time. They are made in Europe, by several manufacturers. G. William Schlichten, president of the Ringheim-Schlichten Ramie Manufacturing Company, manufacturers and dealers in ramie goods, of New York, was recently on a flying trip through Los Angeles. Mr. Schlichten claims at length to have invented and patented a machine that does the work of decorticating the fiber thoroughly, something that has been sought for many years. It does the work on dry fiber. The plant—which is like a nettle, four or five feet high—can be cut four to five times a year, then stacked up like hay. The decorticating machine weighs about half a ton, and can be driven around the field. It is expected that this will open up a new industry of great value to California farmers. The United States today uses the product of 100,000 acres. A trial plot of an acre has been planted near Gardena, in Los Angeles county. When it is ready to harvest, about October, one of the leading officials of the Department of Agriculture will come to be present at the test, and interested parties will be invited through the Chamber of Commerce. Another acre has been planted by the Agricultural Department near New Orleans. About fifteen years ago the plant was grown successfully in the San Joaquin Valley, but there was no perfect decorticating machine. This work is at present done by hand, in the Orient. It is claimed that ramie will pay two or three times as much as fruit. It should be a big thing, not only for the San Joaquin Valley, but for the Imperial country and other sections of the southwest. Mr. Schlichten quotes Prof. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, as saying that he believes, before many years, ramie will become more important in this country than cotton. Besides underwear, fine linen tableware, also plush furniture covering, is made from ramie. It is claimed that the latter will harbor no microbes, in which case it should be a good thing for railroad cars.

There is no stock for sale in this enterprise. Machines will be manufactured and leased to the growers and contracts made for their crops.

Dr. Landone Coming.

DR. LEON LANDONE, of the New Thought Magazine, Chicago, a well-known writer on hygienic subjects, expects to be in Los Angeles for a month, beginning March 5. His address is care of Miss Reesberg, 611 Grant Building.

Pure Food Laws.

PLANS for the formation of a committee to bring about the passage of uniform pure food laws in every State in the Union to conform with the national pure food laws were discussed at a meeting of the Uniform State Law Committee of the Allied Food and Drug Association in Chicago, on February 18. As previously explained, the National Pure Food Law must be supplemented by State laws, before the public can be fully protected.

The Open Shop in Medicine.

IN his dedication speech at the opening of the Barlow Medical Library, Los Angeles, Burt Estes Howard said:

"This library, as I understand it, stands for no particular doctrine of medicine, for no special class of thinkers who form a self-constituted cult in medical matters, but it stands for a free, untrammelled search for the whole truth. If it be anything less than this, if there is placed upon those who would use this library a single restriction, if there be a single line of demarcation to shut men out from any field of legitimate investigation, or to compel them to find results which shall conform to a certain theory of medicine, then it ceases to be an agency for the free exercise of the scholar's gifts, and becomes merely an instrument for the furtherance of sectarian bias and the propagation of sectarian ends."

That this represents the views of the broad-minded donor of the library, the editor has no doubt. Indeed, Dr. Barlow is having a copy of Mr. Howard's address bound, for perusal in the building. How many of the "regulars" can, however, conscientiously say "Amen" to these brave words? Look at their proscriptive work at Sacramento.


A Dollar a Week for Food.

L. C. HARMON writes as follows: "In your issue of February 17, you say that a fruitarian may live on \$1 a week and maintain perfect bodily and mental health—the diet being nuts and fruit. The writer of this, and several others, have been discussing your statement. We, and doubtless many others among your readers, would be glad to have you go more into details. Doubtless, you have done so in the past, on this point, but whatever you may have said then is not available to us now, and the only way to educate the 'intelligent public' is to keep up the reiteration that is said to be required in teaching fools and children. Therefore, if you will make us a menu for the dollar a week (or \$2, for that matter,) we would be obliged to you for it."

Another similar inquiry has been received from Julius Ottenbacher.

Like everything else, prices of fruit and nuts are at present much above the normal. Even now, however, it is possible to bring a well-balanced dietary within the cost named—or close to it. That is to say, if you buy your fruit and nuts at wholesale prices. If you are single, you must, of course, buy your fresh fruits at retail. The wholesale quotations for nuts, in the Times of February 22 were as follows: Almonds, 17 cents per pound; filberts, 14 cents; Brazils, 16 cents; pecans, 16 cents; walnuts, 10 to 15 cents. This makes an average, for shelled nuts, of about 30 cents per pound. Shelled

(CONTINUED ON 28TH PAGE.)

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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

pignolias may also be purchased at 3¢ although they are likely to go higher from Italy, and are getting scarce, owing on part of American fruitarians.

The average price of dried fruits—raisins—wholesale, in Los Angeles Times of the same date, is 10 cents per fruit, in season, may be bought, by the age price of about 3 cents per pound.

Now, suppose our fruitarian eats a diet of fresh fruit, four ounces of shelled ounces of dried fruit. This costs 16 cents per week. It represents 11 ounces of which is sufficient to sustain perfect physical health and vigor, provided the food is the Or, he may select this dietary: Two fruit, four ounces of nuts and four ounces of wheat, ground and mixed with the nuts, or 98 cents per week. It, also, is ounces of water-free food.

So you see, that even in these days of consequent high prices, which are rough fixed incomes, a fruitarian may live at a pence for food. And what is better, may robust health, and fear no epidemics of

Religious Hysteria.

THESE violent outbursts of "conversion" religion, but hysteria—spiritual intoxication many at a time, as do epidemics—of as stampede. The results are seldom lasting change is founded on sudden impulse, not or logic. Often, such hysteria is dangerous. It leads a woman to burn herself in worship or a man to immolate his children, as a to the God of the Old Testament—termed "God of Love."

This sort of thing reminds one of those epidemics that have blackened the pages of hampered the progress of the Christian "Trials of Innocence," the crusades, the of the "flagellants," the wholesale murder the "dancing mania," and in more recent "holy rollers." These outbreaks may all the same cause—religious hysteria. They encouraged. What we need is a revival of and justice.

Tobacco and Old Age.

THE old party who has used tobacco all cropped out again. This time, in Ott. This man even took a pipeful on an em every morning. He died at the age of 11, scribed in the dispatch as the "oldest man in You might, doubtless, find a score of people that in Bulgaria.

As to the tobacco question, this incident, a similar kind, commented upon previously. If a great majority of people who age of 100 or more used tobacco all their life be a different thing.

Rain Water.

NOW, that we are having plenty of moisture time to catch and save rain water, clothes, and skin, for cooking, and for drinking it has been falling long enough to cleanse the water is from nature's own still, plus what may gather in passing through the atmosphere eastern States; where water is plentiful, the terms to catch rain water, while here, where worth \$2000 a miner's inch, we let it go to as household purposes are concerned. That style.

Diet for Consumption.

A VOID white bread, pastry, cakes, cheese, sugar, tea, sloppy foods, such as soups and Eat little meat, if any.

Eat whole meal bread, fruits, fresh and olives, salads, vegetables (steamed, with the nuts. Tomatoes are especially beneficial. Let should be taken sparingly, and then well diluted when taken on salad. Eat dry, chewing it. Take a glass of cool soft water—rain or distilled on rising, half an hour before each meal, and tiring. Omit breakfast.

Diet will be only partially curative unless accompanied by deep breathing of fresh air, bathing, exercise of the skin.

HE RENEWED HIS CONSUMPTION.

"I read with interest," said a reporter, "Henry novel, 'The Wings of the Dove,' but there phrase in it that haunted me. The phrase renewed his consumption."

"The hero of the novel sat on a rainy afternoon in Venice for three hours, and it was during protracted sitting that his consumption was renewed. What did this mean? Was it Mr. James' intricate saying that the young man contracted a fresh "Now my doubts are at rest. I met Mr. J. Philadelphia at a dinner, and I asked him what renewed his consumption? signified. Mr. James signified that he ordered another drink. "The novelist explained that in Europe a diet called a consummation. He translated consummation into consumption. And thus he evolved the phrase that must have puzzled, I am sure, every untraveler of the delicate Henry James art."

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 29TH PAGE.)

pignollas may also be purchased at 30 cents a pound, although they are likely to go higher, as they come from Italy, and are getting scarce, owing to the demand on part of American fruitarians.

The average price of dried fruits—figs, dates, prunes, raisins—wholesale, in Los Angeles, as quoted in The Times of the same date, is 10 cents per pound. Fresh fruit, in season, may be bought, by the box at an average price of about 3 cents per pound.

Now, suppose our fruitarian eats daily two pounds of fresh fruit, four ounces of shelled nuts, and four ounces of dried fruit. This costs 16 cents, or \$1.12 cents per week. It represents 11 ounces of water-free food, which is sufficient to sustain perfect physical and mental health and vigor, provided the food is thoroughly chewed. Or, he may select this dietary: Two pounds of fresh fruit, four ounces of nuts and four ounces of hard red wheat, ground and mixed with the nuts. This costs 14 cents, or 98 cents per week. It, also, is equivalent to 11 ounces of water-free food.

So you see, that even in these days of prosperity and consequent high prices, which are rough on people with fixed incomes, a fruitarian may live at a very small expense for food. And what is better, may have vigorous, robust health, and fear no epidemics of disease.

Religious Hysteria.

THESE violent outbursts of "conversion" are not religion, but hysteria—spiritual intoxication, affecting many at a time, as do epidemics—or as cattle causelessly stampede. The results are seldom lasting, because the change is founded on sudden impulse, not on conviction, or logic. Often, such hysteria is dangerous, as when it leads a woman to burn herself in worship of the sun, or a man to immolate his children, as a bloody sacrifice to the God of the Old Testament—termed by some the "God of Love."

This sort of thing reminds one of those terrible moral epidemics that have blackened the pages of history, and hampered the progress of the Christian religion—the "trials of innocence," the crusades, the rise and spread of the "flagellants," the wholesale murder of the Jews, the "dancing mania," and in more recent times, the "holy rollers." These outbreaks may all be traced to the same cause—religious hysteria. They should be discouraged. What we need is a revival of sane morality and justice.

Tobacco and Old Age.

THE old party who has used tobacco all his life has dropped out again. This time, in Ottawa, Canada. This man even took a pipeful on an empty stomach, every morning. He died at the age of 111, and is described in the dispatch as the "oldest man in the world." You might, doubtless, find a score of people older than that in Bulgaria.

As to the tobacco question, this incident, like others of a similar kind, commented upon previously, proves nothing. If a great majority of people who die at the age of 100 or more used tobacco all their lives, it would be a different thing.

Rain Water.

NOW, that we are having plenty of moisture, is the time to catch and save rain water, for washing clothes, and skin, for cooking, and for drinking—after it has been falling long enough to cleanse the air. Rain water is from nature's own still, plus what element it may gather in passing through the atmosphere. In the eastern States, where water is plentiful, they build cisterns to catch rain water, while here, where water is worth \$2000 a miner's inch, we let it go to waste, as far as household purposes are concerned. That is California style.

Diet for Consumption.

AVOID white bread, pastry, cakes, cheese, milk, eggs, sugar, tea, sloppy foods, such as soups and mushes. Eat little meat, if any.

Eat whole meal bread, fruits, fresh and dried, ripe olives, salads, vegetables (steamed, with their juice), nuts. Tomatoes are especially beneficial. Lemon juice should be taken sparingly, and then well diluted, even when taken on salad. Eat dry, chewing thoroughly. Take a glass of cool soft water—rain or distilled water—on rising, half an hour before each meal, and before retiring. Omit breakfast.

Diet will be only partially curative unless attention is paid to deep breathing of fresh air, bathing, exercise, and aeration of the skin.

HE RENEWED HIS CONSUMPTION.

"I read with interest," said a reporter, "Henry James's novel, 'The Wings of the Dove,' but there was one phrase in it that haunted me. The phrase was: 'He renewed his consumption.'"

"The hero of the novel sat on a rainy afternoon in a cafe in Venice for three hours, and it was during that protracted sitting that his consumption was renewed. What did this mean? Was it Mr. James's intricate way of saying that the young man contracted a fresh cold?"

"Now my doubts are at rest. I met Mr. James in Philadelphia at a dinner, and I asked him what 'He renewed his consumption' signified. Mr. James said it signified that he ordered another drink."

"The novelist explained that in Europe a drink is called a consumption. He translated consumption into consumption. And thus he evolved the sentence that must have puzzled, I am sure, every untraveled admirer of the delicate Henry James art."

Changes in the Climate.

SCIENCE CANNOT EXPLAIN THE RECENT WEATHER VARIATIONS.

From Chicago Chronicle.

IS the United States undergoing a change of climate? Are the winters of the eastern States becoming milder and those of the Northwest more severe? Is the "old-fashioned" winter a thing of the past for New England, New York and Pennsylvania, having taken Greeley's advice and gone west?

Many have asked these questions this winter. People of the East read that the Northwest was suffering from intense, unrelenting cold; that there was snowfalls in the Dakotas to the depth of twenty-five feet, and that farmers were cutting down telegraph poles, pulling down fences and even barns to secure fuel. During most of that time April weather prevailed along the Atlantic seaboard.

What is the matter with the weather, anyway? was asked. Why are there such differences of climatic conditions in the same latitude?

Ask any of the older folks of the eastern States whether they remember winters of their childhood as mild, meek and springlike as those of the last year or so. They will shake their heads sadly and tell you the days of the tinkling sleighbells, the old-time parties and great, furious blizzards are no more.

They will tell you of those January snowfalls in the country which kept them from school for weeks, blocked the country roads and lanes and kept the entire family prisoners in the house while the wind howled and blew the snow against the doors and windows.

There is no doubt that the East has been favored with genial winters for the last few years; that unprecedented snowstorms and severe cold spells have prevailed in the Northwest. Yet when we turn to science and voice our suspicion that mother earth is changing her climate, science answers negatively and says there is no progressive change.

What the Scientists Say.

What science says is this: Like a great pendulum, climatic change swings back and forth. Like irregular waves, warm and cool periods fluctuate across the country—along the Atlantic Coast, according to one scientist, at periods of twenty-two years and over the interior at intervals of about seven years.

If all the periods of heavy snowstorms, drouths, floods, cold spells, mild winters, hot summers and heavy rains which have visited the country since the landing of the pilgrim fathers were compiled in a list, the list divided into two halves, each division containing an equal number of years, it would be found that for every mild winter in the first half there would be a mild winter in the second.

For every "old-fashioned" winter in one would be another "old-fashioned" winter in the other, for every long-continued drouth in the first would be one in the second, and so on. Science says there has been no permanent change in climate since the landing of the Puritans.

An accurate record of the temperature can be kept only by accurate instruments. Until within comparatively recent years little care was taken in the manufacture of these meteorological instruments, nor were they placed in reliable locations. A study of the older records for the United States made some twenty years ago by Schott led him to the conclusion that there is no progressive change of climate in any one direction.

Changes Merely Oscillations.

Several years ago the water level of Salt Lake began to fall. This was found to be on account of an increased use of water in the West for irrigation.

During the "boom" in western Kansas and Nebraska from 1880 to 1890 farmers raised great crops of wheat and prospered. The collapse of the boom came after a dry period. The farmers failed to raise their crops, they lost their capital and became convinced of a change of climate.

Science views these changes as oscillations—fluctuations of temperature changing periodically in cycles of years. But how account for them?

Scientists differ in their explanations. Some attribute the changes to sun spots. The majority attribute them to variations in solar activity. Others declare frankly they do not know.

Climate is uncertain, variable; the cause of its changes is veiled in mystery.

The well-known scientist Koppen, after a study of sun spots and changes in the temperature, came to the conclusion that the weather, especially in the tropics, is hottest when there are few sun spots.

More recently Nordman's findings seemed to contradict the conclusions of the other scientist.

That there were many rainfalls and frequent tropical cyclones when there was a greater number of sun spots was brought out by Meldrum in 1872.

Poe found that the West Indian hurricanes were more frequent when there was a maximum number of sun spots.

A study of the rainfall of India by the Lockyers convinced them that India has two pulses of rainfall—one near the maximum and the other near the minimum of the sun-spot period.

These writers claimed that with knowledge of this phenomenon in 1836 the probability of subsequent famines might have been foreseen.

Studies Periods of Rainfall.

Prof. Bruckner of Berne, the noted climatologist, said he was assured that there is a periodical change in temperature after making a study of climate conditions in all parts of the world. He began his investigations by measuring the level of rivers flowing into the Caspian

Sea. He investigated the rivers of Russia and then went to various countries, taking data concerning temperature, rainfalls, severe winters, harvests and so on. He studied the rainfall in the United States, Central Europe and Siberia.

The evidence, according to Bruckner, showed a thirty-five year periodicity in temperature and rainfall. A series of years somewhat cooler and rainy is followed by years which are warmer and drier.

The recurrence is not systematic. The interval between the very hot and dry period and one that is cold and moist in some cases is twenty years, in others fifty, the average interval between the two extremes of weather, however, being thirty-five years.

W. J. S. Lockyer said his investigations lead him to believe in a variation of the activity of sun in a period of thirty-five years. This would correspond with the period of change discovered by Bruckner.

Atmosphere Governs Weather.

Changes in the activity of the sun and the occurrence of the greatest number of sun spots vary according to Lockyer, from three to four, eleven and thirty-five years.

One thing on which scientists are agreed is that the condition of the weather depends upon the pressure of the atmosphere. Observations by meteorologists show that when there is rain on the continent the pressure is low, while it is high and dry over the sea. This raises the question as to what is the force which controls the distribution of the air.

One scientist, who made botanical studies in Norway and Sweden, declares that he has found evidence of four great climatic waves since the glacial period.

That there are oscillations in the temperature rather than a change seems proven beyond doubt. Changes in the sun, the shifting of the atmosphere, the position of the earth during the seasons, the presence of volcanic dust, an earthquake—all these things affect that delicate, sensitive, capricious thing, the weather.

DETESTED LONGHAIRS.

The following protest signed by Jo. Endicott, Governor; Thos. Dudley, Deputy-Governor; Richard Bellingham, Richard Saltonstall, Increase Nowell, William Hibbins, Thos. Flint, Rob. Bridges, and Simon Bradstreet, was published in Massachusetts in 1649:

"Protest, against wearing long hair, of the Governor, etc., of Massachusetts:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of our nation, until within these few years:

"We, the magistrates, who have signed this paper, for the shewing of our own innocency in this behalf, do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly; whereby men do deform themselves and offend sober and modest men, and do corrupt good manners. We do therefore earnestly intreat all the elders of this jurisdiction, as often as they shall see cause, to manifest their zeal against it in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as prove obstinate, and will not reforme themselves, may have God and man to witness against them. The third month 10th day, 1649."

SHOOTING THE WHALE.

The Norwegian whale fisheries extend over nearly the whole of the Arctic Sea, from the north of Norway toward Spitzbergen and even to the Shetland Islands.

The whales are shot from small steamers, the implement used being the so-called bonib harpoon, an arrow-shaped iron spear furnished with a line, which is discharged from a small cannon.

The whale often drags the vessel a long distance until it becomes exhausted and expires. It is then towed to the anchorage, where it is stripped of the blubber.

This whale fishery was begun by a well-known Norwegian, Svend Foyn, in 1868. While only thirty whales were killed in the first year, 1089 whales were taken in 1897, when 513 men were engaged on twenty-five steamers. At first only the blubber was utilized for train oil; now the bones are crushed for manure, and the fish is used for fodder.—[New York Tribune.



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THE WEATHER.

BRIEF REPORT.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Showers; fresh south wind. San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light showers; light north wind, changing to southwest.

Rise, 6:18; sunset, 5:32; moon rise, 4:44 p. m.

YESTERDAY—Maximum temperature, 61 deg.; minimum, 43 deg. Wind, m. northeast; velocity, 1 mile; 3 m. westerly; velocity, 6 miles. At night the temperature was 58 deg.; falling.

TODAY—At 8 a. m. the temperature 55 deg.; raining. The complete weather report, including comparative temperatures, will be found on page 8.]

POINTS OF THE NEWS IN TODAY'S ISSUE OF

The Times

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SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY, Sunday a day of accidents: Salt Lake passenger train is wrecked at Seventh street crossing and one killed; Inter-Urban car turns over in San Pedro, injuring many persons; entire family injured in automobile accident near Hollywood.... Mrs. H. Jones gives \$20,000 to furnish entire floor of the prospective Y. M. C. A. building; members of that association celebrate the completion of fund.... Chinese youth, prominent in Christian circles, dies from accidental dose of poison.... Magnificent Swedish Baptist Church almost completed.... Impressive services mark funeral of Patrolman C. A. May, who was killed by a burglar.... Base fans see a sample of the real art in which New York Giants develop local talent.... Venice, now a "dry" town, passes its first Sunday without rain, and doesn't like the change. Water being built in a day on South street.... Attorney Cleary, who shot by inexperienced policeman, prosecutes the latter.... Sister of former Chairman Shonts of the Panama Canal Commission, delivers sermon here on temperance.... Dr. Bersupporters in Highland Park determined to establish new church.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Plan change water rates in Pasadena so to make big users pay higher scale; horses arriving for the show this week.... Aged couple saved from burning house in Long Beach by neighbor's nightgown; first-class postoffice for Beach City.... Sierra Madre literary fund gains.... High School girls prizes for sketches for advertisements.... Monrovia man loses reason through grief for loss of his child.... Real estate sales in Covina.... Los Angeles-Pacific widening tracks near Montclair.... Developing oil lands near Santa Monica.... Independent oil deal proposed a pipe line near Long Beach.... Men come to grief at San Bernardino after breaking in and out of jail.... Riverside-Rialto boulevard.... Tourist port planned near Mexican border.

PACIFIC SLOPE. Four thousand labor-unions in San Francisco gather denounce prosecution of Meyer and Woodward, and hiss American flag.... Men's raid upon State Treasury at Sacramento is shameful; outrageous fines are charged and allowed by state for simple work.... San Francisco citizens, rich and poor, take homes and clean city's streets of debris left from great fire.... Shortage of men employed in reconstruction work in San Francisco, grows acute; state must go on record and show interest toward Bell's move to drive track gambling from state.... Assemblymen think longer session of Legislature will be required to clear up enormous accumulation of business.... Los Angeles man disappears from residence of friends in Oakland with much money on person.

GENERAL. EASTERN